STRENUOUS AMERICANS

R. F. DIBBLE

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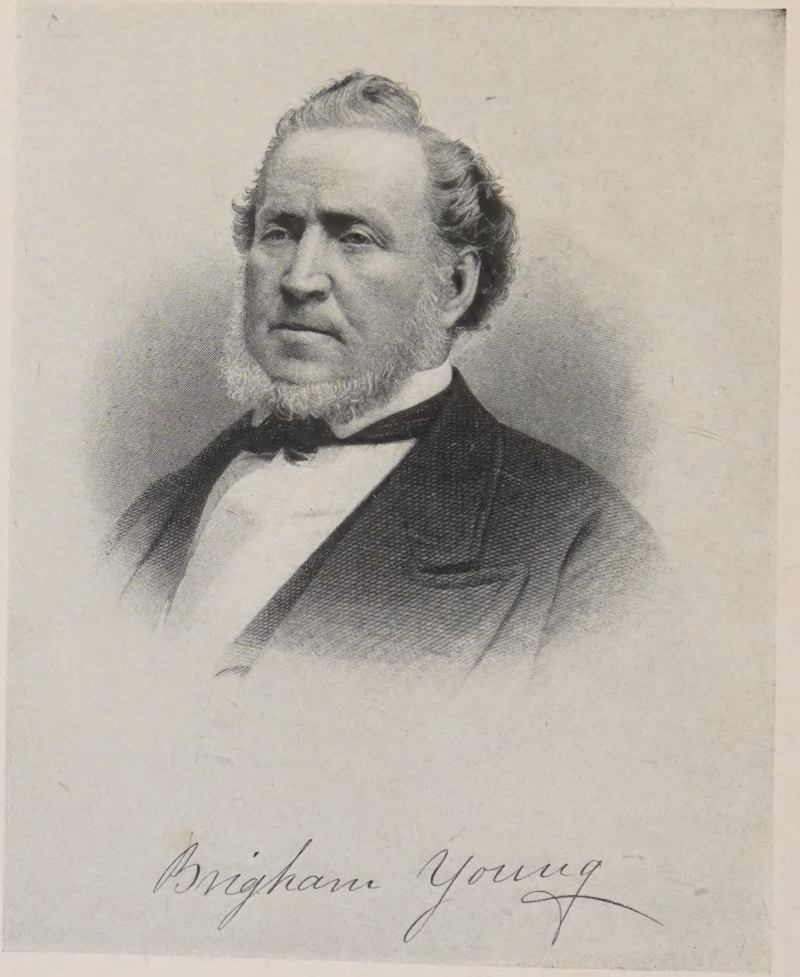

BRIGHAM YOUNG

STRENUOUS AMERICANS

R. F. DIBBLE

". . . who preëminently and distinctly embody all that is most American in the American character. . . ."
Theodore Roosevelt: *The Strenuous Life.*

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TO THE GREATEST
LIVING BIOGRAPHER

PREFACE

AMERICANS have commonly been too much engrossed in living to reflect much about life. As a consequence, although many books have been written about America's most eminent sons and daughters, we have relatively few genuine biographies; for our biographers, also, have in most cases been strictly indigenous in temperament. Like the persons whose careers they record, they too have generally been representative specimens who illustrated the particular whims and foibles of a particular race, living in a particular nation, during a particular age. With distressing frequency, their literary efforts are characterized by lopsided emphasis, by sprawling incoherence, by parochial banalities, and by maddening prolixity; above all, most of these authors have constantly employed a tone of tombstone panegyric. They have buried their subjects under heavy slabs of adulation—hardly less ponderous, and rarely more artistic, than the granite slabs that now mark the graves of those subjects. But these weighty tomes, whether single, twin or triple, have led to at least one happy result—almost nobody reads them.

The dangers of brevity in biography are perhaps as many as are the dangers of length, of interminable facts that do not illuminate, of uninforming information. But in any case, short or long, biography must inevitably be far from perfect; for to trace the myriad ramifications of any personality is utterly impossible,

whether that personality be actual or fictitious. The masters of fiction, no less than the masters of biography, have always known this: the greatest creator of character, speaking through his most complex creation, voices the eloquent despair he feels in attempting to show "how infinite in faculty" is the "paragon of animals"; and the greatest of biographers, apparently with genuine humility, prefaced his matchless work with the confession that it was "a presumptuous task."

Considerations of this sort I have tried to keep constantly in mind while writing these sketches. They are biased sketches, of course, for to write without bias is to write without selection; when selection enters, impartiality perforce leaves. But in my material—in the seven typical Americans whom I have chosen from a hundred possibilities, and in the method of selection which I have used in portraying each of the seven—I have tried to be steadfastly candid and just; to be neither unduly captious nor unduly complimentary. Each one was supreme in his particular field during his day; each represents, better perhaps than any of his contemporaries in the same field, some distinctive and significant trait of his time. In outlining the lives of these Americans—a capitalist-politician, a notorious fugitive, a social reformer, an outstanding military figure, a hilarious showman, an industrial magnate, and a religious enthusiast—I have tried, so to speak, to view each one as though he were seated on some height; then I have paced round and round that height, in order to study him from every angle. At times I have stepped back for a considerable distance, at other

times I have approached within arm's length, so that my viewpoint might be neither too distant nor too near. And I hope that I have employed, to some extent, the same peculiar quality that these strenuous—and very differently strenuous—Americans held in common. In tracing their lives, I have strenuously endeavored to maintain a precise exposition, a scrupulous interpretation, a controlled but generous enthusiasm, and a cool-headed but warm-hearted detachment.

In addition to the bibliography appended to each sketch, various newspapers have been consulted. The bibliographies make no pretense of being exhaustive; they list only the most informing sources to which references have been made.

R. F. D.

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STRENUOUS AMERICANS

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JESSE JAMES

I

THE full life of Jesse James has never been written, and it never can be. A man—a sparsely documented yet definite personality—who bore that name was, it is true, born on September 5, 1847, and died on April 3, 1882. But he left hardly a single authenticated account of himself, and the hundreds of records that were penned about him (mostly cheap-printed booklets with glaring yellow covers and crudely fictitious pictures, and newspaper items without number) have in great part disappeared. Of the few that are still extant there are two species: those of idolizing relatives and mawkish hero-worshipers, or those of malignant enemies and pseudo-reformers who keenly realized the financial opportunities that lay in inverted hagiologies —books which made crime doubly odious by painting the blackest deeds of the criminal an even deeper black, and which proved their indubitable moral worth by juxtaposing one-tenth of virtue with nine-tenths of vice. The fabulists who wrote these tales manifest a curious parallelism in the presentation of their material; a parallelism that often extends even to the position of

commas and abundant exclamation points. Unquestionably, the enormous sale that their fabrications have had, and indeed still have, both at home and abroad, fully justifies the faith, as well as the business acumen, of the authors. Who can doubt that thousands of the youngsters who have been frightened into docility when parental wisdom has brandished the bogey of Jesse James over their terrified heads, or who have surreptitiously perused the bloody record of America's greatest bandit with pounding pulse, with breathless rapidity, and with horrified delight, have heeded its solemn warnings and lived virtuously ever after?

If, then, the facts about the life of this strange, shadowy individual are few, and if only those facts can be accepted as approximate truth which are attested by both his defamers and his panegyrists, even less is known concerning his personality, concerning, in a vital sense, his character. Was he a saint or a devil, a hero or a villain, a patriot or a rascal, a chivalrous knight or a dragon in human form—or was he an insoluble compound of such opposites? Was he a brave soul fighting against an inauspicious destiny, or was he a low, scoundrelly chap, courageous to be sure, but repulsive and brutal, a murderer and a cutthroat who killed just for the fun of killing? He was—and he was not. The truth is that "Jesse James" never lived at all; he was a pure creation of the mind. He was born, he lived, he died, in the complex and far-reaching imagination of his race. He was America's Odysseus, America's Beowulf, America's Robin Hood. He was the Mr. Impossibly Bad Man, the Mr. Impossibly Good Man, who has lived in every land and age. An

ordinary enough fellow in his mundane life, probably, like most of us; but it was his fortune to be transformed beyond recognition into the rogue-superman, the demon-god, of his time, and to be endowed with fantastic and chimerical qualities—to be a myth and a legend while he still lived in the flesh.

This arresting, this fascinating person is, in truth, merely the embodiment of a superstitious belief. He is only an emblem, a symbolic name—but what a name! It does not appear, to be sure, among the lists of America's most important sons, it is not to be found in those respectable histories that purport to give a full account of all the forces that have touched her most deeply; and yet, from the standpoint of significantly concealed influences upon the mind of youth, and not seldom of maturity, it is certainly of much greater importance than many names which have been scholastically honored and popularly forgotten. No, our hero has not yet received his due; and the reason therefor is not far to seek. Viewed in the light of stolid, plodding, tradition-loving respectability—and the nineteenth century was sufficiently stolid, plodding, and tradition-loving—he is by no means a desirable national character. Under the circumstances, it has been thought that the most expedient thing to do was to be painstakingly oblivious of his existence, to treat him as poor relations are wont to be treated, and to push him into limbo as speedily as possible.

This has been done—only by the elect minority. But the difficulty with this commendable policy lies in the fact that the profane folk-imagination which surrounded Jesse James with a nimbus of mingled glory

and odium was one of the vital elements of that century; that, even today, it still surrounds him and his spiritual bedfellows who, to the delight of the multitudes, swagger along their rascally ways in sensational fiction, in the cinema, and even in actual life. Can it be that the egregious morality of the last century preferred not to face uncomfortable facts—specifically, the fact of Jesse James? Did it hate to admit that villainy sometimes has an alluring quality that virtue does not invariably possess, that the mass of people was attracted to this man because, whether partly or wholly bad, he was human, and that it was somewhat repelled by the most eminent representatives of the time because those beings were depicted, commonly with their own approbation, as just a little too good to be quite human? Whatever the explanation may be, the fact is clear: the king of American desperadoes was a more real and lively influence upon many—no one can say how many—Americans than were the Presidents in power during the sixteen years of his domination in the realm of Western Romance. In a country that was rapidly becoming tame and civilized, he stood for everything baroque and barbaric; he was the personification of all that was wild, uncultured, savage, and opposed to the trend of the times. The New England Brahmins, in particular, did not quite see how he could fit into their transcendental scheme. He revivified the days of the first settlers, when each man went armed against the relentless aborigines who might be lurking behind every bush and tree. Jesse James! The magical words are pregnant with romance. Their terse, alliterative compactness was of

heroic stuff, so the people felt. It was distinctly a name worthy of a great man, worthy of a President. In truth, it seems possible that the name may account, as much as anything, for his reputation; so far as one can see, he was not essentially greater than the others in his gang, except in this one point. His brother, Frank, appears to have equaled him in almost every way; but—*Frank* James! No, it wouldn't do; it sounded altogether too prosy and common to fit a demi-god and demi-devil. Yet the lives of these two brothers were remarkably similar—even more so than the careers of two contemporary brothers who bore the same name. Comparison may properly cease at this point, except that one cannot escape noticing how thoroughly the more notorious pair exemplified, in their chief pursuits, the gospel of pragmatism that was so vigorously expounded by one of the other brothers, although he might have feared that they were over-zealous.

But it is high time for the chief actor to come forth. His manners may be a little uncouth, his language—although he speaks but rarely, preferring deeds to words—not too refined, and squeamish individuals may choose to leave before the entertainment begins. The dramatic unities are at times necessarily disregarded, and the protagonist does not stand out so sharply as would be desirable; but the vast panorama of action, and the obscuring shadows that have fallen thickly upon various points of a forty-year-old story, preclude a clear-cut and well-rounded performance. It does not profess to have any particular moral, yet it offers abundant opportunity for moralizing; and so, perhaps,

after all, tender-hearted folks may not find it wholly profitless to remain.

II

The Reverend Robert James was a Baptist preacher of high renown. A college graduate and a scion of a good Kentucky family, he early married a young lady whose ancestry was likewise excellent, and settled in Clay County, Missouri, in 1842. His piety was so genuine that he "never asked money for preaching and the good farmers to whom he broke the bread of life, gave him very little"; he therefore supported his family by farming. A great exhorter, a fervent expounder of the Gospel, a wonderful revivalist, he pointed many benighted souls to the light. But they were indigent souls, his family was growing, and he wished to educate it; particularly did he wish that his two baby sons, Frank and Jesse, might grow up to be good boys who would follow, as all good boys should, in the parental footsteps, and become defenders of the faith.

At this time the frenzy aroused by the discovery of gold in California was sweeping over the land. The holy man meditated and saw a vision: abundant riches —the means of educating his sons for the ministry— beckoned him from afar. One writer states, however, that his wife's "strength of character" was chiefly instrumental in causing him to abandon his vicarious striving after the pearl of great price for the sake of material wealth; but it was also rumored that the lady's character was not so strong in other particulars—that the two little lads were only half-brothers, and that the father of Frank was a well-known physician in Clay

County. At all events, the good minister left for California in 1851, was soon "stricken by a mortal disease," died, and was laid to rest "in a soil unhallowed by the dust of kinsmen, in a grave unbedewed by the tears of loved ones left behind." Four years later the afflicted widow, who was no longer a "coy blushing maiden to be wooed and won by the sweet blandishments of love," married Dr. Reuben Samuels, a well-known physician in Clay County. "But if the Doctor could have foreseen what perils lay before him," comments a reflective observer, "he might perchance have paused."

Perchance he might; but how could he have foreseen? The two particular perils whose step-father he had become were now growing apace. Nothing definite is known concerning their boyhood days; but the ingenuity of their various biographers has fortunately atoned for this absence of information. "The jocund laughter of innocent youth seldom broke from their lips," remarks one sagaciously speculative romancer, "but, instead, oaths and curses, and bitter threatens, mingled with gross profanity. . . . Cutting off the ears and tails of dogs and cats, and the wings of birds, was a cherished practice, and the pitiful cries of the dumb suffering things was a sort of music they delighted in." Such pleasant pastimes, to be sure, are wont to be followed by many normal youths—occasionally even by abnormal youngsters, who penitently confess such sins as the destruction of cherry trees with their wicked little hatchets. But upon one point all of these biographers are in accord: the incipient criminals early became skilled in the use of fire-arms.

The Civil War came. Frank and Jesse were too young to go; nevertheless, that bitter fratricidal strife was directly responsible for determining their future, because the backwash of the struggle engulfed their native state and they were submerged in its scum. Those fiery abolitionists, who had flocked to Kansas in the early fifties, formed themselves in roving hordes, euphoniously called Jayhawkers and Red Legs, which soon harassed the surrounding territory for a variety of possible reasons—self-protection, patriotism, proselytism, plunder—and "border ruffians" swooped over the boundary of Missouri to engage the interloping enthusiasts. The emotional bias manifested by the recorders of the time makes it impossible to evaluate with accuracy the motives which stirred the combatants; but why attempt to explain the vengeful ferocities of war? There were mutual skirmishes, pillages, ambushes, torturings, murders—all the familiar excesses that a state of war makes inevitable; indeed, Sharpe's rifles had been dealing death for some years before the great conflict started. In 1856, the fanatical abolitionists wantonly attacked two brothers, named Quantrell. The older brother was killed and the younger was desperately wounded; but eventually he recovered, and the terrible experience he had undergone turned the youth into a merciless marauder who lived for one purpose only—to avenge his slaughtered brother. He disguised himself, joined the Jayhawkers, and succeeded in murdering thirty of the thirty-two men who had embittered his life. At length he was found out and fled to Missouri, where he organized "Quantrell's Band of Guerrillas," whose numbers,

almost to a man, had suffered as their leader had suffered, and who devoted their energies to killing all the Kansas fighters they possibly could, as a propitiation for the deaths of relatives and friends. When war came, the field of their activities widened; they were Southern in their sympathies and fought with equal hatred against Northern regulars and Kansas irregulars.

All this, in the eyes of the North, was highly improper. Organized warfare, it was felt, was quite correct and eminently respectable; but this business of fighting without regard for the rules of the game was a cowardly and dastardly proceeding. Those vile renegades fought as though they positively enjoyed it, and not because they were commanded to fight by superior powers who alone had the right to sanction civilized slaughter on a large and legal scale. They must therefore be shown, by hook or crook, that such unchivalric methods were wholly opposed to governmental precedent; and if the demonstration necessitated the infliction of severe penalties upon harmless bystanders, it really could not be helped; besides, the bystanders were very likely in league with these rebellious miscreants. In the spring of 1863, a company of Northern militiamen stopped at the home of Dr. Samuels and demanded to be told where Quantrell was hiding; the Doctor must surely know, for the pestiferous brigand had been seen recently around those parts. The foolish Doctor said that he did not know, but the soldiers were convinced that he was lying. They drove him with their bayonets to a tree near his barn, put a rope around his neck, and hung him upon the tree until he was nearly dead. Three

times he gasped out his ignorance; three times they strung him up and lowered him. Then they threatened his wife; she likewise protested her innocence; and the captain told his men to bring the culprit to the house so that his wife might bid him farewell. To a question concerning her husband's fate, the captain answered, "I'm going up here to kill him and let the hogs eat him." A shot was fired. Mrs. Samuels believed that her husband had been killed, but actually it was merely a bluff and he was hauled off to jail. A few days later she too, with her young daughter, was incarcerated for twenty-five days in a jail that rang with the jovial obscenities of nondescript prisoners; but no definite charge was made against her—she was a Southern sympathizer, it was said.

At this time Jesse was fifteen years old. The soldiers had lashed his back with a rope, had threatened him with their bayonets, and had forced him to witness the cruelties that were inflicted on his step-father. After they were gone, he said, "Ma, look at the stripes on my back." She pulled his shirt off and wept to see the livid welts that scarred his flesh. He muttered between his teeth, "Ma, don't you cry. I won't stand this again." "What can you do?" she asked. "I'll join Quantrell," he replied. And the stripling meant what he said, even though he lacked the robustiousness of most boys. His peach-blossom cheeks might be as soft and delicate as a girl's, his eyes as innocently blue as the cloudless sky; but even then those eyes were always wandering, always shifting and flitting almost instantaneously from one object to another, and the slanting lids, drawn together so that the eyeballs had

something of the sinister furtiveness of an Oriental's, were forever restlessly blinking and batting each other. Perhaps a granular condition caused by youthful illness was responsible for this peculiarity; but no matter—the peculiarity was symbolic. The sensitive, puckering, projecting lips were compressed into something that was partly a sneer and partly a dashing, devil-may-care abandon. It was a face on which early innocence was struggling against ever encroaching signs of sly, impish cunning and reckless bravado—a face that might indicate either a future general, financier or corsair.

The lad kept his promise; he joined Quantrell's Band. A greater amount of authentic information exists concerning this brief period of his life than of all the remainder; he was not yet a myth, a type of heroic deviltry or of courtly knighthood. Before many months had passed—when he was barely sixteen—he won this compliment from a seasoned veteran: "For a beardless boy he is the keenest and cleanest fighter in the command." Once, when three hundred Union soldiers attacked the guerrillas, he shot their leader, and the troops, demoralized by this disaster, turned their horses and fled. Accompanied by four comrades, he pursued sixty of the fugitives; after six miles had been covered, the five guerrillas had killed fifty-two of the sixty. A little later, in another combat, his horse was shot dead and he was wounded in the left arm and side. Falling behind the horse's body, he held the soldiers at bay until rescuers came to his aid. Ten of the one hundred and seventeen Northerners who, in the words of a realistic scribe, "mouldered in their gory graves" after this bloody affair, mouldered because of the un-

erring pistol of Jesse James. He was quite as tricky as he was bold. It was known that the Union troops used a certain disorderly house as a rendezvous. Jesse James, dressed as a charming young maiden, rode up to the house and told its mistress that he was a young girl fond of adventure, and that he would come to the house the same evening, bringing several girls who also wanted to "have a good time." That night the guerrillas crept up to the house. The "shameful festival was at its height. The women were nearly nude and the whole company assumed every conceivable form of voluptuous grouping. They had been drinking hard. The songs were loud and lewd." All at once the disgraceful corybantic revel was routed by the crack of nine revolvers, and nine men fell dead. A moment later the surviving three were sent to moulder in their gory graves, while the guerrillas, strangely disdaining the proffered fruits of victory, rode away well satisfied with the night's work. The girlish complexion and blue eyes of Jesse James did good service that day.

His quick eye and his accurate aim continued to do good service. But other eyes were quick, too; and in August, 1864, a rifle bullet tore a great hole through his right lung. He thought it was the end, and, pulling a plain gold ring from his finger, gave it to a comrade with the request that it should be given to his half-sister, Susie Samuels; but the careful nursing of friends at length restored his health. In the autumn of this year, most of the guerrillas joined the regular Southern army; however, a few of them, including Jesse James, sallied southward until they reached Texas. They returned to Missouri in the spring of 1865, and, inas-

JESSE W. JAMES

"I hereby certify that the above is the only late photograph of my deceased husband, taken before death." Mrs. Jesse W. James. (*From photo loaned by Howard Huselton, Kansas City.*)

much as the Confederates were everywhere surrendering, most of the renegades decided that they had better do likewise while there was a chance of mercy. With a white flag borne by Jesse at the head of the column, the turncoats filed into a Federal camp on March 15, held a conference to fix the terms of surrender, and were marching out again when some Northern soldiers attacked them. In the conflict that inevitably followed this violation of the laws of warfare, Jesse was again shot through the right lung. He fled to the nearby woods, keeping off all pursuers with his pistol until they were either dead or frightened away. Then he fell in a faint and for the next two days and nights lay burning with fever on the banks of a creek, feebly bathing his wound and drinking water. At sunset on the third day he had sufficient strength to crawl toward a neighboring house, whose inmates were luckily in favor of the Southern cause.

Destiny, it seems, was against him—or was he one of her darling sons? The weight of a hair—a dishonorable trick—tipped the scales. Except for this tragic occurrence, he would apparently have headed straight toward the oblivion of becoming an honorable citizen of the republic; but Nemesis had other plans. Had he been allowed to surrender, all would have been . . . well; but fate, forever inscrutably smiling, intervened.

The officer in charge of the Federal camp considered that the insurgent had surrendered, although his desperate wound made an actual surrender temporarily impossible. Indeed, that officer declared that he did not parole the outlaw because he "thought it an unnec-

essary formality to go through with in the case of a dying man," and he supplied funds for transporting the invalid to his mother, who, in order to avoid persecution, was then living in Nebraska. Perhaps his wounds made him unusually sentimental; we are told that he became acquainted with the Union officer who shot him, and that they "became fast friends and exchanged photographs." He remained in Nebraska eight weeks, so near to death that his mother often "put her ear to his heart to see if it was yet beating." At the end of this time, he said, "Ma, I don't want to be buried here in a Northern state." "You shan't be buried here," was her comforting reply. "But, Ma," he feebly protested, "I don't want to die here"; and the staunch woman at once said to the household, "We're going back to old Missouri if the trip kills every one of us." They arrived safely home, although for months to come he was not able even to sit up in bed. But the rigorous life of the preceding years had metamorphosed the soft and effeminate youth into a strapping man whose iron constitution had already survived twenty-two wounds; so it turned out that the ministrations of sister Susie and another young lady eventually cured him. Meanwhile a new, an unbelievable emotion had been stirring in the breast of the valiant fighter—he was madly in love with his nurse. When almost recovered, one day he abruptly said, "Ma, I'm going to marry Zee." The mother, jealous as mothers almost invariably are of their sons' affections, told him that, since he was not yet of age, she did not intend to let him marry anyone. He merely replied, "Ma, Zee and I are going to be married." Both the speech and the

pistol of Jesse James had a remarkable way of going straight to the heart of things.

Since one tender emotion had been aroused, it was easy for another very similar one to spring into life. The dead father had cherished a vision about the future of his sons; was it possible that his dream was at length to be realized? Did Jesse recall, in some vague way, a time when, only fourteen months old, he had been held up in his mother's arms so that he could see his father baptize sixty repentant sinners in one stretch, without leaving the water? Or was it the imminence of death that had turned his thoughts toward a better life? As soon as his health permitted, he attended revival services held in the Baptist church near his home, "was converted and professed religion, and was baptized and joined the church." Furthermore, we are assured that it "was a sincere conversion," because from this time on he never "slew a human being except in the protection of his own life." But in those days there were plenty of inhuman beings.

III

At this point the clear-cut boundaries of history must be left almost entirely behind. We are now on the borderland of a region perpetually obscured by dense fogs and impenetrable mists of unverifiable legends, wild speculations, unsubstantiated rumors, and appalling tales without number—a romantic region, almost wholly untainted by corrupting fact. Somewhere within those trackless depths lurks that frightful organization known far and wide as "The James

Band," whose bloodthirsty members, accoutered with seven league boots and cloaks of darkness, flit with incredible rapidity from one place to another in contemptuous defiance of the laws of speed and gravitation. Leaping unsuspectedly from some hidden lair, they pounce upon the unwary passengers of coaches and trains, shoot down one or two hapless persons just to show that they are in earnest, despoil the aghast survivors, and vanish, as quietly and as stealthily as they came, back into their secret refuge. But they are no common cutthroats, no vulgar ruffians greedily bent upon wealth for its own sake; they are the finished artists of their profession. They are virtuosos in the fine art of murder, exemplifying to perfection the excellent principles laid down by De Quincey; robbery and slaughter must be committed with the finesse that can be attained only by long, laborious study and practice. Precaution, promptness and precision are their watchwords; what they do must be done neatly and with dispatch. If blood and brains must flow, the flood should be generous; if bullets must fly, they must lodge either in the heart or the brain—all other parts of the human frame are invariably safe from harm. To shoot a person in a casually general way—to smash a rib or clip a chunk out of his cheek—would not be sportsmanlike; and besides, he might be crippled or disfigured for life. Men of wealth and social position, and women who lack the boon of beauty, may expect short shrift from them; a twitching trigger and a crisp "Hands up!" or the more elaborate salutation, "Damn your souls, surrender or die!" and vile, gratuitous blasphemies, are their inevitable portion. But poor, needy

virtue in distress or a charming female visage—ah! how fortunate are those who rejoice in such sentimental blessings! At once the desperadoes drop their atrocious masks and stand forth as champions of right and blooming beauty: needy virtue departs, its pockets lined with the gold that has been filched from bloated, plutocratic vice, and captivating loveliness reaps the reward of polished devoirs and low-bowed apologies.

So run the old wives' tales of *diablerie*—tales that were gulped down entire by the vast majority of hard-headed, matter-of-fact citizens of the republic. Is it possible that a century which swelled with elation over its dazzling achievements in applied science, and looked with mingled pity and disdain upon the slow and barren times of its forefathers, was not quite so far advanced intellectually as is believed; that it was stupendously credulous, elementary, primitive and pagan, despite its veneer of Christian civilization? It was, in truth, unchangeably and eternally child-like in its explosive affection for dramatic opposites: it struck the shackles from the slave and riveted imponderable fetters upon its own mental processes; it piously extolled drab virtues and practiced attractive . . . excesses; it apotheosized the leaders in humanitarian endeavors and fawned upon dirty pugilists; it worshiped Abraham Lincoln and immortalized Jesse James.

But that adorable monster had no desire to be immortalized. If we may believe the word of his son, he merely wished to "convince his enemies that his surrender at the close of the war was sincere, and . . . his only wish was to live a clean, honest, God-fearing life, and at peace with all the world." The son's mo-

tives for writing his father's biography were extremely pious. Thousands of people, he said, had asked "why I did not write such a book, and promised to buy one if I did write it. If all of these keep that promise it will have been a good business venture for me"; furthermore, it was penned "for the support of my mother." Incidentally, it was hoped that the volume might "do something to correct the false impression that the public have about the character of my father." As a business venture, and as an advertising medium for the "Jesse James Five-Cent Cigar—Sold over the Entire United States—Unsurpassed in Quality," it was an entire success and established the son in his cigar stand at the court house in Kansas City, Missouri, in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. But it is to be feared that many thousands who, reveling simultaneously in the "first and only true story" of Jesse James and in five-cent cigars unsurpassed in quality, were still unconvinced that the halo of fascinating infamy had been torn from the head of their hero.

The hero himself was now at the beginning of his nineteenth century Odyssey. In February, 1867, while he was still weak from the effects of his frightful wound, six militiamen rode up at night to his mother's house and demanded that he should surrender. Jesse shouted, through the barred door, an inquiry as to what the men intended to do. "Hang you, by God!" the leader snapped. Accounts differ as to what followed; one ardent devotee of decorative prose avers that the dauntless insurgent fired his heavy dragoon pistol with such fatal aim that four of the men fell dead, "staining the virgin snow with the crimson tor-

rents of their heart's blood. . . . It was a solemn sight. The dead men with pallid faces gazing stony gazes, out of sightless eyes, at the radiant moon and patient stars, the pure white mantle of the snow, stained and bedabbled with their blood; while the silence of the night was broken by the discordant groans of the wounded!" But the more prosaic son swears that the truth was different—that the mere appearance of the wounded lion at bay was sufficient to make the six hunters gallop away at full speed beneath the radiant moon and patient stars, leaving the lion to lick his wound and utter victorious growls. Nevertheless, he could not be certain that more valiant men might not come to his lair; and that same night he mounted his horse and rode away—away to sixteen years of glory and shame. Throughout all that inexplicably confused and distorted period of his life, he was "followed, trailed, surrounded, shot at, wounded, ambushed, surprised, watched, betrayed, proscribed, outlawed, driven from state to state, made the objective point of infallible detectives, and he . . . triumphed"—until he was finally betrayed.

Rarely, very rarely, does the all-enveloping mist rise for a brief space from that mysterious region where his ghostly, gigantic figure sped around doing its deeds of horror and mercy, of blackest turpitude and of clement kindness. He committed hundreds of murders and robberies, and acted the part of the Red Cross Knight toward fair ladies in distress; he cleaned out a bank in Texas, and held up a train in Missouri on the same day; he despoiled capitalists of all their wealth, and then gave it to poor widows and bereaved orphans. He

shot his enemies from ambush, kissed his mother when they met and parted, betrayed his friends, and crammed his children's stockings with bulging presents at Christmas—but it is useless, and indeed impossible, to summarize a tenth of his fabulous activities, for there was no ultimate evil and no ultimate good that the dashing highwayman did not accomplish.

Fortunately a tiny residue of incidents remains among multitudinous fabrications—incidents substantiated by the unanimous verdict of his memorialists. In order to escape the minions of the law who were hot on his trail, Jesse James fled to California in 1867, where he lived "quietly" for a year; he then returned to Missouri, "hoping that he would not be molested if he stayed close to home and worked the farm for his mother." But the vindictive animosity of the law prevented him from the pursuit of a pastoral life; he was driven into the rocky fastnesses of his native state, where he was sought after in every place—except the right one. The only photographs of his person were in the possession of his family; the few who were lucky enough to be on terms of familiarity with him were almost invariably his friends, genuine or diplomatic ("I had my family to think of," apologized one old fellow when queried as to the reason for his close-mouthed reticence); he wore assumed names and various disguises; and he was therefore sought in vain. Besides, he was always armed with two 45-caliber Colt's revolvers and three cartridge belts, together with plenty of spare shells in his pockets to be used in case of emergencies; and when he went "on a trip," he carried a valise full of cartridges and a Winchester

rifle concealed within a large umbrella. He was also, in the expressive language of the plains, "a dead shot." One day as he was talking over old times with his mother in the shade of the home porch, a red-headed woodpecker lit on a tree some fifty yards away. Jesse whipped out his revolver and said, "Ma, you've heard about my being a good shot, I'll show you." He pulled the trigger, and the woodpecker pecked no more. Perhaps, on the whole, it was fortunate for the families of the men who pursued the elusive bandit that they rarely encountered him, or that, when a meeting did take place, they failed to recognize him.

One officer who actually faced him lived to tell the tale. As Jesse was about to sit down to dinner one day, he saw the sheriff approaching the house. Drawing his revolver, he said, "Open the door, Ma," and the sheriff walked in. "Your gun, please," Jesse requested with the utmost politeness, and the trapped man did the only expedient thing—he handed it over. "Now, sit down and have dinner with us," commanded the gracious host; and the two sat down at the table and "chatted like old friends while they ate a hearty meal." The sheriff was "always a great friend of my boys after that," said their proud mother; and who, indeed, could fail to admire such a hospitable and generous rogue?

He seems actually to have taken much pleasure in playing grimly humorous jokes; perhaps he vaguely appreciated the kaleidoscopic tragi-comedy of his life. Almost every night, during a certain year, a posse near his home gathered, with that species of collective bravery common to armies, mobs and wolves, to start

in search of him; and the pursued often strolled in to talk over with the pursuers the plans which had been laid for his apprehension, and to wish them good luck on their trip. Once, when he was being shadowed with particular energy, he played the part of jockey in two heats of a horse race, and was greeted with riotous applause when he thundered in, the winner of the race and purse. Such a many-sided individual would naturally have been touched, one supposes, with the altruism that was a leading trait in his generation; and so he was, although it is true that his altruism was colored, as was also true of much contemporary benevolence, with a large tinge of self-interest. Dining one day with the widow of a member of Quantrell's Band, he was told that a mortgage was to be foreclosed on her place that very day, and that she would then be ordered off. Five hundred dollars, she casually remarked with a tear in her eye, would foot the bill. He promptly handed that amount over to her, with the request that she should be careful to get a receipt; then, with his companion, he rode off amid a shower of lacrymose benedictions from the simple-minded and religious woman. But he waited in concealment by the roadway until the transaction was finished and the two unsuspicious officers were driving by, when they were commanded to halt. "Are you Sheriff ——?" he asked. "Yes," was the reply. "Throw up your hands!" Four trembling hands shot skyward; and when the five hundred dollars had been taken from the crestfallen men, they were allowed to go their way in peace. "I give this," comments the dull son of a clever father, "as an example of how desperate chances Jesse James would

take to aid the widow of a comrade in distress." Again, his love of sardonic fun would take a family turn. He once persuaded a friend to dress as a detective and go to the Samuels' house to work a hoax on his mother. "The old lady may take a shot at you," was his parting word, "but if she don't hit you go right in." The trick succeeded, and the poor woman was so thoroughly scared that she neglected to take a shot at the intruder.

But all the detectives who came to visit her were not harmless impostors. In January, 1875, a party of them sneaked up to her home at midnight, and, thinking to destroy the brothers without harm to their own skins, hurled a bomb through a window into the house. It exploded; one piece instantly killed the young half-brother of the intended victims, who were actually miles away from the scene, and another tore off their mother's right arm between the wrist and elbow. Then the brave defenders of law and morality rode away, serenely content with the success of their device. Such callous scoundrels naturally would not, it was thought, be much concerned over a mere family tragedy; the stony-hearted wretches would not care what happened to their kith and kin so long as they went unharmed. Yet a letter, which, notwithstanding its general grammatical correctness, bears the appearance of genuineness, appeared shortly after in the Kansas City *Times,* with the signature of Jesse James appended. It was headed "Safe Retreat" and fulminated with tersely unliterary power against the "midnight assassins who murdered my poor, helpless and innocent eight-year-old brother, and shot my poor mother's arm off." "The detectives are a brave lot of boys," it con-

tinued, "—charge houses, break down doors and make the gray hairs stand up on the heads of unarmed victims. Why don't President Grant have the soldiers called in and send the detectives out on special trains after the hostile Indians? A. M. Pinkerton's force, with hand-grenades, and they will kill all the women and children, and as soon as the women and children are killed it will stop the breed, and the warriors will die out in a few years." But President Grant was too busy making political appointments just then to consider with proper care one of the most excellent suggestions regarding military strategy that was ever propounded.

The bloody raid on the Samuels' residence, however, created a profound public sentiment in favor of the outlaws. Already the state had expended huge sums for their capture, it was very doubtful if the capture would ever be effected, and the fair name of Missouri was becoming more and more tarnished. Other men, worse perhaps than those who were being hunted, were making the James and Younger boys the scapegoat for innumerable crimes; the boys themselves had never been actually convicted of any definite deeds of violence; everything that touched them teemed with malicious rumor and hearsay. It was even suggested that, inasmuch as the United States had granted political amnesty, it did not seem quite right for one state to persecute any of its citizens for acts committed during the war. In consequence of this public agitation, a resolution was introduced in the state legislature to the effect that "full and complete amnesty and pardon . . . for all acts charged or committed by them during the

late civil war," together with a fair trial for "all offenses charged to have been committed since said war," should be offered to the members of the robber band. But a Democratic governor sent a message to the general assembly denouncing them, and a Democratic legislature, actuated by correctly partisan motives, refused to pass the measure. Mrs. Samuels, together with friends of the two brothers, begged three governors to give fair terms of surrender, but deaf ears were turned to their requests. This was the end; the outcasts, more than ever men without a country, faced the inevitable: a brief and turbulent existence terminated sooner or later by a bullet or a rope.

Some of them might flinch, but not so their leader. Henceforth the lion was absolutely at bay; he might be overpowered at last, but woe to the unfortunate hunter who incautiously approached too near his hiding-place! The world was against him, was it?—wanted his heart's blood, wanted him to whimper and cower, to come cringingly in and submit to his fate? Very well, he would give the world blow for blow—and he would get his blows in first. His keen animal instincts became keener; he was ever on the alert and any suspicious sight or sound brought him to his feet in a flash. When he heard some little noise in the house, so his half-brother stated, "he'd whip out his pistol so quick you couldn't see the motion of his hand"—that small, sinewy hand with its long, tapering, musician-like fingers, which indeed played one instrument as only a master could. The tall, erect figure, lithe and supple despite its one hundred and eighty-five pounds, moved with an agile grace that almost concealed the blemish

of bow-legs; the head was thrown defiantly back, the blue eyes still snapped at quick intervals as they shot around in every direction, the large ears were cocked back to catch the slightest rustle that boded danger. The face was no longer girlishly delicate and semi-innocent; the youthful sneer had deepened into the fixed rigidity of supercilious scorn; the lean cheeks and firm, full lips were set in quiet but deadly determination—a determination that was paradoxically strengthened when the ghastly semblance of a smile flickered briefly over the gaunt countenance. The stubby, sand-colored beard that prickled over the cheeks and the bulky chin, the turned-up nose with its bulb-like end, the peaked, retracting forehead, the projecting cheek-bones, and the large eyes that stared from their cavernous depths—all these distinctive traits were amalgamated into a mixture of swaggering insolence, indomitable self-trust, and cunning, cat-like ferocity. And still—was it merely sympathy for sinners that caused the impression?—in the fixity of a photograph the deep-set eyes no longer wore an Oriental appearance; instead, they looked almost jocular, decidedly honest, and even dreamy and poetic.

IV

THE violent *dénôuement* came. Death—sudden, swift and implacable—at last clutched its wily and elusive victim by the throat. The culminating act in the life of the leading figure in a great national drama was appropriate. He must die as he had lived—die with his boots on, at the apex of his course, in the full

flush of health. The curtain must fall, not upon a tame sick-bed scene, but upon a bloody corpse fittingly laid low, as Robin Hood is reputed to have been laid low, by treachery; and so it turned out.

Ten thousand dollars, offered by Governor Crittenden of Missouri for the pariah's apprehension and conviction, was a tempting sum. Two brothers, commonly called Charlie and Bob Ford, had trailed the victim for months, waiting for the moment when they could find him off his guard and shoot him; but he was so cautious and so heavily armed even among seeming friends that they waited until April 3, 1882—for they did not once entertain the possibility of capturing him alive, "considering the undertaking suicidal." On that morning, after breakfast was over in the house where "Thomas Howard" was then living in St. Joseph, Missouri, Jesse remarked to the Ford boys who, in the guise of friendship, were his guests, "It's an awfully hot day." He took off his coat and vest, unbuckled the belt which held his two pistols, mounted a chair, and began to dust a picture which, together with the ubiquitous mural decoration, "God Bless Our Home," constituted the sole ornaments in the room. In an instant Bob Ford leveled his revolver at the back of the outlaw's head. He heard the click as the weapon was cocked, and started to turn his head; but the movement was his last. A heavy bullet crashed through his brain. His wife rushed into the room and lifted her husband's head into her lap; his tremendous vitality was not yet quite gone and he seemed to be endeavoring to speak; then the head fell back—and the mortal myth had put on immortality.

The report of his death caused the wildest conjecture and confusion; since the assassination of Garfield in the preceding year, there had been no event of such national importance. At first the people, particularly in the little town where the murder occurred, refused to believe that the renowned bandit had at last been dropped in his tracks. Jesse James *dead*? They simply laughed—did some idiot really think that they were such damned fools as to believe a thing like that? Did he not bear a charmed life? No, it was impossible that he could die—impossible that one of their most cherished illusions could be so summarily dispelled. But if their mayor said it was true, they might believe it; was not his word authoritative on all matters? The mayor was approached and his opinion was eagerly sought; "I fully believe that he is dead this time," he said. The matter was settled; it *must* be true, after all. Everyone breathed a sigh of relief and rushed to the scene of the tragedy, in order to help identify the body. Of course it was Jesse James: So-and-So positively knew it was because of this or that scar—the two weals near the right nipple, and the missing first joint on the middle finger of the left hand; So-and-So had talked with him and therefore recognized the pale features perfectly; So-and-So had been held up by him—surely he would never be forgotten after that! Meanwhile little Jesse, feeling in some dim, childish way that these people were responsible for his father's death, lugged a shotgun from its hiding-place and tried to fire it at the crowd; but his mother took it away.

Some years after this, Governor Crittenden, who had been roundly scored for the means by which he

had effected the apprehension and conviction of the desperado, was fortunately able to appease the pangs of his conscience by coming boldly to the defense of this same son, who had been accused of following his father in the matter of train robbery. It is also pleasant to record that

> the dirty little coward that shot Mr. Howard
> And laid Jesse James in his grave,

soon went to a fitting death in a drunken brawl.

On the day when Jesse died, screaming newspaper headlines informed the public that the greatest living peril of organized society had held up and robbed a train in Texas. Next day the body, encased in an expensive metallic coffin and protected by a heavy guard, was taken to Mrs. Samuels' home in Kearney, Missouri. "I knew it had to come," she tearfully lamented, "but my dear boy Jesse is better off in heaven today than he would be here with us." The funeral occasioned a public holiday, and from the surrounding country people began to stream in at an early hour on trains, on horseback, and in every sort of vehicle, determined to enjoy to the full the greatest day in their lives. One train that passed through Kearney was obligingly stopped by the conductor long enough so that the passengers might go to see the body. The obsequies were held, with peculiar felicity, in the same Baptist church in which Jesse had been converted; and, as it was rightly believed that one minister could not furnish a sufficient background of solemnity for the extraordinary occasion, two were employed. The service opened with the singing of what was supposed to

be Jesse's favorite hymn, "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," a selection from Job concerning the brevity of human existence was read, and a prayer was offered which revolved around the idea that the bereavement would be a blessing to the family if its members were thereby led to acknowledge the domination of the Lord. Another appropriate selection, "Where Shall Rest Be Found?" followed; then came the sermon. After wisely admitting that it would be useless for him "to bring any new information before this congregation respecting the life and character of the deceased," the speaker made the most of the evangelistic opportunity that was his in addressing such an unusually large audience, whose members he strongly urged not to neglect their own salvation. He made one practical suggestion, however; in order not to excite the "half-brother of the corpse," who was very ill, it was requested that only close friends and relatives should attend the funeral procession to the family home. The only discordant note came when the coffin was opened; then, as the spectators filed by, "there were shrieks, moans, and curses." Pallbearers, who included the local sheriff and five other leading citizens who were "eminent either in respectability or crime," then bore the dead man to his grave in the shade of a giant coffee-bean tree which stood close to the house where he was born. As a precaution against body-snatchers, the grave was filled with stones and an armed guard was stationed over it.

Prose and poetic tributes without number, extremely censorious or exculpatory, were soon paid to the memory of the departed. A notorious Southern lawyer

epitomized the sentiments of all good but less gifted citizens in a great burst of moral indignation. "Farewell, Jesse James, prince of robbers!" he thundered. "Missouri cries a long, a glad farewell! Cruelest horseman that ever wore a spur or held a rein, seeming oftener like Death himself on his pale horse charging through the land, than feeling man, farewell! farewell! Foulest blot that ever marred the bright escutcheon of a glorious state, farewell! farewell! Yes, thou bloody star of murder, hanging for years like a thing of horror in our very zenith, frightening science and civilization from our borders—I condemned the manner of thy taking off, yet I could but join the general acclaim, when, seized with the shock of death, we saw thee reel in thy orbit, and then plunge forever into old chaos and eternal night." An aspiring metricist likewise happily expressed the feelings of the unregenerate and poetically inarticulate multitudes who revered the dead chieftain.

Sadly, in the early Spring time
  Did we lay him away to rest,
Away from this cold, unfeeling clime,
  Safe away among the blest.

No more now will he be hunted
  By his enemies so bad,
All his young life abruptly blunted,
  Ah! 'tis sad, 'tis very sad!

Why did they kill him thus? So sudden
  Why pin on him death's awful lance?
Why pluck the flower just in its budding,
  Why didn't they give poor Jesse a chance?

How much worse were they who killed him,
The brand of Cain is on their brow,
Oh, how sad that they have stilled him;
But Jesse is in Abram's bosom now.

. . . . .

Farewell, farewell, we see you there
Beckoning with thy own dear hand;
And with the angels ever bright and fair,
We will meet you in that heavenly land.

Over thirty years later, in 1914, an enterprising reporter visited the James Home, now become one of the national shrines. There he interviewed Frank James who, having surrendered soon after his brother's death, and having been acquitted since no one could swear that he was guilty of any of the crimes charged against him, thenceforth led a life of peace and repose. A tall, well-preserved man of more than seventy years, he combined the appearance and manner of the patriarch and the showman, fortified his frequent moral comments with quotations from the Bible and Shakespeare, expressed a firm belief in woman suffrage, and kept a keen eye on possible tips. "I tell you those yellow-backed books," he remarked, in speaking of the voluminous James literature, "have done a lot of harm to the youth of this land—those and the moving pictures, showing robberies." When questioned as to the truth of the yellow-backed books, he became suddenly reticent, but finally said: "If I admitted that these stories were true, people would say: 'There is the greatest scoundrel unhung!' And if I denied 'em, they'd

say: 'There's the greatest liar on earth!' So I just say nothing."

And, since Frank James and Cole Younger, the last survivors of the lawless clan, recently departed to sleep with their forefathers, in strict truth there is nothing more to be said. But still—who knows?—perhaps, from the vantage ground of Abram's bosom, the restless shade of Jesse James is craftily plotting the organization of a celestial James Band, which, leading a second revolt of seditious angels, will attempt to succeed where Satan himself once failed.

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ADMIRAL DEWEY

I

DURING the closing days of September, 1899, New York City was the scene of the most tremendous demonstration of frenzied enthusiasm that the Western Hemisphere, until that time, ever witnessed. Under a clear sky, in the bracing coolness of perfect weather, the city's millions joyously gave up business of every sort, and, casting aside their customary emotional restraints, cut all kinds of undignified capers. The elite of Fifth Avenue and the denizens of the Bowery carelessly touched unfamiliar elbows, exchanged friendly courtesies in the form of a mutual slapping of backs and punching of ribs—those emblems of perfect comity—and hobnobbed with little thought of social distinctions.

And certainly the spectacle that greeted the crowd was stupendous and thrilling enough to justify all this display of clamorous and incoherent, almost fanatical rapture. Along the North River estuary of the spacious Hudson stretched a procession of boats, nearly four miles in length, of every imaginable type. At its head steamed the dull gray American battleships, followed by domestic and foreign merchant vessels, by gayly decorated floats, tugs, launches, and by an innumerable varety of small craft, the huge cannon on the

battleships thundering their song of victory while the smaller guns on the other vessels roared applause. The piers on the New York and New Jersey coasts were alive with hurrahing thousands, while some hundreds, aloft on scaffoldings specially erected on barges and canal boats, perched upon seats bought at a premium. Two large floats, "Peace" and "Victory," were notably conspicuous. "Victory," a colossal figure, was preceded by Neptune driving his four steeds, and was surrounded by four enormous female figures blowing long and fragile trumpets, which waved ludicrously around in the breeze. Unfortunately she soon became a pathetic spectacle, since the flimsy material out of which she had been constructed was ruined from the waist upward by gaping holes, torn on account of rough treatment by tugs, wind and waves; meanwhile several workmen at her base stolidly puffed their pipes, not a whit awed or impressed by their classical environment.

On the following day, the pageant was, if possible, even more imposing. A parade of soldiers and sailors marched from Grant's Tomb to the reviewing stand at Madison Square; but the crush was so terrific that the police were scarcely able to keep sufficient space clear for the passage of the military marchers. Some wise spectators had purchased, from street hawkers, soap and beer boxes on which to stand; and authorized seat speculators stormed and swore at the intruding hawkers, both parties meanwhile frequently resorting to violent and bloody exchanges of fisticuffs. As the procession approached Madison Square, its members saw upon the reviewing platform the outstanding figure of the occasion, posing *tête-à-tete* with New York's

preëminent citizens, Richard Croker and Mayor Van Wyck, together with other representative personages. With fitting pomposity, the Mayor proceeded to read his one thousand word typewritten speech; and there were hearty cheers when he finally concluded. More cheers resounded as the Mayor presented to this outstanding figure a gold loving cup, and then bestowed upon him that greatest of all unnecessary honors—the freedom of the city.

Had some modern Rip Van Winkle, roused after twenty years of peaceful slumber, come forth into the city's streets and inquired about the singular cause of all this hubbub, he would not have been left long in doubt. To his dazed query almost anyone would have replied, in a tone of surprised and condescending pity, "Why, don't *you* know? That's Admiral Dewey, the man who licked the dirty Spaniards at Manila, and we're going to make him our next President, by ——!" But it would scarcely have been necessary to ask such a question; for "Welcome Dewey" blazed everywhere, upon arches, banners, flags and pennants. "Welcome Dewey" sparkled in electric lights on the span of Brooklyn Bridge. "What's the matter with Dewey?" someone in the crowd would shriek, and screaming back came the expected but never tiresome answer: *"He's all right!"* Dewey canes were flourished, Dewey buttons were worn by the more timid souls, while bolder ones smoked Dewey cigars and got uproariously drunk on Dewey whisky. Still others, whose excess of emotion flowed in less questionable channels, occasionally broke into songs which in sentiment resembled this specimen:

He took a thousand islands and he didn't lose a man—
Raise your heads and cheer him as he goes—
He licked the sneaky Spaniard till the fellow cut and ran,
For fighting's part of what a Yankee knows.
He broke 'em, and he drove 'em, and he didn't care at all,
He only liked to do as he was bid;
He crumpled up their squadrons and their batteries and all,
He knew he had to lick 'em and he did.

Meanwhile, the Admiral himself reacted in various ways to this unprecedented experience. He strove hard to appear at ease, to be dignified, and to show his appreciation, all at the same time. Once or twice he was moved almost to tears, but quickly checked such an unsailorlike exhibition of feeling. In strict truth, it must be admitted that those who, because of the imponderable crush of hectic, quivering thousands jammed around the platform on which the noble hero stood, found it impossible even to approximate a close scrutiny of their idol, were a bit disappointed in the figure their eyes beheld over and beyond the impassable human barrier. They rejoiced to note that, in spite of his sixty-two years, the Admiral still held himself erect in a precise and dignified military poise; but was it not a pity that, instead of being gifted with tall and commanding proportions, he was somewhat undersized and—yes, a little disconcerting and disillusioning it was—rather stout? But the lucky few who, for the most part involuntarily, found themselves near enough to gaze in spell-bound reverence on his face—*his* face—gained the serene satisfaction of having their implicit faith in hero-worship restored. They gladly forgot the undistinguished form under the hypnotic power of

the face and the head, temporarily uncapped, contrary to military etiquette, for public view. A halo of Olympian power and majestic repose encircled, so it seemed, that classically sculptured head with its still abundant iron-gray locks, and emanated from every line and angle of the finely chiseled countenance—from the broad, imposing stretch of the lofty forehead; from the suggestion of volcanic energy that lurked in the dark, widely spaced eyes entrenched beneath heavy and almost entirely black eyebrows; from the two deep, frowning lines between those eyebrows and from the wrinkles on the nether eyelids; from the large, long, slightly convex nose; from the thick white mustache which curved upward at the ends of its five-inch sweep across the face; and from the rugged jaw that somewhat belied the generally oval shape of the face, and formed a fitting pediment for the whole. Such were some of the impressions which, although unexpressed and inchoate, most struck the members of the mob, who now, claiming the perennial right of mobs to touch apotheosized beings, pressed forward and shook hands with Dewey so persistently and vigorously that his right hand became swollen, and he was compelled to use his left. One hand, indeed, he had refused to shake. As he marched in the street, an intransigent youth broke through the police lines and extended his hand; the Admiral "looked at the dirty hand and his own immaculate gloves . . . and then shook his head in emphatic denial."

He had, in fact, dreaded the whole occasion. A few days earlier he had written thus to a friend: "God knows I would rather go into battle tomorrow than

face the ordeal that my fellow-citizens have, in the kindness of their hearts, prepared for me." And yet he seems not to have doubted, at least in retrospect, that he fully merited the honors which had come to him. "On the 30th of April, 1898," he wrote, modestly enough, in his autobiography, "I had been practically unknown to the general public. In a day my name was on everyone's lips. The dash of our squadron into an Oriental bay seven thousand miles from home had the glamour of romance to the national imagination."

The glamour of romance! Undoubtedly; for it is by romance that the imagination of peoples may most easily and effectually be stirred. But was romance all? Were the purposes of the government, when it ordered Dewey to capture Montojo's squadron, merely romantic? Its purposes were indubitably humanitarian and altruistic; who could question that, when it so often, so fervently, and through so many mouthpieces, proclaimed that such were its aims? Of course, if, after the demands of romance, humanitarianism, and altruism had been satisfied, some more tangible rewards were gained in the shape of coaling stations for naval needs, individual islands in particularly strategic spots, a whole archipelago of islands with unknown riches, the complete wiping out of Spain's three hundred years' grip upon the Western Hemisphere, a foothold in the Orient hard by the ports of China and the illimitable wealth of the magical East, and, finally, a nation on which the sun never set, whose flag floated on both sides of the world—if any such unanticipated compensation should come as the result of a governmental

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ADMIRAL DEWEY

policy purely unselfish and without ulterior motives, the government could certainly not be blamed for accepting them. If such were our manifest destiny, as was assuredly true, who would dare to refuse the benefits conferred by that destiny? It would be unpatriotic, it would even be blasphemous, not to follow whither the finger of God so clearly pointed.

Such appear to have been some of the motives and expectations of our political leaders during the Spanish-American War—an epoch which now seems so distant, so almost unsubstantial, although but a generation has since elapsed. Most of the salient figures in that struggle have passed—to their reward, it is to be hoped—and the causes, the details, and the results of the struggle itself, as portrayed in the pervasively partisan or chauvinistic documents of the period, are blurred and indistinct. Yet it is largely to that contest that we owe our position in the world today: through it the world learnt for the first time that we had become a nation to be respected and therefore feared; through it we abandoned our century-old policy of isolation, banished European control from an important part of the Western Hemisphere, and became a colonizing nation. Briefly, the Spanish-American War made us one of the great nations of the world.

And yet, through one of those tantalizing paradoxes of which destiny is so fond, in ousting European rule over a considerable area, we ourselves accepted European governmental standards as our own. Once more the historical commonplace became true: the conqueror became captive, the captive became conqueror. We became enmeshed, as Europe was already enmeshed, in

the coils which the French and the Industrial Revolutions threw around the civilized world. The first put political power into the hands of the bourgeoisie, who immediately entered politics for financial gain, who in the United States built up gigantic combinations of wealth, carefully fostered and protected by the laws which their builders' boundless influence enacted; the last, through manifold mechanical inventions, obliterated space and made colonization possible—made possible also the further enrichment of already opulent bourgeoisie through investments of capital in railroads, sugar and tobacco companies, and in the limitless business opportunities that those colonies offered. All this led to a spontaneous outburst of patriotic and religious emotion. What duty could be more pleasant than to rule inferior races, to take up our share of the "white man's burden," to live beneath a flag that was never furled—in short, to acquire as much of the earth's surface as was reasonably and politically possible? And, after the inferior peoples had experienced the blessings of civilization; after they had been properly subjected, properly taxed, made properly alcoholic and syphilitic; after they had become civilized sinners—would they not then be in the mood to desire and accept the civilized theology of condemnation, conviction, repentance, regeneration, justification and sanctification? Assuredly they would be; thus the missionary, following in the path already blazed by the rifle, the whisky bottle, and the eminently social diseases, found many sinners desirous of learning the way unto salvation, and his soul rejoiced thereat.

The designs which impelled us in the war with Spain,

particularly in matters relating to the Philippine Islands, were eloquently propounded by President McKinley at Boston on February 16, 1899. "The Philippines, like Cuba and Porto Rico, were entrusted to our hands by the war, and to that great trust, under the providence of God and in the name of human progress and civilization, we are committed. It is a trust we have not sought; it is a trust from which we will not flinch. . . Our concern was not for territory or trade or empire, but for the people. . . . No imperial designs lurk in the American mind. They are alien to American sentiment, thought and purpose. Our priceless principles undergo no change under a tropical sun. They go with the flag. They are inwrought in every one of its sacred folds and are inextinguishable in its shining stars."

In the welter of conflicting motives, of bitter dissensions, of clashing antagonisms, and of malignant hypocrisies, which lies in the short span of time that saw our war with Spain, Admiral George Dewey was with little doubt the most engaging and beguiling participant. For it was he who made possible what others had planned; by his action in sinking the Spanish fleet he consummated the fulfillment of national hopes more than a century old; the political figureheads of his day owe, in abundant measure, their place in history to his deeds. On one brilliant May morning he struck despair into the heart of one nation whose history stretched across the centuries, and brought to fruition the longings of another and younger nation which desired a wider place in the sun; more than that, he made that nation dream dreams of conquest and might, such as it

had never dared dream before. Unimportant, almost unknown in his country, and rather unimpressive in personality as he was, by one lucky stroke he leapt into dazzling popularity, and saw that country at his feet in rapt adoration—for a time. It is idle to speculate as to whether our course would have been the same if Dewey had not won his victory; and if he had lost—! Fate—perhaps forces not quite so impalpable as fate—had selected him for this task.

II

THE salient quality of Dewey's temperament was love of action—action for its own sake, and perhaps in less measure for the sake of display. As one whose great-grandfather had fought in the Battle of Lexington, and as one who had served under Porter and Farragut, he had inherited and acquired a tendency toward stoical reserve, toward glum taciturnity and crispness of speech. He strenuously cultivated the dignity of aloofness, by which the meek and adoring obeisance of subordinates may best be won. Off duty he might be a good fellow, who tilted the convivial bottle and helped induce the mood of comity that good fellows feel while swapping indelicate tales; on duty he had a great naval tradition to maintain—a tradition that the first in rank must be absolutely fearless, intolerant of the faintest sign of disobedience or over-familiarity, incisive in command, and merciless toward anything short of complete submission to his will. It was possible to feel pretty much at ease and moderately well acquainted with Dewey; but it was not possible to feel

really intimate. He would listen to, and even seek, advice from his officers at Manila; but when the advice had been given, he would say: "You may think that your opinion is correct, but I know that you are wrong. There is no question of it and I am right in the matter." After that, there was no more arguing or discussion. When matters were going well, he was fairly approachable and at times almost friendly; but when affairs went wrong, there was a something in his deportment and a glint in his eye that kept even those closest to him at a distance.

He was of French origin. After he became a world figure, to be sure, nearly every prominent race tried to establish him as its own descendant; the Swedes insisted that he had sprung from one Dewjansen, a Viking; the Germans, from one Duwig who was nobody in particular; the Italians, from a certain Di Wi; the Russians, from an uncertain Dhjukjii; the Scotch and the Irish also contended for the honor of his name, but without claiming definite pedigree. A Huguenot named Douai moved in the latter part of the sixteenth century to Kent, England, and there changed his name to Duee. One descendant came to Massachusetts in 1634 in search of religious freedom, which he seems to have found; for he altered the spelling of his name to Dewey, and, apparently in order that there might be no uncertainty about it, perpetuated himself generously enough to make Dewey the accepted spelling. The future Admiral, born on December 26, 1837, was the son of Dr. Julius Dewey, who had settled in his medical practice at Montpelier, Vermont. The Doctor was a man of very fixed principles about right and

wrong; these principles, together with a vigorous constitution, he transmitted with moderate success to his son, whose mother died when he was but five years old.

In his autobiography the Admiral gives an unquestionably round but not wholly unvarnished account of his life. It is very evident that he strove hard to make that account revealing, correct and lively. His success in these matters was not wholly inspiring; one can imagine him pausing at frequent intervals in the task of dictating, and refreshing his memory and his tongue with a drop or two of, let us hazard, whisky and soda; but even this was not sufficient, and therefore he sought the aid of a competent critic in matters of style, and presumably of grammar. In this volume he endeavored, among other things, to show that his boyhood was marked by unusual daring and hardihood. Yet it is possible that other children besides Georgie Dewey have been good swimmers and lovers of snowball fights; that they have proposed occasional hairbreadth stunts to demonstrate that they were not afraid to take a dare; that they have indulged in dramatic exhibitions in the family barn, with cows and horses as the only critical spectators; and that they have had fights with their teachers in the district school.

At fourteen Dewey entered the Norwich Military Academy, which had been founded by the first superintendent of West Point. With such a combination of influences, nothing was more natural than that the lad should have acquired fondness for an active life, and should have desired to go to West Point, or Annapolis. The naval training place was eventually selected; and, by the help of a little political assistance from Senator

Foote of Vermont, Dewey entered Annapolis in 1854. His behavior at first was not all that could be desired, and this fact, together with a weakness in history—which seems to have been augmented eventually by the part he played in making it—prevented him from winning immediate recognition. With his classmates "Shang" Dewey, as he was called, sang songs which, within the compass of sixteen lines, exhausted the possibilities of such words as middies, furloughs, liberty, plugs of tobacco, sweethearts, tears and home. "I always joined in the song heartily," he remarked in his reminiscences, "and I also chewed tobacco. . . . However . . . I became convinced that it was a filthy, vulgar habit in which no officer or gentleman should indulge. So I declared that I would chew no more. It required a good deal of fortitude to overcome this habit, more, I think, than to give up smoking. But I kept my pledge to myself, and never took another chew after I had made up my mind on this subject." His fortitude in the matter of smoking, however, was prudently never put to such a complete test. He proved his manhood, furthermore, by beating up a cadet who had bestowed a highly uncomplimentary epithet upon him at mess; for this act of chivalry, Dewey was given ten demerits and congratulated in the same breath; but by degrees his conduct improved so that, at the time of graduation, he stood fifth in his class. His first experience in naval life consisted of a cruise for a year and a half as midshipman in Mediterranean waters—a cruise which seems to have been made memorable chiefly by the facts that, on one occasion, five hundred and fifty gallons of beans were condemned and thrown

overboard, and that the charming daughters of the United States Minister to Turkey "did much to make the stay of the *Wabash* pleasant for the midshipmen."

In the Civil War, Dewey was fortunate in serving, for a considerable period, under Farragut, who became his ideal forever; always thereafter, when in a difficult position, he was accustomed to ask himself, "What would Farragut do?" From Farragut he learnt also to be urbane, yet indomitable, and to have a firm belief in Providence and in the righteousness of his country's cause, in whatever war it might choose to engage. Incidentally, he became a little strengthened, under Farragut's apt teaching, in the art of profanity; but in that art he endeavored to become a trifle more diplomatic than Farragut, who, on one terrifically hot day, followed the "Amen" of his grace at dinner with a Selah in the ejaculation, "It's hot as hell here!" Dewey's commander on the *Mississippi,* Captain Melancthon Smith, who trusted in Providence even more devoutly than Farragut, and who habitually smoked while in action, lighting one cigar with the butt of another as the enemy's shells screamed around him, eventually found it necessary to inform Dewey and other officers that, while privately they might curse with unlimited vigor and variety, the penalties for public oaths would be severe; and the good Captain also became a bit suspicious when he learnt of the young officer's fondness for champagne.

At the Battle of New Orleans, Dewey displayed conspicuous bravery and chanced to have the honor of saving the *Mississippi* from destruction by the Confederate ram *Manassas,* through a swift turning move-

ment. But the *Mississippi* was finally lost at the Battle of Port Hudson, for it ran on a shoal bank and had to be abandoned. It was then necessary to transport the men safely to the shore; and while the bullets hissed and snapped around him, Dewey directed the movements of the rowboats to a safe landing. In doing this, he violated the tradition that officers should be the last men to leave a sinking vessel, and was much worried lest he should be killed while absent from his ship; to have been killed at his post of duty would apparently not have worried him at all. Luckily he escaped death, but was compelled to order an under officer to force a part of the men back to the ship at the point of a revolver, so that the remaining men might be rescued. This was done; and as the last of the crew pulled away, the burning *Mississippi* swung off the shoal and came hurtling down the river, furnishing the magnificent spectacle of a dying vessel manned by dead men only, her still loaded port guns firing their last salvo at the enemy's banks when the flames reached their primers. Farragut was naturally very sorry to lose such a valuable boat; but he philosophically remarked that it was impossible to make an omelet without breaking a few eggs. Fifty years later, Dewey said that he had lived about five years in that eventful hour, four and one-half of those years passing when he was absent from his ship; but he was rewarded when Captain Smith's report referred to "the coolness of my executive officer, Mr. George Dewey." Following this disaster, he was made executive officer of the *Colorado,* which was manned by a crew of seven hundred men who had not been amenable to discipline; but they

soon found out that the new officer intended they should be. As Dewey called the roll the first morning, not all of the men responded, and he discovered that they had refused to turn out on account of the cold. At once he went to their sleeping quarters and tipped the slumberers out of their cozy bunks, "in a way that left no doubt of the business-like intentions of the new regime." He shortly gained complete submission from the crew, after he had subdued their ringleader, a giant, red-haired Englishman, by telling him that he would be shot if he tried to make any more fuss.

The Civil War at last ended, for the next thirty years Dewey was shifted from boat to boat and from station to station with bewildering frequency. He cruised for two years in European waters, came home in 1867, and married the daughter of ex-Governor Goodwin of New Hampshire; with his bride he then settled at Annapolis, where he was given charge of the midshipmen and of the ships stationed there. Vice-Admiral Porter was superintendent and, having mellowed with age, permitted and even encouraged so many social functions that the place acquired the name of "Porter's Dancing Academy." In 1870 Dewey was given his first regular command of a ship, and a year or so later was sent to the naval torpedo station at Newport, where his young wife died after giving birth to a son. When, as commander of the *Narragansett,* Dewey was engaged in surveying the coast of lower California in 1873, he made a curiously prophetic remark. There was danger of a war with Spain even then, because of the shooting by Spanish officials of the crew that manned the *Virginius,* a semi-piratic and

filibustering vessel; and Dewey one day found his men very despondent because they feared that, in case of hostilities, they would not be able to participate. "On the contrary, we shall be very much in it," he assured them. "If war with Spain is declared, the *Narragansett* will take Manila." His autobiography at this point contains the highly suggestive statement: "I had always been interested in the Philippine Islands and had read whatever books I could find relating to them, and my familiarity with the subject immediately suggested them as a logical point of attack." Perhaps this was merely the garrulity of old age, pleasantly romancing and painting its achievements with heightened color; again, later events show that it was quite probably true.

After serving for two years as light-house inspector at Boston, Dewey was appointed secretary of the light-house board at Washington, where he spent four more years, enjoying the dinners and receptions which his position made possible, and indulging in his favorite exercise, horse-back riding. In 1882 he once again put to sea in command of the *Juanita,* and welcomed a sea-voyage because his health at this time was poor. At Malta, typhoid fever and an abscess of the liver forced him to leave his boat; there he was relieved of a portion of his liver, and his health improved so that he soon took charge of another ship and continued to cruise in European waters. As chief officer of the *Kearsarge,* in 1886, he once more proved his intrepidity. There were rumors of a mutiny; and Dewey, heavily armed, ordered the ship's writer to precede him into the hatch, where the crew was assembled. Then,

taking a pistol in each hand, he commanded, "Call the roll!" "John Jones," read the clerk. "John Jones," came the response. Then Dewey said, "John Jones, I see you. I'm going to have your name called once more, and if you don't answer and immediately go up on deck you are a dead man. Call the roll!" "John Jones," the clerk read again, but there was no response. Dewey fired and John Jones fell dead. "Now, men," he quietly remarked, "the roll will be continued. As each man's name is called he will answer and go up on deck. Call the roll!" The mutiny was completely ended, and "Shang" Dewey was undisputed master.

His experiences in European waters had convinced him that the maintenance of a European squadron by the United States was poor naval strategy. As chief of the equipment bureau of the Navy Department from 1890 to 1894, he steadily labored to persuade the Secretary of the Navy that a concentration of naval forces nearer home was absolutely essential as a matter of strategic policy; but it was not until after the war with Spain that his advice was heeded. In 1895 he was made president of the Board of Inspection and Survey, and thus, significantly enough, gained precise knowledge about the fighting qualities of almost every vessel in the navy; and in 1896 he was advanced from the rank of Captain to that of Commodore.

The narration of fact now shifts briefly to the less substantial but more fertile field of speculation. What were the motives that persuaded the various individuals in power, when war with Spain was drawing near, to select Commodore Dewey, then sixty years old, as

commander of the Asiatic Squadron—Dewey, who was ranked by seven superior officers? Had he, in his forty years of naval service, shown evidence of qualities which seemed to make him peculiarly fitted for a task that demanded promptness of decision and a willingness to gamble with chance—or was it merely that fortune and a gracious Providence smiled benignantly upon him? Without doubt they did; but they seem to have been abetted by more explicit and concrete factors. "He was sent to command it in the fall of 1897," said Roosevelt, "because, to use the very language employed at the time, it was deemed wise to have there a man 'who could go into Manila if necessary' "; because he had "faithfully and for long years made ready himself and his weapons for the possible need"; because he had demonstrated that he was not "afraid to vary in times of emergency from the regulations laid down in times of peace." Into Manila if necessary—and thus possibly gain a foothold in the Philippines? Dewey had won favor, in Harrison's administration, when there was danger of trouble with Chili, by taking the responsibility of buying coal for the squadron that would have been used against Chili, if war had come. He had once threatened to assume control of La Paz, in Mexico, unless the government of that city should guarantee protection to a colony of Americans there, which was in danger of annihilation at the hands of Mexican miners who were inexcusably enraged at foreigners who owned and managed mines in Mexican territory; and his government had approved his action. In these ways,

and in other experiences, he had shown that he could act in an emergency; that he was both cool and audacious; that he could demand and gain the instant obedience of the forces under him. Was he finally chosen because it was thought expedient to select one who could be trusted to "vary in times of emergency from the regulations laid down in times of peace," and who would have, to use his own language, "a free hand to act in consequence of being so far away from Washington"? And if his hand should act a little more freely than humanitarianism and high public and moral obligations dictated, could not the government justify his course by the plea of ignorance on its own part, and of military necessity on the part of Dewey?

Some political dickering had to be resorted to, however, in order that he might be appointed. Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, told Dewey that he was the man for the post; that he would "be equal to the emergency if one arises"; and then asked if he had any political influence. The Commodore replied that he had, but disliked to use it; Roosevelt complimented him for his moral finesse, but still persisted. Then Dewey, who later remarked that "My heart was set on having the Asiatic Squadron," suggested that Senator Proctor of Vermont was an old friend of his family. Roosevelt thumped him jubilantly on the shoulder, and told him to see Proctor at once. The meeting took place; and on that very day Proctor saw McKinley, and Dewey was at once appointed. Mr. Long, Secretary of the Navy, was rather indignant

at this sudden turn of affairs, although he publicly declared that the selection of Dewey was "entirely my own"; but it was too late—chance, Providence and Roosevelt had won the day.

What thought-provoking implications, what pregnant possibilities, are masked in this plain statement of Dewey's activities before he left for the Orient!—"In the month that I had remaining in Washington I studied all the charts and descriptions of the Philippine Islands that I could procure and put aside many books about the Far East to read in the course of my journey across the continent and the Pacific." Was his imagination stirred, as he pondered over those charts and pages that spread before him a rich picture of all the mysterious charm that lay in the glowing Orient with its tropical profusion of unestimated wealth, into playing with schemes and devising courses of action to be pursued in order that his country, and conceivably his own name, might profit thereby? What flattering whispers of imminent fame may have been breathed in his ears, what unsubstantial wraiths may have flitted alluringly before him, their beckoning hands and siren voices urging him to follow? Or was he merely a simple, soldierly soul, unsusceptible to such immaterial phantoms, a stolid, phlegmatic personality, studying his problem only because duty to his country necessitated study? One cannot be quite certain about such matters, although what veritably happened during the next two or three years may cause one to make some passably definite conjectures. What is certain is that Commodore Dewey sailed from San Francisco on December 7, took command of the Asiatic Squad-

ron on January 3, 1898, and hoisted his Commodore's pennant on the good ship *Olympia.*

III

It is perhaps too easy for the curious investigator of the past, who strives to keep scrupulously detached from all passionate interests and to hold aloof from every aim save a just and clearly limned portrayal of the manifold deeds of men, to regard history as a more dramatic spectacle than it really is. The panorama of events that is spread before him, as he thumbs the dreary pages of heavy—how very heavy!—tomes and decaying manuscripts, tends to become contracted to the limits of a stage on which ridiculous, puppet-like figures prance and tumble about, responsive to controlling wires jerked by forces of which the puppets are almost totally unconscious. But these cavorting marionettes have often been suspiciously willing that this very impression should be noised abroad; they have at times hidden behind this conception—that they did what they did because they were impelled by uncontrollable powers outside themselves—so that it might serve as a screen for such surreptitious incentives as the satisfaction of personal, party and national desires. They resemble, perhaps, not so much puppets strutting in a theater as mischievous little boys, munching stolen apples and putting the blame of the theft on a neighbor, vehemently declaring that they had no idea that the apples had been appropriated by any member of their gang. Occasionally some lad, a little bolder than the rest, stands up and proudly admits

the theft, justifying himself by the circumstance that there were plenty of apples to be had, that the owner did not need them, and that his own stomach was empty; or he even claims praise for his deed, on the ground that the neighbor whose fruit he had stolen would have allowed it to rot, or that he himself had shared a portion of the fruit with his starving friends.

"We took up arms," McKinley maintained, "only in obedience to the dictates of humanity and in the fulfillment of high public and moral obligations. We had no design of aggrandizement and no ambition of conquest . . . in the final arbitrament of force, this country was impelled solely by the purpose of relieving grievous wrongs and removing long-existing conditions which disturbed its tranquillity, which shocked the moral sense of mankind, and which could no longer be endured . . . the war has brought us new duties and responsibilities which we must meet and discharge as becomes a great nation on whose growth and career from the beginning the Ruler of Nations has plainly written the high command and pledge of civilization."

It is quite possible that McKinley, in one of his Methodistic moods, may have believed all this; but his moods were not invariably Methodistic, while those of his confidants were rarely if ever thus. One cannot be wholly precise as to the government's intentions concerning the Philippines during the war, and indeed in sending Dewey there before the war began; but some suggestive facts can be found here and there which tend to show that McKinley's magniloquence was more vehement than accurate. Nor can it be positively proved that the government had what are

now called imperialistic designs on the Philippines before Dewey took Manila; yet there can be no doubt that it was expecting and preparing for war, even while ostensibly striving for peace. But some officials were not striving for peace at all. "What are you doing toward getting up a war with Spain?" an Assistant Secretary inquired of a Cabinet Member early in 1898. "I am practically alone in the administration, but I am doing all I can to bring it about," was the answer. Whereupon the Assistant Secretary devoutly responded, "Thank God! Thank God!" "I had preached," said Roosevelt, who at this time was an Assistant Secretary, "with all the fervor and zeal I possessed, our duty to intervene in Cuba, and to take this opportunity of driving the Spaniard from the Western World"; and Russell Alger, who at this time was a Cabinet Member, remarked to an unknown Senator, "I want you to advise the President to declare war. He is making a great mistake. He is in danger of ruining himself and the Republican Party." Another bellicose and influential Senator shook his fist in the face of Mr. Day, Secretary of State, and roared: "Day, by God, don't your President know where the war-declaring power is lodged? Tell him, by God, that if he doesn't do something, Congress will exercise the power." Senator Thomas Platt also desired war, but his reason for so doing had a distinctly higher ethical origin. "It would prevent the Democratic party," he said, "from going into the next Presidential campaign with 'Free Cuba' and 'Free Silver' emblazoned on its banners." Platt found a staunch ally in Senator Hale of Maine, who declared that

"if war must needs come, its conduct will not be in the hands of the Democratic party . . . that great soldier and statesman, the President of the United States, will conduct the war and bring it to a successful end." Clearly enough, the Republicans were right in believing that in union there is weakness, while in division there is strength.

It has often been advanced in McKinley's favor that he did need to be urged, that he hesitated long and exerted himself in every way to placate the rising clamor for war, hoping that some avenue of escape might appear. Perhaps he did. But perhaps, also, he hesitated partly because the army and navy were not ready in the early months of 1898—indeed, the army never *was* quite ready. And—again, perhaps—he finally yielded when the navy, at least, was ready, because of several reasons: because of the thought of the popularity that he would win as the chief figure in a war with a power so powerless that victory was almost certain; because a war would be a convenient means of making the country forget that the Dingley Tariff had not yet restored the good times promised by rosy campaign orators in 1896; because the business interests would forsake him if he failed them in this case; because many influential Republicans were threatening to leave the party, whose harmony would be rudely disturbed if he refused to yield; last, merely because he was not strong enough to resist further. Had he not been much perturbed over a letter, written by the Spanish Minister to Washington and made public in February, which referred to him as "weak and a bidder for the admiration of the crowd, besides

being a would-be politician, who tries to leave a door open behind himself while keeping on good terms with the jingoes of his party"? A curious circumstance had attended the publication of this letter. It was stolen from the mails and published in the New York *Journal* on February 9. The thief was never apprehended; and surely a thief who was patriotic enough to make public another compelling reason for war, at a time when such reasons were ardently sought, merited anything but apprehension and punishment.

For whatever cause or causes, McKinley yielded; and for a variety of reasons the country rejoiced. To feel sympathy for poor, abused Cubans (and Spain had abused them) was much easier and more pleasant for good Americans than to institute searching inquiries into such domestic problems as the treatment of negroes, the ramifications of the competitive system, and particularly the rapidly growing combinations of capital in the form of trusts. And then there was the sinking of the *Maine,* nearly three months before the war began. Assuredly, the mine that worked the disaster could not have been placed by rebellious Cubans, or by American filibusters who had been scheming for several decades to stir up a war; it must, therefore, have been placed by the dastardly Spaniards. American pride was injured; the American Eagle had had a feather snipped from one of his pinions. Murder the thief! "Remember the *Maine!*" So shrieked the press, which topped its bellowings with the headlines "WAR SURE!", in three- or four-inch letters; so shrieked—or almost shrieked—many Senators who, in general,

throughout the war
Did nothing in particular,
And did it very well.

In the conduct of the war, but one thing was vital —the control of the sea. "This single idea . . . underlay and directed every step of the Navy Department from first to last," wrote Alfred Mahan, who was, to a large degree, himself responsible for the formulation of this policy, and whose Machiavellian breadth, clarity and frigidity of mind made him perhaps the supreme political thinker of his day. That the Philippines should be held by the United States was to him only an indispensable corollary of his magnificently expounded main proposition, which dealt with the arbitrary necessity that compelled America to seek, as a matter of primal importance, the destruction of Spain's sea forces; and he stated that corollary in pellucid and shining language, which towers immeasurably above almost all contemporary writing in its austere and merciless logic, its masterly and penetrating scope, its complete absence of muddy moralizing and glozing sentimentality, its antithesis in everything to the gallimaufry of pusillanimous and feverish clamors of the time. "Sea power, as a national interest, commercial and military," he tersely wrote, "rests not upon fleets only, but also upon local territorial bases in distant commercial regions." Compacted in that single sentence, stripped bare of all the mendacious circumlocution with which the documents of that day are shot through, lies the real motive for the course which America took toward the Filipinos. The whole man, with his superb intellectual balance,

his imperturbable and deliberate poise, stands revealed in that succinct declaration.

During the summer of 1897, the Navy Department had been engaged in investigating the condition of the Spanish fleet in the Philippines, and government spies were busy in Madrid at the same time—approximately at the time when Roosevelt was made Assistant Secretary—while the fleet was steadily being made ready for war. "Never before in our history was the [naval] service in so efficient a condition," remarked Secretary Long. On January 11, 1898, instructions were cabled to the commanders of the several squadrons to retain all men whose enlistments were about to expire. And it is a curious and noteworthy fact that, on February 25, Roosevelt should have sent this dispatch to Dewey: "Secret and confidential. . . . In the event of declaration of war with Spain, your duty will be to see that the Spanish Squadron does not leave the Asiatic coast, and then offensive operations in Philippine Islands." Any operations conducted there would no doubt be offensive; but why, at this early date, was such a command given? "Before he [Dewey] sailed," we learn from Secretary Long, "the policy of the administration was outlined to him, and he received instructions as to the course to pursue in the contingency of war." Policy and instructions—what implications, what amazing possibilities, lie in those simple words! Why did the Secretary of War declare, in a burst of rare and presumably unpremeditated candor, that "the determination to send an army of occupation to the Philippines was reached before Dewey's victory occurred"? It is furthermore a little

strange that, on May 4, orders should have been issued by McKinley to assemble troops at San Francisco for service in the Philippines; for at that date McKinley had received only vague reports of the details concerning Dewey's victory—the first official information came on May 7. Did the President command this because of a suggestion contained in a letter sent on May 3 by General Miles to the Secretary of War: "I have the honor to recommend that General Thomas M. Anderson be sent to occupy the Philippine Islands, in command of the following troops . . ."? Exactly what may "occupy" have meant—or suggested? A telegram by Secretary Long, dated May 4, shows that the *City of Peking* had already been chartered not only to send ammunition to the Philippines, but that it was prepared to carry troops as well. A letter by Dewey, written on March 31, nearly four weeks before war was declared—a letter never made public until the members of the Senate, in January, 1900, forced the Secretary of the Navy to send them a copy—may serve to make the government's pre-war attitude toward the Philippines somewhat transparent: "I believe . . . the Spanish vessels could be taken and the defenses of Manila reduced in one day. There is every reason to believe that with Manila taken, or even blockaded, the rest of the islands would fall either to the insurgents or ourselves." Was, or was not, Admiral Cervera justified in remarking, on January 25, 1898, "I have always considered these forces [the United States' navy] a great danger for the Philippines"?

Whatever may have been the plans of the govern-

ment, and however much Dewey may have inspired and shaped those plans, his business was to whip the fleet under Admiral Montojo. Deliberately, and yet with unhesitating precision, he went at his task. From the American Consul at Manila, he discovered what preparations for battle the Spaniards were making, the number of their men-of-war, and of the fortifications at Manila. Through secret negotiations, he arranged to acquire a future supply of coal and provisions, "independent of international complications," in an isolated Chinese locality which was also to serve as a refuge from battle in case of need. This bargain was, of course, a violation of international law; but who cared so long as the law was not effective? Evidently Dewey did not; for he stated, "We appreciated that so loosely organized a national entity as the Chinese Empire could not enforce the neutrality laws." Had the American people known of this during the anxious months of the coming summer, when the government was being criticized for its failure to send aid to Dewey, and mutterings were heard about the fate of Gordon at Khartoum, they might have rested much easier; and the Commodore himself might have been chided far more severely than he was, for his failure to sail toward home after his victorious encounter with Montojo.

When he learnt of the *Maine's* destruction, Dewey was more cautiously active than ever. He kept his men at almost constant target practice, and busied himself in getting very accurate information concerning the entrances to Manila's harbor: the depth of the water, the position of the mines and forts, and the

state of the tides, currents and winds. The plan of attack was formed almost to the minute. "I had finally made up my mind," he wrote, with a touch of exaggeration perhaps, after the fight was over, "that the battle would be fought right here that very morning at the same hour with nearly the same position of opposing ships. That is why and how . . . we kept our position without mistake or interruption until the enemy's ships were practically destroyed." At last, on April 25, came the welcome news that war had been declared and that "You must capture or destroy." Snapping his jaws together, Dewey said, "Thank the Lord, at last I've got the chance and I'll wipe them off the Pacific." On the 27th, his fleet steamed out of Hong Kong, while British sailors, soldiers and civilians swarmed along the shore and wharves, and shouted, "Good luck to you! Smash the Dons!"

As the American ships crept slowly and cautiously along the six hundred miles of sea that separated them from Manila and the chance to smash the Dons, for the last time the men were drilled in their duties, all superfluous woodwork was cut away, and the sides and ammunition hoists of the vessels were protected with heavy sheet chains. Luzon was sighted on the morning of April 30, and that night, under the shelter of the dark, the boats glided stealthily along within reach of the unsuspecting Spanish guns on the shore. It was a typically tropical night; at times the new moon broke through the clouds, only to be followed by occasional showers and continuous flashes of sheet lightning. The men, few of whom had ever been under fire, showed the nervous tension they felt in

various ways: one of them sang the lilting verses of "Sweet Marie" with maddening monotony; a young officer, noted for a refinement of language seldom observed among his associates, swore the most extravagant oaths to himself; still another calmly read long passages from the Bible, notably the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. The Commodore himself underwent a distressing and humiliating experience. At four A. M. his Chinese servant brought him hot coffee and hardtack, which refused to blend properly with the huge quantities of cold tea he had been swallowing —perhaps because the hardtack supplied to the American fighters was, by official fiat, individually decorated with the catchword REMEMBER THE MAINE; for the government had thought it advisable that the military forces should never forget, not even at mealtime, the high purposes for which they were fighting. Whatever was responsible for his embarrassment, Dewey soon suffered a violent attack of *mal de mer;* but we are assured that "the opening guns of the battle did a great deal to restore his good humor." However true that may have been, between the intervals of his griping spells his mind was busy with such incongruities as the resemblance of the dark, slightly moon-lighted hills back of Manila to those around his Vermont home, and the conviction that he was doing exactly what Farragut would have done (Farragut, whose apothegm Dewey was turning over and over in his mind: "The best protection against an enemy's fire is a well-directed fire of your own").

When the hazy tropical dawn by degrees made the position of the Asiatic Squadron clear to the eyes

of the astonished Spaniards, the shore batteries immediately fired the opening guns of the impending battle; and at once the *Olympia* sent up a string of flags bearing the code slogan "Remember the Maine." At last, when his fleet had approached so that only three miles separated it from the Spanish boats at Cavite, the Commodore turned to his captain and said, "You may fire when you're ready, Gridley." He gave this order earlier than he had intended, but the morale of his men was beginning to weaken under the flight of hostile shells that hissed and spluttered around them. Five times the American vessels circled in front of the Spanish, hurling broadside after broadside at the enemy, while in the sizzling heat of the gun-turrets the American gunners, naked to the waist, responded mechanically to the incessant command: "Sponge!" "Load!" "Point!" "Fire!" Their marksmanship was very poor at first ("damnable," the Commodore called it), but it steadily improved. Dewey's instructions and remarks throughout the conflict were not, in fact, nearly so complimentary to his men as was his official report. At one time he commanded his signal-man to instruct the *Baltimore* to come closer; as the man delayed, Dewey ripped out, "What's the matter with the ——— ——— man? Is the ——— ——— a ——— coward? Tell the ——— ——— *Baltimore* to close up! ——— him, tell him to close up!" But in the signal-book was written the colorless entry, "Please close up." "Profanity in the navy, particularly on the part of officers," wrote Dewey in his memoirs, "was a relic of the days of grog and boarding with

the cutlass"; but he was at that time more than threescore and ten.

When the fray had lengthened two hours, Dewey received a message that chilled his blood—he was told that the ammunition was giving out. What could he do? Only one thing—he could withdraw temporarily from the engagement and discover if the report was true; but it would never do to let his men know the real reason for standing off in the midst of action. Orders were therefore given that the ships were to be withdrawn and that breakfast was to be served. When the American papers heard of this, they interpreted it to mean that Dewey was so nonchalantly sure of victory, and so kind to his men, that he had decided to give them a brief breathing and eating time before returning to complete the destruction of the enemy. But the men themselves objected; they were now hot for the annihilation of the Spanish craft, none of which thus far appeared much injured because they were concealed by billows of smoke that swirled everywhere; and gloom, heavy and black as the smoke itself, descended on the deck of the *Olympia* when Dewey gave his command to stop fighting, to withdraw, and to eat. Eat? In the heart of the fray? They shouted, "To hell with breakfast!" Nevertheless, the order was executed. The Commodore was unspeakably relieved to learn that a mistake had been made and that there was plenty of ammunition; but the legend of the cool, intrepid commander, who could play with the enemy as a cat plays with a mouse, had been founded and it remained secure.

Some three hours later, at about eleven o'clock,

back came the American fleet, and in a little more than an hour the victory was won; every Spanish vessel engaged in action had sunk or was burning. When the news reached America, the public went hysterical with joy. Dewey was at once made a Rear-Admiral by the President; and Congress gave his men a vote of thanks. Thousands of people actually became sufficiently interested in history to dig up information which proved to their complete satisfaction that Dewey had won a greater victory than Farragut—than *any* other American naval commander—nay, a greater than Nelson himself. Their enthusiasm might have been tempered somewhat had they known, as Dewey had known before the battle, that Montojo's squadron was mainly a paper force, that he possessed only two ships of over fifteen hundred tons while Dewey had five of greater tonnage, that the Spanish guns had but one-third the striking power of the American, that Montojo's best and biggest ship, the *Reina Cristina,* was old and had inferior armament, and that his ship next in size, the *Castella,* was almost incapacitated by a leaky hull and worn-out boilers, which, when they chose to work at all, shook the hull so that it leaked worse than ever. Had the Americans known also that Dewey waited two days after war was declared before sailing from Hong Kong to engage the Spaniards, and that he had sailed only after the report of the American Consul at Manila had convinced him that, because of the unpreparedness of the enemy, he was practically certain to win, it is possible that the hero-worship which was lavished upon him might not have bordered upon national insanity. It is known

that, in ancient days, when Zeus and all his incestuous progeny except Poseidon had decided to befriend Odysseus, they resorted to all manner of tricky devices to make him appear beautiful, strong and youthful, as the greatest man of a nation should appear—a man who was incidentally an expert debauchee and a spoiler of cities. Why, then, should not modern gods, in the shape of politicians, press censors, editors, spies and other admirable beings have so manipulated events that Dewey, who was at least as crafty as Odysseus, should be raised to the apex of popularity?

Certain Americans, in fact, took a loftier view. The bishops of the Methodist Church, in session during May, expressed their confidence "in the wisdom, ability, and exalted character of President McKinley," and passed the resolution, "That we render most hearty thanks to God for the victory He has vouchsafed to our arms at Manila." Dewey himself was of much the same mind. When it was suggested to him, some four months after the battle, that the hand of God had turned aside the Spanish shells at Manila, he feelingly replied, "I believe it, I believe it. . . . It is easier to believe that than it is to believe that so many shells could have missed us from simple human inaccuracy of fire. . . . God knows where all the shells went . . . the Lord meant to punish Spain for her years of wickedness and misrule in these islands. . . . It was the judgment of God." The Deity, to be sure, had allowed several Spanish shells to penetrate the hull of the *Olympia,* while a larger number had injured her rigging, and the other American boats, together with a few men, had been slightly

harmed; but doubtless these minor injuries were permitted by the Almighty as a warning of the great disaster that might have fallen had not the purposes of the American government been wholly different from those of Spain.

IV

From Dewey's victory to the time when active hostilities against the Filipinos began, constitutes a period in which gigantic and conflicting forces were at work. It is impossible to estimate with accuracy the power, the constitution, and the direction of all those forces; they were largely subterranean. The policy of Washington at that time has not had, and doubtless never will have, the full light of publicity thrown upon it; not until 1902 was an investigation instituted in which the dominant figures in the war were compelled to break silence and tell, however haltingly and unwillingly, something about what had really occurred. By redundant evasions, by tautological sentimentalities, by crafty machinations, by lies more or less skillfully concealed in Victorian verbosity—in brief, by definitely adopting the governmental methods of Europe, and in particular the tactics of Great Britain, the United States became a colonizing nation. A strikingly pertinent and illustrious example of these methods may be observed in America's acquisition of the Hawaiian Islands. Until the coming of war with Spain, all efforts to annex them had been unsuccessful; indeed, in 1894 the Senate had adopted this resolution: "Resolved, That of right it belongs wholly to the people of the Hawaiian Islands to establish and main-

tain their own form of government and domestic policy; that the United States ought in nowise to interfere therewith. . . ." In 1897 and the early months of 1898, the Republicans had tried without success to revive the annexation idea, and their failure marked a temporary lull in such activities. Then came Dewey's smashing victory; and it was followed, strangely enough, by a vigorous rebirth of that idea. The Senate voted *viva voce* to discuss the question of annexation behind closed doors; and, under a joint resolution of both Houses of Congress, the islands were annexed early in July. The consent of the inhabitants of those islands was naturally not required; the United States dealt wholly with a *de facto* oligarchical form of government, which represented a foreign element that was principally American. When the annexation took place, the natives disappeared from the streets that they might not see the passing of their flag; the native band threw away its instruments, refusing to play the simple and melodious strains of the "Star Spangled Banner." But, after all, the natives were dying out very fast under the benefits of civilization, and so who cared for their feelings? A link—a portentous link—in the golden chain of islands that spanned the Pacific, from California to the gates of the dazzling and luxuriant East, had been forged; and the welding of the remaining links was in strong and capable hands.

In the confusion of shifty diplomacy that followed the Battle of Manila, Admiral Dewey was almost certainly the strongest stabilizing force. Not only did he make it possible by his deeds for the government to effect its sly purposes and wily decisions; he was

one of the most powerful actors in shaping those purposes and decisions. Outwardly, he was merely the blunt, aggressive military man whose duty was to do what his government commanded; in reality, he gave hints and suggestions of policies which that government often followed, and, in truth, eagerly sought. How sharply defined those aims were in Dewey's mind, or when faint suggestions of the course he later followed first came to him, must remain unknown. Perhaps Dewey himself did not know. Like most opportunists, he was not prone to reflect but to act on impulse—very much as the opportunist government under which he served also acted. Was it merely unconscious prescience that impelled him to say, as he left Hong Kong to sail for Manila, "If we win the first fight of this war, it will have a remarkable effect upon our people. . . . The very name of the Philippines recalls memories of the old Spanish galleons, with their cargoes of new and precious spices, their tales of uncounted wealth awaiting the adventurer and the buccaneer, and all the mystery of the Far East"? Did the shade of Captain Kidd whisper in his ear the words "the adventurer and the buccaneer"? Whatever he may have thought, hoped, or believed, or whether it was an "irresistible decree of Providence" (as McKinley so often said) that drove him on, there is little doubt that he was much pleased to be driven. Anyhow, there were specific things to be done, and he hastened to do them.

At three o'clock on the day of Dewey's triumph, the British Consul at Manila came on board the *Olympia,* to request that the city should not be bom-

barded. The Admiral had no intention of attacking at that time; but it occurred to him that he might use this fear of the inhabitants in driving a bargain to get some of the coal in the harbor. Although the Governor General of Manila refused to give up any coal, it was arranged that the city should not be fired on so long as the shore batteries did not fire at the American ships; and Dewey solaced himself by commandeering, from British, German, and other vessels in the harbor, some coal which he paid for after it was safe in his holds. The Governor General also refused to grant Dewey the privilege of using the cable that stretched from Manila to Hong Kong; the doughty Admiral straightway cut the cable, and sent the official dispatch of his victory by a special boat to Hong Kong, whence it was relayed to America. McKinley, however, refused to believe that Dewey had cut the cable. It was stated, in a dispatch from Washington to the New York *World,* that the President "regards that piece of malicious vandalism as characteristically Spanish." On the evening of that memorable day, curious crowds gathered along the shore, sat on the very batteries that had been in action that morning, and gazed in wondering and respectful admiration at the victorious fleet, while the *Olympia's* band played Spanish airs for their amusement.

And now began the forging of other links in that chain of events which was already impressively long—a forging that did not cease until the chain encircled with its Laocoön folds a whole archipelago of islands. The circumstances attending the next few months gave rise to all those conflicting reports which made the

United States seethe with excitement, with nasty personal recriminations, with ferocious cross-currents of political hatreds, and with whispered insinuations and slanders which were often altogether true. The imperialists and the anti-imperialists became supplied with quantities of ammunition so ample that the nation rocked from its blasts and counter-blasts for several years. At a later day it may be possible to make a discriminating selection from the mass of official correspondence, and from the vastly more instructive unofficial comments on affairs, that will conduce to an unpartisan appraisal of what was vital and what was irrelevant in the words and deeds of that time. To investigate even recent history is baffling and unsatisfactory enough; for the facts that are indisputable constitute but a little island surrounded by an illimitable, untracked ocean of ignorance—a little hut encompassed by a howling wilderness. But the island and the hut are at all events of perennial interest; and perhaps, if one takes an occasional flight on the wings of imagination, one may get a faint glimpse of the general contour of the ocean and the nature of the wilderness.

The steps by which the United States approached the forcible annexation of the Philippines (a policy which McKinley had characterized, in his message to Congress on April 11, 1898, as one that "by our code of morality would be criminal aggression"; a policy against which he had warned the nation in his inaugural address, with the words "the temptation of territorial aggression"), and by which it was led to take part in what John Morley termed an "imperial-

istic rake's progress," are occasionally halting and broken; yet it is not wholly impossible to trace them. The path begins to grow distinct at the point where Admiral Dewey sought the assistance of the Filipino insurgents, led by Aguinaldo. It is doubtless true that the actual leader of the Filipinos, until May, 1899, was Mabini—a man who had paralyzed legs but an abnormally active mind, whose chief study was the French Revolution, and who threw himself, despite his useless legs, with the enthusiasm of a Patrick Henry into the cause of Filipino independence, but who himself lurked in the background and probably wrote many of the documents signed by Aguinaldo. Nevertheless, whoever it was that caused the natives to fight for freedom, Aguinaldo was the figure-head—a sort of human gadfly, who at times drove Dewey, and indeed a Republican administration, almost frantic with impotent rage. The son of a common planter, he was educated at the University of Manila, became the protege of a Jesuit priest, studied medicine, got himself into trouble with the Spanish authorities at Manila in 1888, and then went to Hong Kong where he became skilled in military affairs, languages and diplomacy. This "soft-spoken, unimpressive little man," as Dewey characterized him, radiated such personal magnetism that he soon had the Filipinos at his feet. He played such a conspicuous part in the Filipino rebellion against the Spanish Friars in 1896-1897, that the Spanish government was only too glad to pay him $400,000 in order to keep him away from the Philippines. But at Hong Kong and Singapore he was still busy planning schemes for the liberation of his

country; so that, when the American Consul General at Singapore held a secret interview with him and promised him that, in return for his aid in giving to Dewey the assistance of the Filipino insurgents against the Spaniards, the Philippines would be granted virtually the same terms of independence which the United States had already granted Cuba, he accepted the offer. On April 24, Pratt, the Consul General, wired Dewey that Aguinaldo would arrange with him "for general coöperation insurgents Manila if desired." The Admiral at once replied, "Tell Aguinaldo come soon as possible." On April 27, Pratt informed the State Department that he had been instrumental in sending Aguinaldo to "arrange with Dewey coöperation insurgents Manila"; yet not until May 26 did the government advise Dewey that it was not expedient to make political alliances with the insurgents, although it had known for nearly a month that a practical, if not technical, alliance had actually been made, and had had plenty of time to warn Dewey against making such an arrangement. Perhaps the government was so delighted over Dewey's victory at Manila that it neglected to notice the dangerous possibilities of the situation; is it possible that its leaders may have decided conveniently to overlook the *rapprochement* until a naval victory had been definitely won?

At any rate, these events were curious—so much so that, from June 26 to 28, 1902, a Senate Committee, which was investigating the conduct of the war, called Admiral Dewey to testify. The gentlemen who quizzed him were fortunately skilled in the methods of Socrates; as a result, before the investigation was con-

cluded Dewey had contradicted and double-crossed himself with amusing irrelevance. Eventually he lost his temper and, after being led into a morass of inconsistent replies, flared out with such bursts as "I can't answer that," or "I didn't like your questions yesterday and I don't like them today." He admitted that he had welcomed Aguinaldo's aid, because "I wanted his help, you know"; that he had given Aguinaldo Mauser rifles and ammunition; that he had encouraged Aguinaldo to organize an army which he had permitted, and even urged, to help invest Manila; and yet, before he left the witness stand, he vigorously stated, apropos of the insurgents, "I did not want them." Asked as to his opinion of Aguinaldo's character, Dewey replied that he believed the insurgent chief had been interested merely in plunder and pillage; when questioned as to what logical or patriotic motive had caused him to encourage a plunderer and pillager to organize an assisting army whose help he himself did not desire, the Admiral at first countered with the remark, "You know the old saying that all things are fair in war." When pressed for a more definite answer, he snapped, "I won't answer that!" Curiously enough, when requested to give any proof that Aguinaldo was a plunderer or pillager, Dewey was unable to give it.

However confused his mind may have been when he faced the Senators, Admiral Dewey seems to have pursued a remarkably clear line of action in the summer of 1898—a double-faced policy, it may be, but none the less clear. When dealing with the insurgents, he would cajole and flatter them so that he might keep their assistance; when cabling to Washington, he

would tell as much truth about his relations with the insurgents as he saw fit, and he would continue to throw out hints concerning the acquisition of the Philippines. On May 13 he wired, "I can take Manila at any moment. To retain possession and thus control the Philippine Islands would require, in my best judgment, well-equipped force of 5,000 men." He met Aguinaldo for the first time in May 19, and, in the interview which followed, the Filipino leader later swore that Dewey told him he "must have no doubt concerning the recognition of Philippine independence on the part of the United States." This is Aguinaldo's own story, and the Admiral himself denied its truth several times; and yet, when one remembers his evasive testimony—! The State Department finally asked him to be a little more definite concerning his dealings with Aguinaldo; and on June 27 Dewey replied: "I have given him to understand that I consider insurgents as friends, being opposed to a common enemy . . . [Aguinaldo] has kept me advised of his progress, which has been wonderful . . . Have frequently advised to conduct the war humanely, which he has done invariably." The pillager and plunderer, it appears, was at that time behaving pretty well. A little previously, on June 12, Dewey had sent the Secretary of the Navy proclamations printed by Aguinaldo, in which he stated that the "great and powerful North American nation has come to offer disinterested protection to secure the liberty of this country"; and on July 4 he informed Washington that "Aguinaldo proclaimed himself president of the revolutionary republic on July 1"; yet, testifying to the Senate Committee he said that,

until July 15, he "never dreamed that they [the Filipinos] wanted independence." On July 21, he requested General Anderson not to make public a protest against Aguinaldo's proclamation that he was dictator of the Philippines—manifestly, one supposes, because he still desired to keep Aguinaldo's aid and friendship, rather than because he did not know that the Filipinos wished to be free.

In truth, Dewey's position at this time was not any too secure. Through May and June he feared the coming of a second fleet from Spain, under Cervera, and finally, on June 27, he cabled Washington that, if the coast of Spain were threatened, the enemy's squadron would be compelled to remain at home. The government took the suggestion and the newspapers did the rest; Spain learnt by flaming American headlines that the country was preparing to bombard her coast, and she experienced almost as great fright as the cities on the eastern coast of the United States had been suffering from since the first days of the war. Indeed, they had clamored so piteously for protection that the government organized a Flying Squadron which soon put to flight the peoples' fears at least, so that they breathed easily once more and again took up the pleasant task of hurling venomous remarks at the enemy 3,000 miles away, without danger of suffering retributive justice. Dewey was henceforth at ease as far as another Spanish fleet was concerned; but he had numerous problems to meet, which required a good deal of energy and diplomacy. His tilt with Admiral von Diederich, which caused so much discussion at the time, and which was eagerly revived twenty years later

as triumphant evidence of Germany's perpetual vindictiveness, was even at that early day magnified by a highly chauvinistic American press; since we had whipped such a powerful nation as Spain, might it not be well, also, to demonstrate our superiority over some other nation? The Admiral himself kept a good-sized chip perched on his shoulder during the summer at Manila, and, having the right of authority, tended to display it for the sake of exhibitionism. To a European, Dewey's ostensible friendship with the Filipinos must have seemed to indicate that the United States had no particular intention of assuming control over them; and at a time when the leading European nations, by devices more than tricky, were gobbling up as much of the Orient as they could swallow, it was little wonder if Germany, who had gorged considerably less territory than France and England, had decided to take a peck at the appetizing Philippine morsel before some other nation had voraciously preceded her at the feast.

But, although Dewey's labors and worries during that eventful summer were many and vexatious, for the sake of his not very robust health he occasionally banished all of them and sought refreshing relaxation in various ways. On the *Olympia's* deck, while his dog Bob, a waif he had picked up on the streets of Manila, frisked lovingly around him, he passed many pleasant hours in strolling, his quick, springy step making him easily recognizable at some distance. One thing every day he *would* have—his afternoon nap from two to four o'clock, for he was a light sleeper; and only problems of the most compelling urgency made him forego this luxury. He loved to recline at ease on the deck

when the weather was salubrious, playing, at times with almost childish abandon, with the ship's mascot—a monkey, which the Admiral petted and coaxed to show off its absurd capers and undignified tricks. As he tickled and stroked the little beast, affectionately saying, "Oh you little beauty," while it grimaced and leered in his face, his thoughts often wandered to his far-off country, which waited with outstretched arms to fondle its newly-acquired pet hero. But even then he was not entirely without the solace of adulation; some of the army officers at Manila had wives. At first these ladies were not very numerous; for, while the War Department was anxious that their husbands should not lose all the stabilizing influences of domesticity in a strange environment, the husbands themselves, through their chief commanders, continued to send statements that the women were better off at home, that Manila and its environs, for social and other reasons, was no place for them, and that, for social and other reasons, the men were quite contented as they were. But a few ladies were in the city and they wished to see and congratulate the Admiral. He was not able to satisfy them all, but it is written that "those who were fortunate enough to meet him returned with reports that made their less fortunate sisters most envious." Dewey was, indeed, fond of women, particularly, and naturally enough, of those who were vivacious and handsome. Having been advised one day that the wives of two officers were burning with desire to see him, he quickly responded, "Why, certainly; but, by the way, are they pretty and clever?" When assured that they were the prettiest

and cleverest women in Manila, he hastened to say, "Very good! . . . you can have a launch to bring off two pretty women." In the seclusion of his simply furnished cabin, the most prominent photograph was that of a young and beautiful girl, who had asked for his autograph and had sent her picture in payment; and so deeply did the Admiral consider himself her debtor that he frequently came near cutting himself, as he rasped away at his beard with this charming but distracting figure continually catching his eyes. Those who were admitted to privacy with him in this cabin were unfailingly asked to take one of the good Havana cigars, of which, because of his forethought, he had a good supply. As he smoked and discussed weighty matters with his visitors, his long, thin fingers would make rapid and nervous gestures of emphasis; and when especially deep in thought, he would rub them over his eyes with an undulating movement, or pull, twist and stroke in turn the curling ends of his silvery mustache. Or, in lighter moods, he was accustomed to display some of the voluminous gifts that admirers had sent him, fondling them over and over with the unconcealed delight of a child playing with its toys; again, he exhibited parental sentimentality over the letters of his son George, which he always asked for and opened with fingers trembling in eagerness before he had even glanced at the rest of his huge mail.

Still, he had comparatively little time for such trivialities, for there was work to be done. Manila was not yet taken; and his troubles and cares about the Spaniards yet in control there, and the insurgents who wanted to be in control, were almost as horrendous

and prickly as the pompadoured hair on Aguinaldo's head. The cables between Dewey and Washington quivered that summer with scores of questions and responses, and with carefully worded but more and more precise suggestions as to the attitude which should be assumed toward the insurgents, after the Spaniards had been ousted from control. Both Dewey and the government moved quietly and cautiously, throwing out a tentative feeler now and then—but they continued to move. The government stilled the fears aroused among its citizens when transport after transport, loaded with troops, began to depart for the Philippines, by stating that they were necessary to protect Dewey and aid in the capture of Manila; at the same time, through its several mouthpieces—the press and the speeches of McKinley and his counselors—it persisted in subtly circulating increasingly frequent reminders of the inscrutable destiny which had put upon the United States the duty of becoming its weaker brothers' keeper. Gradually, almost imperceptibly as the months passed, the feeling grew stronger that the Philippines must indeed be kept—but not for hope of material gain—oh, no, not for that; they must be kept as a trust from on high, a grievous burden, assumed only because the divine will had so commanded. If, in turn, the divine will had so arranged matters that the islands aroused entrancing visions of material gain in the guise of imports from them and raw materials shipped to them, was the government to be chided for that? It was all a part of God's will; what could a religious people do but follow the beck of the Omniscient hand? For if, as a Cabinet Member stated,

"Philanthropy and five per cent. go hand in hand," Providence had obviously intended that they should thus lovingly stroll through fresh woods and pastures new.

Such, at least, were the intentions of the McKinley Administration, although some may feel disposed to query whether it expected to be satisfied with a paltry five per cent. But in order that those expectations might be realized, troops had to be freighted to Manila —a duty that fell to the Secretary of War, Russell A. Alger, whose character and rise to power were typically and inspiringly democratic. As a youth, he had fought in the Civil War, had eventually been recommended for dishonorable discharge by Generals Sheridan, Custer and others, but had later been reinstated in the army. Indeed, he had risen to the supreme position of Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, and had also won the lesser glory of election to the governorship of Michigan. During these profitable years he was steadily accumulating an enormous fortune through his interests in the lumber business, and was one of the leaders in the formation and control of the Diamond Match Company, an organization which sought to monopolize the manufacture and sale of friction matches in the United States and Canada. Unluckily, the supreme court of Michigan held that this enterprise was unlawful and contrary to public welfare; nevertheless, Alger was now wealthy and was thus drawn—how could he have helped it?—into the whirlpool of politics, in which he found a remunerative outlet for a portion of his money by paying the debts of ex-Governor Foster of Ohio. Foster, still a power in

his state, insinuated to McKinley that Mark Hanna would not be permitted to become Senator unless Alger was given a high place in the Republican cohorts. Besides, Alger had expended still more of his fortune in the supreme cause of McKinley's election; and so, for perfectly adequate reasons, he was made Secretary of War. It cannot be said that he adorned his office—his carefully groomed figure and his unimpressive face, with its weak chin partially concealed by a scanty gray goatee, would have adorned no particular office or position, save possibly that of floorwalker in an industrial establishment—but, what was more to the point, he held it—for two years. It is conceivable that he might have been less efficient and resolute than he was; but the conception is appalling. Throughout the war, the army was managed in a way that suggested a state of hilarious and intemperate anarchy; an excellent observer who was in the army during the war stated that its organization and general activities reminded him of nothing else than a jovial week-end party or a picnic in the woods. Poultney Bigelow, a competent witness, recorded his observations thus: "Men were transported like cattle, or rather like freight—not even as perishable live stock . . . There was no such brutal treatment of soldiers by Germany in her [1870] war." Men in authority at army camps naturally denied such statements—what else could they do? Transportation on water was even worse than on land. The transports were overcrowded and the troops failed to recognize the rigid necessity of heeding sanitary measures. As a consequence, in at least one case, "it was simply impossible to keep the quarters below deck in a cleanly condition. . . . The men spat on the deck, threw waste

food on deck, and defecated there without regard to the expostulations of the officers of the transport"; but, plainly, the officers themselves were perfectly well-behaved. There was no change of clothing for the men, and their garments soon became infested with "gray-backs." The authorities, through amiable but misdirected kindness of heart, tried to remedy this immemorial human affliction; but that they failed miserably an excerpt from an official report, remarkable for its rare ingenuousness, will testify: "a number of men have not a single garment of underclothing, the steaming process resorted to in the steamer to kill the vermin having destroyed the clothing." The fate of the vermin must still remain in doubt. In this environment, distinguished by a democracy and consanguinity which were enjoyed by all quick beings on the ship, the troops stayed until they were unloaded at Manila.

Their arrival was a welcome sight to Admiral Dewey, for events were now moving with celerity; not so much the Spanish forces as the ever-increasing insurgent hordes were causing him often to abandon his cherished afternoon nap. Aguinaldo was becoming suspicious of the benevolent intentions of the Americans; he was particularly mistrustful after he had seen a report in a New York paper of May 5, which stated that it was the intention of the government to hold the Philippines "under ransom to the United States until Spain shall pay the war indemnity." He might have been more than suspicious had he seen a statement which the government quietly obtained from a gentleman who had spent four years in Manila, transacting business for an American firm: "it seems reasonable to

suppose that they [the Filipinos] would help the American troops, and that, with the Spaniards once conquered, we should have no trouble in bringing the natives into subjection." Reasonable enough, no doubt; but, as it proved, a little more troublesome than had been anticipated. General Anderson had, to be sure, written Aguinaldo appropriately on July 4: "I desire to have most amicable relations with you, and to have you and your people coöperate with us in the military operations against the Spanish forces"; but on July 21, unknown to Aguinaldo, he sent word to Washington that "These people only respect force and firmness." Aguinaldo might, furthermore, have come to distrust American veracity completely if he had been privy to a message which the State Department had sent to Consul Pratt on June 16: "The United States . . . will expect from the Filipino inhabitants . . . that obedience which will be lawfully due from them." Can it be that the government was groping blindly, or did it know precisely what it was doing in publicly professing friendship for the insurgents and in privately planning to control them?

No matter which theory was true, Manila now became invested with insurgents, and with American troops who bravely held their lines three-fourths of a mile behind the Filipino soldiers. "Thanks to their advance," wrote Dewey, "we were able to land our troops within easy striking distance of their objective." The Americans, headed by General Merritt, began to attack the city on August 13; and the Colorado regimental band, as it splashed through the muddy marshes along the coast, played the prophetic air, "There'll Be A Hot

Time in the Old Town Tonight." Within a few hours the city capitulated, and the soldiers and sailors who took possession of it before nightfall successfully fulfilled the prediction expressed in the song. The news of Manila's capture added to the now general joy in America, and Admiral Dewey, who had made the capture possible and had stood by to assist with his fleet if it should be necessary, received his share—a full share it was—of the praise. The taking of the city had been pictured as a very dangerous exploit; Dewey, indeed, had waited several months for troops; and the whole affair was thus decorously surrounded with the romance of suspense and hazard. Such was and probably still is the general public impression; but in this case it happens, unlike most general public impressions, to be wrong. Dewey's unwillingly given Senate testimony is again revealing: after squirming for a time, he admitted that "there was to be no real battle, as the Spaniards were not to fire." When it was suggested to him that the public, and the government itself, had not known this, he countered with the irrelevant—perhaps not *wholly* irrelevant—reply, "I know there are a great many things that are not given to the public." Pressed still further, he said that the American forces had "killed a few people" in order to give an impression of sincerity to the battle. What happened was this: the Governor General of Manila had connived with Dewey so that both Spain and the United States would never suspect that the battle was largely a sham; thus the Governor General had saved himself from the disgrace of court martial for cowardice, and the Admiral had made the luster of his

scintillating reputation sparkle a bit more brilliantly still.

But sheer good fortune, as well as Dewey's own shrewdness, was responsible for much of that new brilliancy. The peace protocol between the United States and Spain, which called for the immediate cessation of hostilities, had been signed on the 12th of August. But, because of the malicious vandalism which had caused the destruction of the cable, this information did not reach Manila until August 16; had the cable been intact there would not have been even a simulated capture of Manila, and Spanish sovereignty in the Philippines would thus have remained unimpaired when the war ended. Spain naturally insisted that the occupation of Manila should be viewed in the light of the protocol signed on August 12, and not in the light of the capitulation of the city on August 13, a day after the war was concluded by the peace protocol; but the United States, just as naturally, was unable to concur in this opinion—it interpreted suspension of hostilities to mean the date on which the various military leaders received such notice, rather than the date on which the notice was sent. It was, of course, too bad that the cable had been destroyed, since that act was responsible for the unfortunate capture of Manila and the consequent termination there of Spanish rule; but after all, since it *had* been cut, there was certainly no adequate reason why the United States should be deprived of any advantage that might follow from that dastardly deed. Besides, if Spain had not surrendered, Manila would have been taken anyway, so what difference did it make? It was a mere trifle, and

Spain, being a confessedly defeated nation, could not expect to be favored even with trifles. Such appear to have been the processes of reasoning by which the government rightfully insisted that Spanish sovereignty in the Philippines had been ended before the war had closed; and the way was thus clear for the demand, on the part of the Peace Commissioners, for the cession of the whole group of islands to the United States, inasmuch as Spain's rule throughout all those islands was completely finished. To be sure, it was true that, when the Allies destroyed the Russian fleet at Sebastopol, they did not demand Crimea; that, when Nelson slaughtered the Danish fleet, he made no claim upon Denmark, and that, when he won at Trafalgar, he did not insist that Spain should become a British colony—he merely sailed away. But America's position was different; the Filipinos had to be civilized and Christianized, and, therefore, sublime duty forbade that Dewey should sail away. In fact, since Spain herself was barely civilized (for prominent Americans of high moral caliber had declared that her people were "barbarians," and that she herself was "outside the pale of civilization"), she ought to thank her stars that America did not intend to take possession of her as well.

In the negotiations which preceded the drawing up of the treaty of peace, Dewey was once more a leading figure in the manipulation of events. He did not attend in person, although the government desired that he should, and withdrew its request only after he informed it how urgent was the necessity that he should remain at Manila "while matters are in their present

critical condition"; but through several channels his ideas concerning the retention of the Philippines were made known. General Merritt reported to the peace delegates at Paris on October 6, "bringing along with his own suggestions," the Admiral wrote, "any that I had to communicate." Precisely what "any" included was, it is probable, made known to but a handful of men; but one or two statements that were made public may furnish an indication of its meaning. A message from the Admiral was forwarded to the commissioners on October 15, which stated that "the disposition of the Philippine Islands should be decided as soon as possible and a strong government established. . . . The natives appear unable to govern." At the very moment when Dewey was sending this message, two naval cadets, under his special order, were making a comprehensive circuit of Luzon. When they returned toward the end of November, they reported concerning Aguinaldo's government that, for nearly six months, it had prevented anarchy and maintained order; that, in view of the generally critical condition of affairs, it was a very efficient government. Admiral Dewey had plenty of time in which to send this information to the Peace Commissioners, as a corrective of his earlier message, had he chosen to do so; but it appears that he did not so choose.

The deliberations of the august body of Peace Commissioners were not made public until January, 1901, when time had elapsed for the cooling of the violent passions which were stirred, both in America and in Europe, by its actions. It is even doubtful if, at that comparatively safe date, the publication of details was

complete; for, to select but a single fact which conduces to dubiety, the President had insinuated to Whitelaw Reid, one of the Commissioners, that private letters written during the period of deliberations would always be welcome. Furthermore, to what extent the Commissioners themselves had a free hand likewise remains obscure, although the communications—the *published* communications—which the government sent them from time to time tend to make one believe that their freedom was considerably circumscribed. About a year later, on November 21, 1899, the President revealed with extraordinary simplicity how it happened that he had finally decided the islands should be kept. On that day, at the close of a conversation with some Methodist Bishops and several lesser lights, he spoke thus: "Hold a moment longer! Not quite yet, gentlemen! Before you go I would like to say just a word about the Philippine business. I have been criticized a good deal about the Philippines, but don't deserve it. . . . When next I realized that the Philippines had dropped into our laps I confess I did not know what to do with them. I sought counsel from all sides—Democrats as well as Republicans—but got little help. I thought first we would take only Manila; then Luzon; then other islands, perhaps, also. I walked the floor of the White House night after night until midnight; and I am not ashamed to tell you, gentlemen, that I went down on my knees and prayed Almighty God for light and guidance more than one night. And one night late it came to me this way—I don't know how it was, but it came: (1) That we could not give them back to Spain—that would be cowardly and dis.

honorable; (2) that we could not turn them over to France or Germany—our commercial rivals in the Orient—that would be bad business and discreditable; (3) that we could not leave them to themselves—they were unfit for self-government—and they would soon have anarchy and misrule over there worse than Spain's was; and (4) that there was nothing left for us to do but to take them all, and to educate the Filipinos, and uplift and civilize and Christianize them, and by God's grace do the very best we could by them, as our fellow-men for whom Christ also died. And then I went to bed, and went to sleep, and slept soundly, and the next morning I sent for the chief engineer of the War Department (our map-maker), and I told him to put the Philippines on the map of the United States, and there they are, and there they will stay while I am President!"

The good bishops were doubtless pleased that McKinley should make God the scapegoat (although they would have used a more flattering epithet) of his imperialistic policy toward those for whom Christ also died; but it seems probable that certain considerations, and persons less remote than the Deity, had something to do with the formation of this policy. A portion of his own private memoranda, indeed, reads thus: "While we are conducting war and until its conclusion we must keep all we get; when the war is over we must keep what we want." To what extent the government was swayed by financial interests is not, and never will be, quite determinable; but two straws may show in what direction the wind was blowing. At a meeting of the Merchants' Association in New York,

on June 14, 1898, one speaker was constrained to remind his hearers that the Philippines were "the connecting link from the Western coast to the East"; and in August the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury wrote: "The possession of the Philippines by a progressive commercial power . . . would change the course of ocean navigation. . . . The intelligent use of capital . . . would revolutionize the [sugar] industry." Was any mere abstract theory of government to be permitted to stand in the way of the opening of new markets? Countless clergymen and religious editors, too, fascinated by the idea that God regarded America as a new chosen race because of her incomparable moral virtues as a nation, righteously asseverated that the Lord's anointed, William McKinley, has been miraculously selected by Providence to dispel the deep gloom of heathenism by the kindly light of Americanized Christianity. In fact, was not the President's favorite hymn "Lead, Kindly Light?" Amid such national feelings, who could be expected to believe Senator Hoar and others of his stamp, when they declared that the acquisition of the islands would be a violation of the Declaration of Independence, of the Constitution, and of the whole spirit of American institutions? Certainly, loyal Americans could not believe it, for whom Senator Lodge was the adequate mouthpiece: "the treaty . . . was an admirable instrument, a masterpiece in every respect . . . a very fit result of an entirely victorious war."

Thus it came about that, on October 26, 1898, Secretary Hay cabled the Commissioners: "The cession must be the whole archipelago or none. The latter is

wholly inadmissible, and the former must therefore be required." Two days later he sent word that the President's belief was that "It is imperative upon us that as victors we should be governed only by motives that will exalt our nation." And by the payment of twenty millions of dollars for property of far greater value, the nation's exaltation into the position of a leading world-colonizing power was made secure.

America had now entered into new and untried paths—into a new epoch, in fact—and she had been privileged to make that entry because of the adroitness, the stubborn and invincible persistency, the lofty sense of duty, which, mysteriously and inseparably blended into harmonious coalescence, composed the personality of Admiral George Dewey, to whom the President of the United States gratefully wrote, "Receive for yourself and the officers, sailors, and marines of your command my thanks and congratulations and those of the nation for the gallant conduct all have again so conspicuously displayed." "It will always be a source of pride to us all," the great naval commander humbly replied, "to have received such commendations."

V

And yet—was it possible?—the Filipinos did not seem disposed to acquiesce in America's just and costly acquisition of their territory and of themselves. It was unprecedented, preposterous, incredible—but it was nevertheless true. They appeared, so one bewildered observer remarked, actually to have "gone wild on the words 'protection' and 'independence,'

whereas the words 'sovereignty,' 'annexation' and 'United States control' seemed to excite them greatly." What a pity it was that they were so unfamiliar with American history! But since they *were* quite unfamiliar with American history, it was manifestly America's business to teach them, interested as she was in their progress and development. It became her, moreover, as a good and thorough school mistress, to emphasize the necessity of education by administering a few spankings to those who were inclined to be unruly and generally unappreciative of the tutoring process; and since most of the Filipinos came within this sad category, it was necessary for the two chief instructors, Admiral Dewey and General Otis (successor to General Merritt), to resort to chastisements which were very numerous, very thorough, and at times even a little bloody.

The career of Elwell S. Otis, similar to that of Dewey, had by good fortune been such that he was excellently equipped to be a leader in sanguinary affairs. A graduate of Harvard's school of law, instead of practicing his chosen profession he served his country so well in the Civil War that, in 1866, he was made a Lieutenant Colonel in the regular army. He participated in various campaigns against the Indians, and was partially responsible for making the notorious Sioux chieftain, Sitting Bull, lie quiet forever. Step by step he rose in the Army, until he became a Major General of the volunteers in 1898, and in the autumn of that year replaced General Merritt as chief of the army in the Philippines. At this time he was sixty years of age—a painstaking, fussy old chap, of extremely solemn deport-

ment, yet simple and unaffected withal, rather more honest and somewhat less efficient than the usual run of army officers. "One would about as soon think of cracking a joke in his presence," remarked an under officer, Fred Funston, "as of trying to pull his beard"; and since he kept that ornamental feature restricted to side whiskers, which were cropped so closely that they encircled his face, from ear to ear, in a symmetrical line with his mustache, to have pulled it effectively would have been very difficult.

Long before this genial colleague had arrived, it is evident that Dewey had anticipated an arduous struggle in attempting to inculcate among the Filipinos lessons in patriotism and general good deportment; he, therefore, believed that the instruction should commence promptly before any possibility of a mutiny among his pupils should arise. No sooner had Manila fallen than, on the same day, he sent this request through the army commander to Washington: "Is government willing to use all means to make the natives submit to the authority of the United States?" Five days later he was informed that the President had directed that the natives should obey this dictum: "The insurgents and all others must recognize the military occupation and authority of the United States. . . . Use whatever means in your judgment are necessary to this end." On September 6, McKinley gave Otis permission to maintain "a position of rightful supremacy as to the insurgents." Properly emboldened by this, Otis sent word to Aguinaldo two days afterward that he would be obliged to withdraw his troops from Manila, in these words: "I hereby serve notice on you

that unless your troops are withdrawn beyond the line of the city's defenses before Thursday, the fifteenth instant, I shall be compelled to resort to forcible action." The Filipino chieftain wisely kept the ultimatum secret from his men, and withdrew them in accordance with this courteous request.

Perhaps the American forces were a little disappointed that Aguinaldo so passively obeyed; for, following Manila's capture, they appear to have become restless at having nothing in particular to do. A joint letter, written on August 30 by four press correspondents, made this ominous statement: "There can be no doubt that our soldiers are spoiling for a fight. They hate and despise the natives." But, by a happy concatenation of affairs, they soon found adequate relief for their pent-up emotions, as an account by an English observer makes clear: "The American volunteer regiments marched into Manila in good order like regular troops, but as soon as the novelty of their strange environment had worn off they gave themselves up to all sorts of excesses, debauchery, and vice. Drinking bars were opened all over the city and suburbs. Drunken brawls, indiscriminate revolver firing, indecent assaults on women, kicks and cuffs to any Filipino, burglary in broad daylight and thefts from shops and street vendors were of hourly occurrence. Towards evening intoxicated groups took possession of the highways, entered any Filipino's house, maltreated the inmates, stole what they liked and attemped to ravage the women. . . . After the day's drinking was over, heaps of besotted humanity were seen lying helpless in doorways or in the gutters—a sad spectacle never be-

fore witnessed by any Filipino." That enterprising American business men had, indeed, already seized the opportunity of catering to the deeper desires of their nation's defenders is evident from an advertisement which appeared in a Manila paper on November 30: "there are no business undertakings offering as positive gain as restaurants, bars and taverns, cafes and saloons of recreation. For here are the Americans, the most practical men in business matters, and has any of them started here any other business than that?" But in 1900 Bishop Potter testified that, during his six weeks' sojourn in the Philippines, he had not seen a single drunken man; and when one considers how true it is that intoxicated males invariably seek and foster the jovial companionship of high church dignitaries, the cogency of the Bishop's testimony becomes overwhelming. Eventually the government, anxious as usual about the morals of its soldiers, requested information concerning the truth of these varying reports, and was highly gratified when it received the oracular reply, "drunkenness this army, no more noticeable here than in garrisons United States." Meanwhile from Vladivostok, Yokohama, Singapore and Calcutta abandoned women, keenly appreciative of the business opportunities attending a fair-sized military force, kept streaming into the Philippines—as many as three hundred were reported to have come on a single ship.

While army traditions were being thus staunchly preserved and perpetuated, the leaders were not idle either. In October Dewey had seized five vessels, which Aguinaldo was using for inter-island communication, in a laudable endeavor to prevent the gathering of mili-

tary material. On the 4th of December, six days before the peace treaty was signed, the President had sent this characteristic message to Otis: "The President desires that Admiral Dewey and General Otis shall have an early conference and advise him what force and equipment will be necessary in the Philippines. . . . When these islands shall be ceded to us, it is his desire that peace and tranquillity shall be restored and as kind and beneficent government as possible given to the people." Again, on December 21, he sent a message in which moralizing precepts were happily blended with decisive instructions: "The destruction of the Spanish fleet in the harbor of Manila by the United States naval squadron commanded by Rear-Admiral Dewey, followed by the reduction of the city and the surrender of the Spanish forces, practically effected the conquest of the Philippine Islands . . . the military government heretofore maintained by the United States in the city, harbor and bay of Manila is to be extended with all possible dispatch to the whole of the ceded territory . . . we come, not as invaders or as conquerors, but as friends. . . . The taxes and duties heretofore payable by the inhabitants to the late government become payable to the authorities of the United States . . . the mission of the United States is one of benevolent assimilation. . . . In the fulfillment of this high mission . . . there must be sedulously maintained the strong arm of authority, to repress disturbance and to overcome all obstacles to the bestowal of the blessings of good and stable government upon the people of the Philippine Islands under the free flag of the United States." In a speech at Pittsburgh in August, 1899, McKinley

made an interesting commentary on these official orders; he said: "Until the treaty was ratified, we had no authority beyond Manila, city, bay and harbor. We then had no other title to defend, no authority beyond that to maintain." The treaty, as a matter of historical record, was not ratified until February 6, 1899—but what of that? Was it not certain to be ratified anyhow and might not McKinley wisely and shrewdly anticipate its eventual ratification by issuing orders, the execution of which was, if not legally and morally, at least practically and diplomatically expedient?

Apparently Admiral Dewey thought so; for early in December he suavely advised the President to define as unambiguously as possible what was the exact status of the insurgents and the American forces in occupation. McKinley replied on January 3, 1899, with a message in which such expressions as "sovereignty" and "right of cession" appeared—expressions which unescapably implied that immediate occupation of the islands was at least expected. General Otis wisely directed that these sentiments should be eliminated from the order before it was publicly proclaimed; but one of his subordinates unluckily issued it just as it was written—did he wish to stir up trouble, or was he careless, or can it be possible that he was merely honest? Hence the unexpurgated copies soon reached Aguinaldo, who actually became rather irritated and made ready for the conflict that seemed inevitable and near.

It was, in fact, very near. On the night of February 4, a Filipino close to or within the American lines re-

fused to halt when challenged, and at once the challenger fired at him. Exchanges of shots succeeded during the night, and next morning the Americans advanced against the insurgents and drove them from their lines, while Admiral Dewey supported the Army by an intermittent fire from his ships north and south of the city. The war, which was to last more than three years in both organized battles and guerrilla conflicts, had finally commenced.

Several circumstances coincident with its beginning are fraught with peculiar interest. The government, of course, claimed that the insurgents were the aggressors, that its troops were forced to fight in self-defense, and that, the conflict having started, American honor would be smirched unless American superiority and sovereignty over the Filipinos were attained. General Otis, it seems, implicitly believed all this; for, on the night of February 4, he dispatched the news to Washington that Aguinaldo "applies for cessation of hostilities and conference. Have declined to answer." Several days later he wrote, "Positive, insurgent attack not ordered by insurgent government." On the evening of February 5, the first official dispatches telling of the outbreak were sent to Washington; but, because of the difference in time between the two places, they were received early enough to be printed on February 5 in the Sunday newspapers. Meanwhile, the treaty of peace, sent to the Senate by the President on January 4, had been in great danger of defeat; nearly all of the Republicans eagerly desired its passage, while the Democrats were mostly opposed. The battle between these political enemies had been long and spirited, and the

result of the vote, which it had been previously—and significantly—decided to take on February 6, was in great doubt. Twenty-four hours before the time for taking the vote there came the news of the outbreak at Manila, and several Senators who had been wavering now became convinced that it was their patriotic duty to vote in affirmation, since their country was again at war. To vote negatively under such circumstances, they felt, would be too much like refusing to vote supplies when their nation was fighting; as a result, a two-thirds majority for the treaty was secured, but with only two votes in excess of the requisite number. So curious did these nearly synchronous events appear that an accusation was later made that the government, in a desperate attempt to force the passage of the treaty, had deliberately conspired with the military forces at Manila, in order to make it appear that a war, in reality anticipated and provoked by the American troops, had been started by the Filipinos. But what save intemperate partisan malice could have hatched up such an accusation? Manifestly, nothing else. Did not the President himself say, on February 16, 1899, "I have no light or knowledge not common to my countrymen"? Furthermore, with his habitual candor, he also stated what the precise facts were in a speech at Pittsburgh on August 28 in the same year. "They assailed our sovereignty, and there will be no useless parley—no pause until the insurrection is suppressed. . . . The misguided followers in rebellion have only our charity and pity. . . . Our prayers will go with them [the American forces], and more men and munitions if required, for . . . the establishment

of . . . a government which will do justice to all and at once encourage the best efforts and aspirations of these distant people and the highest development of their rich and fertile lands." After that speech, no one could rightly claim that American control of the Philippines, with their rich and fertile lands, was not being attained by a process of assimilation that was uncommonly benevolent.

That there would be no useless parley General Otis had already demonstrated; and that there would be no pause he and Admiral Dewey continued to demonstrate during the next few months. In the battles that followed, it was soon evident that the Filipinos were obsessed with the naive and disconcerting belief that war is neither a humane nor chivalrous affair, and that the most expeditious way to win a war is to kill as many of the enemy as possible, by whatever means. But American chivalry was unfailing. A Tennessee company, ordered to return to headquarters with thirty prisoners, came in with about one hundred fowl and no prisoners. "I don't know," commented one soldier, "how many men, women and children the Tennessee boys did kill. They wouldn't take any prisoners." A Kansas company, having taken four Filipinos, asked the captain what should be done with them; he replied, "You know the orders," and the four natives fell dead. When reports of this sort were published at home, the administration felt so much concern that Secretary Long, at the end of April, 1899, was moved to declare before a Boston audience that accusations, pointed at American troops, of inhuman methods of warfare were wholly false; but, although he clinched his case

by citing statements of Seth Low and Lyman Abbott to the effect that they believed all such tales to be untrue, doubts still remained in the minds of a few miserable sceptics. Before the war had ended, a Brigadier General, on his own confession, was convicted of ordering a Major under him "to kill and burn; that the more he killed and burned the better pleased General—— would be; that it was no time to take prisoners; and that when Major—— asked General—— to define the age limit for killing, he replied, 'Everything over 10'."

Such distressing bits of information the government had sought to suppress, in the early months of the war, by a strict censorship. Admiral Dewey himself was accustomed to censor all the news dispatched by press representatives in his fleet; but he was very fair. So long as nothing was sent which might, in his own language, "unduly excite and disturb the people at home," the reporters were given absolute liberty to write what they pleased—with the proviso that no information of any kind could be given unless it also pleased Admiral Dewey. General Otis and his staff were similarly liberal. "My instructions are," said the chief censor, "to let nothing go that can hurt the Administration. Otis himself cabled on January 17, 1899, "baseless rumors . . . tending to excite outside world, stricken from proposed press cablegrams." Perhaps the unfortunate wording of some of his own messages tended to excite civilians as much as uncensored press dispatches would have done; they could not be quite sure whether he was perfectly serious, or just stupid, or very inopportunely facetious when he sent

this message: "Nebraska regiment suffered severely in casualties. Health fairly good. . . ." But in spite of Otis, some of these baseless rumors eventually reached America in soldiers' letters. Such a state of affairs could not be endured; and that it was not is made clear by a passage from one of those letters: "Some of the boys are getting into all kinds of trouble over their letters . . . Why in the world do you people publish our letters?" Stirred by reports of this nature, such a slavish supporter of the McKinley régime as the Detroit *Tribune* stated that, "it is revealed that the commanding officers in the islands exercise a kind of terrorism by which it is sought to prevent soldiers from writing the truth." The climax came on July 18, 1899, when the chief correspondent at Manila sent home a "round robin" letter, which was remarkably frank and enlightening: "The censorship has compelled us to participate in this misrepresentation [of military affairs] by excising or altering uncontroverted statements of facts on the plea, as General Otis stated, that 'they would alarm the people at home' or 'have the people of the United States by the ears.' Specifications: Prohibition of hospital reports; suppression of full reports of field operations in the event of failure; numbers of heat prostrations in the field; systematic minimization of naval operations, and suppression of complete reports of the situation." On the next day the "round robin" was discussed at a cabinet meeting, and it was decided officially to ignore the incident; but a cablegram was at once sent to Otis, demanding a statement from him. He immediately replied, "Not conscious of sending misrepresentations; in fact, think my dispatches at

times too conservative." At length, on September 9, a confidential message was sent to Otis, commanding "that the censorship be entirely removed, only continuing the requirement that all matter be submitted in advance, that you may deal, as you deem best, with any liable to affect military operations or offending against military discipline." Certainly, official clarity and moderation of this nature were very unusual, and Otis was gratified to know precisely what his duties were.

Still, the government seems to have felt that some public gesture was necessary to assure its citizens that all was well; for on July 19, but one day after the "round robin" had caused such a furore, Senator Platt gave out an elaborate and detailed defense of the President's Philippine policy, and Secretary Alger resigned from his office upon request. His resignation was not asked, to be sure, because of incompetency, or of chicanery in handling the censorship, for his integrity and ability were known to all; it was merely stated that he had been seeking the aid of forces hostile to McKinley in the hope of winning a future Senatorial election. He was, in fact, elected to that office from Michigan; and it is recorded that on one occasion he interrupted a speaking colleague to ask if he did not know that the passage of the bill under discussion would be highly detrimental to mining interests in Arizona, held by several members of Congress, among them being the Senator from Michigan. The letters in which Alger's resignation was demanded and accepted were made public; and the mutually formal compliments in them prompted a London journal to remark that they were excellent specimens of Ameri-

can humor. But the selection of Alger's successor was entirely serious. McKinley told Elihu Root over the telephone that he was the man for the post, but Root objected on the ground that he knew nothing about war and the army. The President shrewdly replied: "I don't want a man who knows about war and the army. I want a lawyer. . . ." Such an argument was overwhelming, and Root thereupon reigned in Alger's stead. His portrait was appropriately hung in the War Department gallery, in company with the greatest of America's Secretaries of War; for it had been felt that not all of them were worthy of a place in that gallery.

On January 24, 1907, there appeared a newspaper interview, granted in March, 1900, but never made public until the exact day of Alger's death, in which he showed his pique at the treatment he had received from McKinley. In a private conversation with the Chief Executive, Alger had asked whether his political dealings had embarrassed the President. "Yes," McKinley assented, "you have embarrassed me and I am annoyed." The President, however, was given some Parthian praise. "He has many loving qualities," Alger concluded, "but he lacks backbone."

In the meantime, Admiral Dewey, the unconscious juggler who tossed the reputations of so many men into light or obscurity, had left the memorable scene of his epochal achievements and returned home. "I was weary and in poor health," he protested, in giving the reasons for his return, "while I could not help being deeply affected by the necessity of the loss of life and the misery which the pacification of the islands im-

posed"—reasons which were doubtless compelling and adequate enough; but there were others of even greater weight, one of which is to be found in the "round robin"; the "systematic minimization of naval operations" by Otis. In truth, between him and Dewey personal friction had steadily increased ever since the incipient stages of the Filipino insurrection. The members of the Philippine Commission, which had been appointed by McKinley at Dewey's suggestion, and of which he and Otis were *ex-officio* members, were not able to work together in amity; but, while in private they might, and did, growl at each other with perfect freedom, it would not do to let their bickerings become a matter of public knowledge. This commendably expedient policy Otis himself made clear in a dispatch on June 4, 1899, in which he advised the government thus: "Ostensibly it [the Commission] will be supported by War Department authorities here, and to outside world gentle peace shall prevail." But between him and the Admiral there was not even gentle peace; in fact, there was no peace at all. Otis had desired to permit commerce between the various islands; but Dewey had refused to allow the blockade of all navigation, established by his orders, to be lifted; for to have done so would, he believed, have enabled the insurgents to seize more munitions, to prolong the war, and thus to increase the misery which the pacification of the islands imposed. In April Otis had purchased thirteen gunboats from the Spaniards, which he intended to use, independently of Dewey's fleet, as an inter-island patrolling force. At length, in an interview teeming with personal recriminations, the Ad-

miral forced Otis to give up the gunboats, "as a menace to public safety," and on May 15 he commanded his fleet to stop all inter-island trade of every kind. Otis dared not resist these orders, for he had already acted contrary to instructions given by Dewey. But the Admiral, whose weariness and ill-health were presumably accentuated by these incidents, now determined to take the benefit of the President's permission to sail for home when and by whatever route he pleased. Accordingly, on the 20th of May the *Olympia* weighed anchor, steamed slowly out of the harbor made illustrious by her commander, and turned her prow toward home.

VI

With a four-starred Admiral's flag, instead of a Commodore's broad pennant, fluttering proudly and announcing the presence of the most notorious of all living naval officials, the *Olympia* made a triumphant entry of port after port on her homeward journey through the Mediterranean, greeted each time with the roar of nineteen guns in salute. At Hong Kong the Admiral, for the first time in more than a year, had enjoyed the luxury of sleeping on shore, "in a hotel free from ship's routine." To the American Consul General at that place he remarked: "I hope to see America's possessions the key to Oriental commerce and civilization. . . . We must never sell them. . . . We will never part with the Philippines, I am sure." He expressed a similar sentiment on July 14 in conversing with a reporter on the *Olympia*: "I am glad to hear that they are going to send more troops to the

Philippines. They will be needed there." In a speech at Trieste, at a dinner given in his honor, he casually stated that he hoped to see McKinley reëlected President. Casually? Perhaps. At Manila stacks of letters and telegrams had come to him from prominent Democrats and Republicans, questioning whether he himself would not be a candidate for that office; but he had stoutly reiterated that under no circumstances would he either strive for or accept a nomination by either party. And yet, fight against it as he might, he could not banish the tempting vision—there it was, ever enthralling, ever seductive. That a change had come over him is attested by words of his which were recorded in the London *Daily News* on August 21: "I have never been in favor of violence toward the Filipinos. . . . I should like to see autonomy first conceded, and then annexation might be talked about." Was the reversal of attitude indicated in these remarks the result of an honest change of heart—a newly acquired conviction that force was wrong? Or had it originated in the *ignis fatuus* which his vaulting imagination dangled before him? Did he see himself for a brief time as champion of the anti-imperialist forces at home—as a political opponent of McKinley—as President at last? It seems probable; for in the depths of his soul fierce, antagonistic powers were at war: conscience—a plea for truth, duty and fairness—fought an ever losing battle against that perpetual, quenchless longing for fame added unto fame, honor unto honor, office unto office. At length the struggle was over; a compromise with expediency, that almost incredibly potent force in the lives of men, was effected; and ex-

pediency whispered that, after all, the anti-imperialist faction was steadily weakening in the face of the sweeping successes of the opposition, and that an alliance with a weakening clique would not augur success. And expediency emerged full victor in Dewey's first conference with McKinley, when the President asked him certain questions and jotted down the answers on a convenient pad of paper. The catechism that follows was of significance; for it corroborated McKinley's already puissant and God-inspired determination to retain the Philippines, and Dewey was the avatar who put to flight any lingering doubts which the President may have had.

Q. What is our duty?

A. Keep the islands permanently. Valuable in every way.

Q. How many troops needed?

A. Fifty thousand.

Q. Should we give up the islands?

A. Never—never.

Q. The stories of church desecration and inhumanity.

A. [On this point the ritual is curiously silent.]

This ceremony occurred about six weeks *before* the occasion on which the President had so freely opened his heart to the Methodist Bishops, and had stated the enthusiastic source of his conviction that the Philippines ought to be retained.

But while the Admiral was still on ship, he could always get relief from his tantalizing thoughts, from his bitter inward struggle, by recounting to the admiring folk on his vessel his experiences at Manila. One

day, as he indulged in reminiscences of his great triumph, he became so much aroused that the story "of those anxious hours brought him to his feet, and he unconsciously grasped the hand of a young American lady sitting next to him."

Accelerated by such pleasant diversions, the light hours sped by almost too rapidly; but at length the *Olympia* proudly crested the sluggish waters of New York harbor, and Admiral Dewey, despite the warnings he had received, found himself almost totally unprepared for the unparalleled honors which the city and the nation showered upon him. Following the delirious reception at New York, there came another almost as unrestrained at Washington; and, as the crowning feature of that occasion, the President placed in Dewey's hand the sword of honor tendered him by his country. The sword had a hilt of gold—of twenty-two carat gold—and was covered so completely with symbolic engravings that it resembled a miniature Egyptian obelisk. The path of glory led the Admiral to one public festival after another; the richest and most influential persons in the nation gladly swung wide the portals of their mansions and prodigally lavished upon him the bedizenments of their limitless wealth, together with that esoteric and polished culture which is so uniformly a concomitant of the possession of riches. Nor were there any so poor as to fail to do him reverence; the rank and file gave their mites—no one was allowed to give more than ten cents—to make up a fund which eventually included over 70,000 separate contributions, and which was transmuted into a huge and unwieldy silver loving-cup. But the distinc-

tions with which Dewey was favored were not merely national and social: he was elected an honorary member of the Sunday School at the United Presbyterian Tabernacle of Ravenswood, Illinois; aspiring villages sought to be renamed for him; and new-born male babes, unable and indeed too innocent of the ways of the world to protest against the absurdity of their elders, were christened with his full name.

Contingent with these national pleasantries, there came an event which at first made the country titillate with vicarious joy; but soon rumors went abroad that caused wonder, then doubt, then something akin to consternation. The newspapers on October 31 conspicuously displayed the announcement of the Admiral's engagement to Mrs. Mildred McLean Hazen; and one report stated that "as he confided the happy news to his friends, the Admiral danced about the floor and hugged his visitors with all the exuberant enthusiasm of a boy in his teens," meanwhile gasping out, as he puffed for breath, "The most charming woman in the world has just given me her promise to become Mrs. Dewey." Such undignified actions were very natural, for the lady was relatively handsome. "Her special characteristics," said a warm admirer, after Mrs. Hazen's marriage to Dewey, "are an innate modesty, coupled with an intense ambition to shine at the topmost heights of social success, a decided fondness for dress and jewels, and devotion to her husband." The daughter of one of America's wealthiest women, in her youth she had married a high army official who died shortly afterward, had spent some years in Austria-Hungary, and, since Catholicism was in

vogue there, had left the Presbyterian faith in which she had been nurtured and had become a Roman Catholic. "Nothing was more natural to a woman of a religious turn of mind," said the same admirer, "than to follow the fashionable crowd to the fashionable church." "She likes books," the admirer continued, "yet will express no preference for any particular author, reading with equal satisfaction from Scott to Kipling, and her library is well filled with all the good things between covers." At Vienna it was reported that her diamonds were second in value only to those belonging to the Empress; and at a Presidential reception during the winter of 1899, she was the most dazzlingly decorated of all the ladies present, "her jewels covering her corsage and her hair in bewildering splendor, though in exquisite taste, for it was an occasion when women say too many cannot be worn." Her friendship with Admiral Dewey had begun before he went to the Philippines, and when he was made an Admiral she and her mother had sent him this message: "You are an Admiral. God bless you." The already happy man, made trebly happy by these three parallel joys, at once cabled back: "Thanks and thanks, and yet again thanks." They were married on November 9 by a Catholic priest in Washington, and went at once to New York in the hope of spending a quiet honeymoon; but wherever they ventured, Dewey's figure, made familiar by innumerable newspaper photographs, was promptly recognized, and good-naturedly curious but annoying crowds followed them through the streets, bent upon seeing the greatest military figure alive and upon observing the style of the various

dresses worn by his wife. On one occasion, the crowd near Fifth Avenue and Tenth Street became so numerous and so familiar that the embarrassed couple were forced to take refuge in a convenient department store, whence they telephoned for a rescuing cab.

But soon there came an episode which considerably dimmed the Admiral's popularity and marred his marital bliss. The nation had given him a house in Washington, purchased by popular subscription for $50,000, in which the happy pair dwelt after returning from their honeymoon. Coincidently, the Admiral deeded this house to his wife. Was this act prompted merely by an exuberance of that generous confidence which is so common among newly-wedded husbands? Whatever the real cause of Dewey's action was, the action itself soon became known; it soon became known, also, that the nation's gift was not so desirable a residence for the two as Mrs. Dewey's own house, a far more elegant edifice, would have been. People instinctively felt that it was not nice for a man, even though a great man, to cavil at living in a mansion bought and paid for by them. Was he not a sort of national asset, a species of public property, the greatest living hero in captivity—and ought he not therefore to be regularly upon public exhibition? Then it was recalled, by an enormous number of persons, that Dewey, a Protestant, had married a Catholic—an impossible, oil-and-water state of affairs. Vague rumors, whispered hints and suspicions succeeded each other through the following months; and thousands who would formerly have made ready to fight if the faintest slur had been aimed at their idol, now proceeded to pelt him with

mud. But all this was only to be expected, for the war against the Filipinos was becoming a little stale and tiresome, the Boer War was not a matter of national concern, the next Presidential election was nearly a year away, there was no nationally important and entertaining murder or divorce case before the public, no one was trying to make the North Pole safe for democracy just then, and some emotional outlet was necessary to relieve what might otherwise have been a comparatively tedious and monotonous time.

Probability, furthermore, favors the presumption that the circulation of these tales about Dewey was to some degree—conceivably to a great degree—inspired and directed by individuals and organizations that were fearful of Dewey as a formidable candidate for the Presidency. Eventually, in fact, the numerous suggestions, requests, almost commands, from those whose confidence in him was unshaken, that he should become a candidate persuaded him to yield; how much Mrs. Dewey may have influenced him in this decision—Mrs. Dewey, whose chief trait was ambition of one sort or another, who had picked the Admiral from a host of admirers as the one most likely to gratify her various whims—must remain unknown. On April 4, 1900, in a public interview he made this declaration: "If the American people want me for this high office, I shall be only too willing to serve them. It is the highest honor in the gift of the nation; what citizen would refuse it? Since studying this subject I am convinced that the office of President is not such a very difficult one to fill, his duties being mainly to execute the laws of Congress." At the conclusion of the inter-

view, he said, "I think I have said enough at this time and possibly too much." His conception of the pleasant tasks that devolve upon a President was presumably due to the excellent example of McKinley; at all events, he had assuredly said enough to indicate his fitness for the office. He had refused to listen to suggestions of his candidacy upon his return from Manila, he said, because of his poor health; but now, after six months of married life, he had regained all the vigor and robustness of youth, and was ready and eager to expend his renewed energy in numerous directions. When questioned as to which party he preferred to lead, he would not make a definite statement—apparently the naval tactician was applying some elements of his experience to the political game. Mr. Dooley, one of the acutest philosophers of the time, thus succinctly stated Dewey's position: "Divvle th' bit I care. Just say I'm a Dimmycrat with sthrong Raypublican leanings. Put it this way: I'm a Dimmycrat be a point Raypublican, Dimmycrat. Anny sailor-man'll undherstand that."

The Republicans, it seems, understood it even better than sailors, for they immediately increased their efforts to eliminate Dewey as a candidate. Certainly, they did not want him—McKinley had proved more than satisfactory for their purposes—but neither did they want the Democrats to nominate him; for they were alarmed lest, if Dewey became the definite champion of anti-imperialism, he might be a stronger force than the Peerless Leader himself. Even before Dewey had publicly announced his availability and receptive state of mind, the leading agents of the G. O. P. had

endeavored to promulgate the impression that he was going on a long trip abroad—"I am getting tired of denying this story that I am going to Europe," Dewey said on the first day of April. The Republicans had, in fact, tried to forestall the unthinkable eventuality of Dewey's nomination by giving him a job—a very good and absolutely unique job; for his promotion to the rank of Admiral had carried with it the stipulation that it was to be his as long as he lived; and, in order that the title might not be wholly ornamental, he was made President of the General Board of the Navy, in March. This was undoubtedly an honor, not merely decorative but remunerative also; but it is quite probable that political machinations as well as a laudable desire to reward Dewey properly may have inspired the government's generosity. But, while the tempting bait was quickly nibbled from the hook, the fish was too wily to be caught; the Admiral accepted the honor —and still kept his eye on the White House. At length, the Republican *Times-Herald* of Chicago declared that he had determined to trim his sails and steer for the nomination because he was angry on account of McKinley's refusal to give him $10,000 for services as a member of the Philippine Commission. When told that the law would not permit such a payment, so this paper stated, "The Admiral lost his temper. He went home livid with rage. He swore at the President in the most bitter way." Whether this story is true—certainly, there is nothing inherently improbable about it—or whether it is a characteristic specimen of political mendacity, it epitomizes the methods which were utilized to strangle any chance Dewey may have

had to win a nomination from either party; for, since he had refused to rest satisfied with a concrete expression recognizing his singular eminence, it was necessary to show him that he must be, if not altogether satisfied, at least acquiescent. In the end, such methods, together with the fact that the heroic figure had dwindled and shrunken in size because of the unpleasant occurrences of the preceding six months, proved to be wholly efficacious; the Admiral's name was not even mentioned by either of the two parties at their conventions in 1900.

VII

Thus deprived of winning the highest recognition of merit and popularity his country had in its power to bestow, Admiral Dewey banished such vexatious matters as far from his mind as he could, and settled down to enjoy a green old age. His home life from this time seems to have been pleasant enough; for Mrs. Dewey, too, apparently acquiesced and decided that life had favored her, now a middle-aged lady, with as many blessings as even a wealthy Presbyterian-Catholic could rightfully expect to receive; he had easy and congenial work to do; in brief, he was, and continued to be, happy. Whereas in middle life he had been unwell for protracted periods, he now enjoyed good health; and he remained in good health principally because his habits were as regular as the tick of a clock. At nine in the evening he retired and slept until four; then he dozed or dreamily meditated for two hours more. But promptly on the stroke of six, his Chinese servant, Ah Maw, whom he had brought

from the Philippines, appeared with a cup of tea, which the Admiral drank with relish. After that, he dressed and read for two hours, or perhaps took a turn in the air before breakfast. Then off he went to his work at the naval board, half a mile from his city home. In good weather he would walk to and from this place, and continued this practice up to the last year of his life; but in bad weather he drove in a limousine. Punctually at nine o'clock, or a minute or two earlier, he reached his office; and he was so invariably on time that the elevator boys were always careful to have a car ready for their never-failing passenger. There he worked for two or three hours, after which he returned home to spend the day as he chose; and the next day, and the next, he went through the same performance.

But it was during the summer months, at his wife's country home, that the Admiral spent his happiest times. Situated on the summit of a hill, with Washington, the lovely Potomac, and the purplish mountains of Virginia and Maryland in view, Beauvoir, a square, old-fashioned colonial house, was a charming spot, and far more home-like than the rather ugly three-story brick structure on Rhode Island Avenue which the nation had given him. At his country home, he would sit on the veranda in his armed wicker chair—the same chair in which he had so often sunned himself on the *Olympia's* deck—gazing contentedly across the rolling landscape and lost in peaceful revery as phantasmagorical memories of his life's complicated history stirred vaguely in his mind, or playing with the small household of dogs which Mrs. Dewey had acquired. Occasionally, the Admiral's fancies would be interrupted by

his wife's special pet, a parrot, which incontinently squawked, "Hello, George!" saucily contemptuous of its master's rank and meditations. Or he would rise and walk through the rooms of Beauvoir, noting with joy for the thousandth time the voluminous momentoes of the war which adorned the walls and tables of his home. Often an even greater pleasure was his—Mrs. Dewey would read to him, selecting the reading matter with that placid catholicity of taste and that unerring instinct for all the good things between covers for which she was remarkable. The Admiral was humbly aware of his own great deficiency in literary matters as compared with his wife's superior talent: "She has a wonderful mind and her capabilities are limitless," he said. "Mrs. Dewey . . . reads everything and selects my lighter reading; and as our tastes are similar that saves time." But he did not, following his wife's example, read wholly in the copious and uniformly excellent period that stretches from Scott to Kipling; he carefully perused volumes in which even his intellectually omnivorous spouse had little interest—books dealing with naval and international matters, which she found very tiresome indeed.

At the winter home in Washington, his diversions were of a different and on the whole less pleasant kind. After the spacious freedom of Beauvoir, the city house seemed rather cramped and stuffy; but there were compensations. With the abundant means which they possessed, the fortunate pair were able to entertain freely; for, in addition to Mrs. Dewey's munificent fortune, the Admiral was paid almost $30,000 in 1903, as an emolument in the form of prize money for the Spanish

ships he had captured. At the "Mondays-at-home" which they delighted to keep, society turned out in great numbers and Dewey thoroughly enjoyed the pampering compliments with which his guests liberally sprinkled him. He enjoyed, also, representing the navy at all sorts of public ceremonials: at banquets, at receptions, at solemn occasions when he was invited to speak the magic words which stripped the drapery from the statue of some politician, or other public benefactor, whose virtues were judged worthy of permanent petrifaction. But, as the Admiral grew older, he guarded his health more carefully and finally refused to attend any dinner or social engagement, except the annual banquet of the pertinacious Manila Bay Society. His formula for longevity was simplicity itself: "Buttermilk, lots of fresh air and a simple life," he said. Quite properly, therefore, he would not go to the theaters, because to have done so would have prevented him from retiring at nine o'clock; and then besides, there was "too much foul air" in them.

It was for this reason that, much as he wanted to see it, he denied himself the pleasure of going to a cinema in which the inevitable destruction of all American cities and the complete subjugation of America itself from coast to coast by naughty Germans was convincingly portrayed. Washington was accustomed every day to see his familiar figure driving about in a victoria; for old age was making him fond of a leisurely tranquillity which the automobile would have made impossible. His horror of funerals was pronounced, and he wisely refused to attend them. "A funeral is depressing," he said, "and if I went to many I should

soon go to my own"—a contingency to be avoided at any cost. Living thus, at the advanced age of seventy-eight he was still a "picture of ruddy vigor, unwrinkled, unshrunken, and hard as a monkey wrench." His interest in the navy remained to the end; it should, he insisted in 1915, be second to none; and the nation applauded the wisdom, the timeliness, and the originality of his opinion. As the years crept by, he came to be regarded, indeed, more and more as a sage, a national Mentor, and was venerated almost as though he had been an ex-President, a quondam sinful ball-player turned evangelist, or a world's champion pugilist converted, more by decrepitude than by spiritual regeneration, to a preacher against youthful debaucheries and to an ardent advocate of teetotalism.

When at last, through the working of nature's inexorable laws, the Admiral began to fail, his decline was so slow and undiscernible that it was for a long time unnoticed; so proud was he of his health that he did not tell even his most intimate friends the ominous truth—that a gradual hardening of the arteries was steadily wearing him down. For a year and a half the disease progressed, until, near the middle of January, 1917, he was compelled to take to his bed. He lingered on for five or six days, alternating between a delirious and semi-comatose condition until the afternoon of the 15th, when he lost consciousness entirely; but the rugged heart still throbbed in the inanimate body, wearily tenacious of existence, even after sentient life had fled forever. At five minutes of six on the next day, just after the early winter night had fallen, as Mrs. Dewey sat convulsively clutching her husband's

stiffening hand, gazing at his expressionless features in the agonizing hope of seeing a final gleam of recognition, the heart pulsated more and more faintly, then almost imperceptibily—and then it stopped altogether.

The news of the Admiral's death was immediately flashed to all corners of the earth, and from every side messages of condolence poured in. Five days later the funeral was held—an occasion which for dignity, solemnity and pomp of ceremonial panoply exceeded all similar events since the death of McKinley. By Presidential decree all official Washington came to a standstill, all business places were closed, and the President, the Cabinet, the members of Congress and the representatives of foreign nations attended the imposing obsequies. At eleven o'clock the body was carried tenderly into the rotunda of the Capitol, and placed on the catafalque which had been built for Lincoln and had borne the remains of Garfield, McKinley and other national servants. The ceremony was brief; a few selections of Scripture were read, and "Lead, Kindly Light" and "Abide With Me" were sung. Twelve bluejackets, who acted as pallbearers, then placed the casket on an artillery caisson, and the stately funeral cortege proceeded slowly along a road lined with thousands of mutely reverent spectators to Arlington Cemetery. As the body was placed in the sepulchre, three volleys, fired by midshipmen, and nineteen guns from the adjacent Fort Myer, sounded a martial requiem for the dead commander.

At almost the same time, and almost within hearing of the mourners at Arlington, another martial requiem

was being sounded. For America was once more upon the verge of war; a far more powerful American navy was preparing for the imminent contest, as Dewey had prepared nineteen years earlier, by engaging in target practice; and its target was one of the proud ships from Dewey's victorious squadron.

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BRIGHAM YOUNG

For thirty-three years Brigham Young ruled over Mormonism with absolute power. During those years he established a four-fold dictatorship: a dictatorship over religion, politics, economics and society. He was Mormonism's President, Governor, and Social Lion—in a word, the "Lion of the Lord." Humble in origin, poor, ignorant, uncouth and wholly self-dependent as he was, he welded together a mere handful of unlettered enthusiasts, conquered apostasy, directed the exodus of the little band, through unspeakable hardships and privations, over nearly two thousand miles of howling wildernesses and deserts to Utah, where he founded a Sovereign State that held the United States in contemptuous disregard. He hurled audacious defiance into the teeth of authority everywhere: he challenged the United States Government to fight him and made it back down; he said that Lincoln was "as weak as water," that "Zachary Taylor is dead and in hell, and I am glad of it"; he called a Supreme Court Judge a "baby-calf" and advised him to "go home to his mammy straight." No Oriental potentate, no king, no czar ever governed with a hand of iron more powerful than the hand of Brigham Young; he had, he said, but to "crook his little finger" in order to make every Mormon do his bidding. And this curious phenomenon, this social anachronism, this anarchical monarchy

manifested itself in the latter part of the nineteenth century, in the onward rush of progress, of modernism in political, scientific and religious thought, and in the greatest democracy the world has seen.

How could such things be? The anomaly of Mormonism arouses, in an inquiring mind, a whole series of interrogation points. Were these frenzied fanatics, these "Western Turks," quite as fanatical, as indecent, as dangerous, and as crazy as the Christian world has so tirelessly reiterated? Or, was the Christian world itself wrong, at least in part? Was there something in the bland and smiling optimism of the nineteenth century that repelled certain ardent souls, and impelled them to seek a sterner, more rigorous discipline? Were the Mormons actually mad and dangerous, or were they thus contemned because they refused to conform to normal Christian conventions? Did Puritanic Americans denounce the immorality of polygamy largely because of fierce and bitter jealousy—because the Mormons legitimatized natural instincts which the Puritans strove with might and main, but not wholly with success, to inhibit? In their vast ignorance, their simplicity of manners, their endurance of the hardships of settlement life, their bravery against hostile Indians and Christians, their child-like faith in their leaders, were not the Mormons almost more puritanical than the Puritans themselves? And, even if Smith and Young, together with their high priests and apostles, were rather scoundrelly, lecherous fellows, was not the great mass of Mormons reasonably decent, law-abiding and even patriotic? It may well be that no definite answer to any of these queries is obtainable—for the

amount of spoken and written mendacity concerning Mormonism is almost unparalleled; Mormon ingenuity in lying has been surpassed only by superior Christian cleverness—but it may at least be possible to get some information, and perhaps some entertainment, by glancing briefly at certain aspects of Brigham Young's career.

I

In April, 1832, there occurred an event of momentous importance in the history of Mormonism. Brigham Young, then a mere cub lion of the Lord, arrived at Kirtland, Ohio, to gaze for the first time upon Prophet Joseph Smith. The Prophet, who only a month previously had been tarred and feathered by a band of righteously minded Christians, was attempting to soothe his ruffled feelings by cutting and hauling wood. He bade the newcomer welcome and, on the evening of the same day, asked him to lead the small company of faithful ones in prayer. "In my prayer," says Young, "I spoke in tongues. As soon as we arose from our knees, the brethren flocked around him, and asked his opinion concerning the gift of tongues that was upon me. He told them it was the pure Adamic language. Some said to him they expected he would condemn the gift, but he said 'no, it is of God; and the time will come when Brother Brigham Young will preside over the Church.' " Events proved that this was one of the very few prophecies made by Smith that turned out to be true. Twelve years later, he was assassinated; the awful news reached Young while he was in New Hampshire, and, with characteristic

promptness of decision, he showed that he proposed to do his own part toward fulfilling the prophecy. "The first thing that I thought of," he wrote later, "was whether Joseph had taken the keys of the kingdom with him from the earth. Brother Orson Pratt sat on my left; we were both leaning back in our chairs. Bringing my hand down on my knee, I said, the keys of the kingdom are right here with the Church." And it was not long before the keys were in an even more definitely material place—in Brigham's pocket, where they remained in absolute safety for more than thirty years.

Little that had happened in Young's life thus far would have led anyone, save a veritable prophet, to foresee such a result. Born of poor parents in Vermont, on June 1, 1801, Young had spent his youth working as a carpenter, painter and glazier. The year 1830 found him, married and mildly Methodistic, living in Monroe County, New York, where he one day chanced to see a copy of the Mormon Bible; and that was a bad day for John Wesley. Young found "the transition from Methodism to Mormonism easy," as some one (not a Methodist) has remarked; and yet, after all, it was not too easy, for, so he informs us, he "examined the new Bible for two years before deciding to receive it."

Many others, who have finally waded through the holy book, will sympathize with Young's cautious procrastination, although they may have failed to see much mystery either in the book or in its author. Like most religious leaders, Smith had inherited a super-sensitive nervous system. In his youth he suffered from vertigo,

and from a variety of hallucinations: he heard voices, he reveled in fantastic ecstasies, he was excessively secretive and distrustful. Reared in a backwoods New York community that teemed with Indian burial places, he early became a mound-digger; with the help of divining rods and "seer stones," which were then commonly used to locate springs and secret treasure, he went around spading and peeping into mounds, until he was familiarly known as "Peep-stone Joe." The rest was easy; by a perfectly natural process, he became a dreamer of vertiginous dreams, a vaticinator and a crystal-gazer. Finally, in a state of self-hypnosis induced by glaring for protracted periods through two prisms of glass, he produced a huge mass of automatic writing. It seems probable, also, that glassware in another form had something to do with this inspired penmanship. "Joseph drank too much liquor when he was translating the Book of Mormon," a close friend of his remarked; and he went on to say that "this thing occurred previous to the translating of the Book." The Prophet himself was quite ready, as always, with an explanation; it was necessary for him to get drunk occasionally, he said, in order that his followers might not worship him like a god. With such a history, was it any wonder that he finally believed he had dug up golden plates containing the Mormon creed; that, with the aid of two magic crystals, "Urin and Thummin," he was able to translate the mystic characters on the golden plates; that eventually he became the exclusive mouthpiece of God, until "revelations" popped from his lips every day as a matter of course; and that, in the end, he came to believe that he was greater than

God himself? Five months before his death, he spoke thus: "I know more than all the world put together. . . . I combat the error of the ages. . . . I cut the Gordian knot of powers, and I solve mathematical problems of universities WITH TRUTH, diamond truth, and God IS MY RIGHT-HAND MAN."

Brigham Young, however, had to rest satisfied for some years with the position of left-hand man to the Prophet. His conversion successfully accomplished in 1832, Young rapidly won first place in Smith's affections, and he won it for two reasons. By hard work, by discretion in speech, and by an apparent self-effacement that actually kept him in the limelight, he demonstrated his ability as an organizer of movements and a leader of men; furthermore, it was Young, more than any other man, who prevented apostasy from making fatal inroads among the "Latter-day Saints of the Church of Jesus Christ."

The church itself grew rapidly. In those early days, when religious revivals flourished luxuriantly in every primitive community, any form of superstitious extravaganza was sure to attract numerous followers; and Mormonism had attractions peculiar to itself. It had its own Bible—a Bible whose dominant appeal, like that of all holy writ, lay in the fact that no one could understand it. Its chief plot was concerned with the origin of the American Indian; but the whole book was a crazy-quilt patchwork of ideas that evaporated from Smith's abnormal mentality: old wives' tales of Indian outrages, Old Testament myths, chronicles and stock phrases, all jumbled together in a jargon of repetitions,

metaphysical buffooneries, contradictory statements, and excessively bad grammar. The fact that, according to Smith, it was originally inscribed on the golden plates in Egyptian, Chaldaic, Assyriac and Arabic characters presented no obstacle, for Urin and Thummin rendered the translation ridiculously easy. Besides, on his own testimony, he could "read Greek as fast as a horse can run"—a statement which he amply proved, when, on being requested to translate the contents of an ancient Greek manuscript, he examined it briefly and confidently remarked: "It ain't Greek at all, except perhaps a few words. What ain't Greek is Egyptian, and what ain't Egyptian is Greek."

After the marvelous Mormon document had been rendered into an absolutely *sui generis* English, Smith and his coadjutors evolved a theological and theocratic system that was also *sui generis,* even though it was purloined from a variety of sources. In general, it was based upon Biblical material: three leaders corresponding to the Trinity were at its head, and they were backed up by twelve assistants who corresponded to the Twelve Apostles. But Methodism supplied the practical details of the new hierarchy—the Methodism of the circuit-rider days, with its excellent organization of local and itinerant clergy, its evangelists, bishops, teachers, conferences and societies. In particular, the miraculous was recognized: demonology, faith-healing and speaking in tongues. The demons appeared usually at the end of hypochondriac prayer meetings, and chiefly affected the Mormons of tender years. Young men and women "would exhibit all the apish actions imaginable, making the most ridiculous grimaces . . .

Brigham Young

rolling upon the frozen ground, go through with all the Indian modes of warfare, such as knocking down, scalping, and ripping open and tearing out the bowels." These hellish convulsions were popularly separated into the falling, jerking, rolling and dancing varieties; and the demons showed special delight in laying hold of the wicked "while guarding against them and cursing every jerk." Belief in devil-possession led naturally to belief in the power to cast out devils, and diseases too, through the laying on of hands. It is written that, in 1839, Smith first cured himself of a prevalent fever and then, going among large numbers of the sick, "commanded them in a loud voice to come up and be made whole and they were healed." Young, however, was more modest than Smith; he once wisely refused to restore a lost leg to a Mormon on the ground that, if he did so, the man would have to walk on three legs through all eternity. Speaking in tongues soon came to be all the rage. When the temple was dedicated at Kirtland, Young "made an address which neither he nor anyone else could understand." On one occasion, an inspired female leapt up and shrieked, "Melai, Meli, Melee!"; then a *rara avis* among Mormons—a man with a sense of humor—waggishly stated that "the gift of interpretation of tongues" was upon him, and translated the lady's screech into "my leg, my thigh, my knee." For this he was called before the council, but he steadfastly reiterated that his translation was divinely directed and was let off with an admonition.

As the Mormons were forced to make one hegira after another, Young's star continued in the ascen-

dency. Driven out of Western New York in the early thirties, they tarried for some years at Kirtland; but by January, 1838, Kirtland, with its newly completed $40,000 temple, had to be abandoned. In order to finance a land-speculation scheme, Smith had founded a bank which, it had been divinely revealed to him, "would swallow up all other banks"; but unfortunately the bank itself was swallowed up by irate creditors whom he found it convenient not to repay. The Prophet was then forced to flee on horseback, although he explained that his flight was governed by the words of Jesus: "When they persecute you in one city, flee ye to another." Then followed a year of hectic wanderings through Missouri, where the Mormons were driven from county to county: the Missourians believed that the Mormons were seeking political control with even more fervor than they sought religious proselytes; the Mormons believed that the Missouri "mobs" of indignant Christians were inspired by the devil—and both were apparently right. Hostilities resulted, and Governor Boggs finally stated that the Mormons *"must be exterminated or driven from the State."* They naturally chose to be driven out; and by April, 1839, they reached Illinois in an almost destitute condition.

But now, for the first time, fortune seemed to smile upon them. A residence of six months in Illinois gave the right to vote; and the vote of some thousands of Mormons was not to be despised. Hardly had they settled at Nauvoo, on the east bank of the Mississippi, when Whigs and Democrats alike began to fawn on them. Smith, who was appointed "Lieutenant Gen-

eral" of Nauvoo, played his hand so well that for several years both parties wheedled, scraped and genuflected before him. It was only natural that such flattery went to his addled head; that he overplayed his hand until both Democrats and Whigs grew suspicious of him; that finally, with superb self-assurance, he included both parties in a comprehensive damnation and ran for President himself—and thus brought about his own downfall. In 1844 he exceeded the bounds of authority given him, by calling upon his Nauvoo Legion to suppress a local journal that was accusing the Mormon leaders of counterfeiting and criminal speculations in church property. Charged with treason in levying war against the State, the Prophet, with his brother Hyrum, was jailed. On June 27 a mob broke into the jail, and, by means of several bullets, instantaneously forced the "Buckler of Jehovah" to lay down his arms and earthly cares, and depart to dwell with his right-hand man forever. A new leader had to be chosen—the hour of fate had struck for Brigham Young.

Fate, however, was aided considerably by Young himself. The news of the murder reached him in the East, where he was campaigning for the election of the Prophet to the presidency; but, inasmuch as the Prophet had been elected to an even higher position, Young's labors were no longer necessary and he journeyed posthaste to Nauvoo, where he arrived on August 6. On the morning of the 8th his opportunity came, and he seized it with the avidity of the born commander of men. Sidney Rigdon, the "brains of Mormonism," was the only one of the Trinity who

remained alive, and Young was President of the Twelve; the question was, which one ought by right to be elevated to the now vacant apex of the religious triangle? Rigdon declared that knowledge had been vouchsafed him in a vision that he should be the supreme guardian of the church; but Rigdon was not astute enough to see that visions were the special prerogative of the deceased Prophet—what was now wanted was not a visionary, but a man of compelling force and dauntless determination. "Attention all!" The voice of Young rang out above the assembly. "Here is Brigham, have his knees ever faltered? Have his lips ever quivered? . . . Elder Rigdon claims to be a spokesman to the Prophet. Very well, he was; but can he now act in office? If he wants now to be a spokesman to the Prophet, he must go to the other side of the veil, for the Prophet is there; but Elder Rigdon is here. Why will Elder Rigdon be a fool? I am plain. I will ask, who has stood next to Joseph and Hyrum? I have, and I will stand next to them." Just then a wondrous miracle occurred. "As Brigham proceeded," we are assured, "his whole being became transfigured; his face shone like an angel's; his form seemed to dilate and expand, as though he were being lifted from the floor; his voice changed; his look, his very manner was that of another. IT WAS JOSEPH, NOT BRIGHAM, WHO WAS SPEAKING! Thousands saw it and testified to its truth."

Who could doubt it? Young had triumphed, and Rigdon fled to Pittsburgh and apostatized; but it is comforting to learn that he soon received the just reward of the wicked. One night, while asleep, he was

aroused by a mighty shake and awoke to feel the hand of Satan on his collar. The devil "proceeded to tilt up the bed and handle Sidney most roughly; and then, taking him by the legs, trundled him down the stairs as one would drag a wheelbarrow behind him, without mercy on the gray head as it thumped every step; and, finally, landing the sufferer in the street, disappeared *'like smoke.'*"

The transmigratory process that had metamorphosed Young into Smith was, of course, not permanent; for the second time the Prophet ascended to heaven, to return no more, and Young stepped back into his own shoes. He was crafty enough to realize that his *forte* lay, not in divinely inspired and no less divinely ungrammatical revelations, but in acting as executor of the Prophet's teachings. On August 15 he spoke thus: "Let no man presume for a moment that his [Smith's] place will be filled by another; for, *remember he stands in his own place,* and always will. . . ." On a previous occasion he had been even more explicit: "The doctrine he [Smith] teaches is all I know about the matter; bring anything against it that you can. As to anything else, I do not care if he acts like a devil; he has brought forth a doctrine that will save us if we will abide by it. He may get drunk every day of his life, sleep with his neighbor's wife every night, run horses and gamble, I do not care anything about that. . . ." How, indeed, could Young have expected to better such a many-sided philosophy?

On December 24, 1847, Young was finally elected to the position of President of the Mormon Trinity. His comment upon his election was eminently in keep-

ing with the comments of many other successful presidential candidates. "This is one of the happiest days of my life," he said.

But his happiness as leader was considerably toned down by a sense of his responsibilities. The sympathy that had been aroused for the Mormons because of the persecutions they had suffered, and because of the halo of martyrdom that now encircled the "Great Martyr of the Nineteenth Century"—a sympathy that had made many new converts—was, after all, not lasting. Renewed persecutions arose, even more violent than any that had thus far injured them; it was evident that another exodus must be undertaken. But this would be the last. The Children of Israel were determined not to pause on their journey through the Wilderness until the Promised Land was reached; and fortunately they had a Moses to lead them.

And so there began one of the most remarkable migrations known to history. Some twenty thousand people, whose appalling ignorance was matched only by an equally appalling enthusiasm for their religion, abandoned Nauvoo "The Beautiful," abandoned almost all their personal effects, and started, mostly on foot, upon a two thousand mile journey through a country almost entirely unexplored, through shaggy forests and long stretches of arid wastes, toward an indefinite Utopia. The privations they endured were almost incredible: driven finally from their homes by a besieging artillery force, they fled in utter confusion across the Mississippi; whole families fled with only so many of their possessions as they could carry by hand; the sick and wounded were carried on litters.

Then, company by company, they journeyed toward that vague place called "California"—a term that included nearly one-third of the United States. A large part of the journey was accomplished in mid-winter; snow, rain, mud, swollen rivers and treacherous ice alternately threatened them; to wake in the morning and find the bedding frozen stiff was a common occurrence. But the fire of a feverish faith burnt within their souls; and, like a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, Brigham Young led them on. Back and forth across the trackless wilds he journeyed, comforting the sick, chiding the discouraged, and commending the strong. His own comment epitomizes the spirit of the entire expedition: "It looks pleasant ahead, but dark to look back. . . . The Lord is with us, and praised be his name, all is well. Glory! Hallelujah! And I think I shall feel more so when we get a few miles farther west."

They all felt more so; for, whether or no Young was inspired by genuine faith, he was certainly gifted with a great deal of hard-headed common sense. In order to mitigate the hardships of the journey, he organized "Traveling Stakes of Zion"—temporary camps, where the slower travelers could find definite shelter and provisions. And he varied the monotony of incessant labor, exhortations, hymns and prayers with entertainments of a decidedly worldly nature. Many a dreary evening was lightened when, with the highest Mormon dignitaries setting an example, the refugees clicked their heels to the tune of "Virginia reels and Copenhagen jigs."

On July 24, 1847, the "Promised Land" was first

sighted. Young had answered the petitions of anxious disciples, who wanted to know how he would recognize the holy spot, by stating that the Lord would direct him. Suddenly, on that day, the valley of the Great Salt Lake, "held in reserve by God, as a resting place for his Saints," came into view; and, like his prototype, the modern Moses knew that he was on Mount Pisgah, though he happened just then to be lying on his back in a carriage and suffering from "mountain fever." An encampment was made on the place where Salt Lake City now stands; and on the following Sunday, after the pioneers had "shaved and cleaned up," the President, still "too feeble to stand, sat in his armchair and laid down the law." The land, he said, was to be free; none could buy and none could sell; but every one should have his share measured out to him. Several days later he made a portentous remark; he "observed that he intended to have every hole and corner from the Bay of San Francisco to Hudson Bay. . . ." By September, 1848, the last company of straggling Mormons had reached the "Promised Land"; the last exodus of the "Chosen Race" was finished; but the career of Brigham Young had only commenced.

II

ALTHOUGH the Mormons were now on the threshold of a new era—an era destined to make them a political and social force that still holds sway—the prospect for them was discouraging in the extreme; the exigencies of the situation were formidable enough to have palsied the stoutest hearts. Like the Pilgrim Fathers of old,

they were arrayed against nature—virgin, hostile and forbidding. Fertile valleys were few; they had few implements of agriculture or of the handicrafts in general; they knew almost nothing about the soil and the climate. For the first few years, they trembled almost daily on the brink of material ruin: droughts, only partially alleviated by irrigation, stunted or killed their grains, and grasshoppers devoured a large part of what was left; timber was scarce, and at first their dwellings were made of adobe bricks, while chests and barrels served for tables and mere bunks served for beds. But always, everywhere, the form of Brigham Young dominated the scene. His youthful training now came to his aid, and he shared in the common labor of building houses and cultivating land; he praised the industrious, and scourged the laggards and fault-finders with all the force of his bizarre, graphic and powerful rhetoric. When complainers accused him of despotism, he boastfully admitted the charge, and denounced them from the pulpit. "Do you know," he asked, "how I feel when I get such communications? I feel just like rubbing their noses with them." It was, he said, his "privilege to dictate to the church," and, "you have got to bear it, and if you will not, make up your minds to go to hell at once and have done with it. . . ." "You need, figuratively, to have it rain pitchforks, tines downward, from this pulpit, Sunday after Sunday. . . ." "I ask no advice of you nor of all your clan this side of hell." No wonder the transgressors trembled in silence and slunk fearfully away, to sin no more!

Meanwhile something happened that had far-reach-

ing consequences—something that aided Mormonism more than all the revelations of Smith or the labors and censures of Young. Gold was discovered in California, and the first rush of prospectors passed through Salt Lake Valley in 1849. The long journey across the plains had made them almost destitute by the time Mormon territory was reached, and in their frenetic fury they were willing to sacrifice anything—anything —in order to reach the Eldorado of their dreams with all possible haste. Young saw and seized his opportunity: pack horses and mules, worth thirty dollars at most, cost the prospectors $200; flour cost them a dollar a pound. As the years passed, gold-hunters gave way to emigrants who were seeking permanent homes on the coast; thus the harvest of high prices continued to be reaped, and the Mormon coffers continued to swell. When "Gentiles" finally began to settle in Mormon territory, Young fiercely berated their merchants and organized Zion's Coöperative Mercantile Institution which, during his life-time, held competition in check. A large sign, bearing an "all-seeing eye" and the words "Holiness to the Lord," was placed over every Mormon merchant's door. Mormon prices might occasionally be higher than Gentile prices, and some weak Mormons might be tempted with the ubiquitous Gentile weakness of bargain-seeking; but, wherever they went, the terrific all-seeing eye glittered and burnt into their very souls—and so most of them remained unspotted from the world.

Thus, step by step, Young evolved schemes that brought his people out of poverty into affluence; but of what use was material success save it were accompa-

nied by political freedom? Utah had originally been a Mexican province; but the Guadalupe-Hidalgo Treaty of July 4, 1848, brought it under the dominion of the United States. With lightning rapidity the tables had been turned: before the treaty, the Mormons had been practically free from governmental control; now, they were wholly within its grasp. Young decided, also with lightning rapidity, that he wanted an independent state government, not a mere territorial organization. But the population of Utah was far too small to warrant its admission as a state of the Union; a greater number of residents was therefore necessary, and Young was determined to get them by hook or crook.

With this end in view, he proceeded, first of all, to offer every possible inducement to Mormons in foreign lands in order that they might be tempted into coming to Utah. Mormon missionaries were instructed to belittle the rigors of settlement life, and to paint a glowing picture of the Garden of Eden that awaited them. Who could resist the seductive appeal of such a verse as this, taken from a Mormon hymn which Mormons themselves agreed was a "poem, vast in compass of idea, if not strictly artistic in versification"?

> Come, ye Christian sects and pagans,
> Indians, Moslems, Greek and Jew,
> Worshipers of God or Dagon,
> Freedom's banner waves for you.

It was pointed out that the end of the world was imminent—wars, anarchy, persecutions, fire and sword were to desolate the earth—and surely, when all people

except Mormons were calling upon the mountains and the rocks to hide them from the wrath of God, all good Mormons would want to gather on the only earthly spot on which the Lord would smile. Such material and spiritual persuasions were naturally successful, and boatload after boatload came. Young at first furnished the travelers with wagons and teams for the exhausting pilgrimage from the East to the West; but this proved to be too expensive, and finally he provided only handcarts, with the cheering exhortation, "Let the emigrants foot it." They did foot it—as many as were strong; but fever, cold and even starvation killed the weak by the score, and the trail became dotted with rude crosses marking the graves of the unfortunate. By 1852, in spite of all efforts only some six thousand, most of whom were unwed women, had reached Utah. The population was increasing far too slowly to suit Young's wishes; but it must—it *must*—be increased, and he therefore played his trump card—polygamy.

Fortunately, the Prophet himself had made the playing of the card easy. To be sure Smith had stated, both in the Book of Mormon and in other revelations, that it was highly immoral for a man to have more than one wife. Nevertheless, in spite of his warnings, the official church publication had admitted that "many yielded to the spirit of adultery" in the early days at Kirtland; at Kirtland, also, Smith had been forced to divulge a special revelation for the benefit of a high church dignitary: "Commit no adultery, a temptation with which thou hast been troubled." Perhaps he brooded too much on such matters; at any rate, his own handsome face and figure, and his tempestuous

emotionalism, soon brought the "American Mohammed" into difficulties. He was discovered in a decidedly compromising situation with a half-witted girl in an out-house; he visited the wife of a Mormon friend in the middle of the night, and she admitted that "Joseph had asked her to give him half her love; she was at liberty to keep the other half for her husband"; and his fame spread abroad in the land. The situation was very satisfactorily summed up by an irascible Mormon lady, when she observed that Smith "either must have been a polygamist or something infinitely worse." When women accused him of attempted seduction, he replied that his actions had been prompted wholly by a praiseworthy desire to "see if they were virtuous"; his audacity, in fact, was surpassed only by one of his close friends, who rashly attempted to teach the doctrine of love to some women who, Smith had determined, were to be his own exclusive pupils. Finally, in order to save his face, he decided that he must explode another celestial bomb, which would destroy all previous revelations concerning a plurality of wives; and on July 12, 1843, there appeared in Nauvoo a "Revelation on the Eternity of the Marriage Covenant, including Plurality of Wives. Given by Joseph, the Seer. . . ." Its chief arguments were as follows: "there were a number of spirits to be born into the world before their exaltation in the next; that Christ would not come until all these spirits received or entered their 'Tabernacles of Clay'; that these spirits were hovering around the world, and at the door of bad houses, waiting a chance of getting into their tabernacles; that God had provided an honorable way for

them to come forth—that was, by the Elders in Israel sealing up virtuous women; and as there was no provision made for woman in the Scriptures, their only chance of heaven was to be sealed up to some Elder for time and eternity, and be a star in his crown forever; that those who were the cause of bringing forth these spirits would receive a reward, the ratio of which reward should be the greater or less according to the number they were the means of bringing forth." Inasmuch as the Prophet's wife, Emma, was already rebellious because of his various escapades, the Prophet was particularly pleased when the Lord spoke through his servant's lips in this wise: "I command mine handmaid, Emma Smith, to abide and cleave unto my servant Joseph, and to none else . . . if she will not abide this commandment, she shall be destroyed, saith the Lord. . . ." Nevertheless, Emma refused to abide, for she knew "her husband's nature too well to believe in the divine origin of the system"; she therefore threatened to get another husband in retaliation; but she threatened in vain, and was obliged to live in the knowledge that the Prophet was "practicing his new religious duties" with other women. One is not surprised to learn that, when she heard of his violent death, she "appeared remarkably resigned. She afterwards married a Gentile, and disavowed Mormonism." Nor is one surprised to learn that she burnt the original revelation; that Young kept the copy for years carefully locked up in his private desk, on which he put a patent lock; and that he once heatedly observed that Emma was "a liar, yes, the damnedest liar that lived," and added that she had tried to poison the Prophet.

Young himself admitted that he was a doubter, and that he suffered much anguish of spirit, when the Prophet had revealed the new teaching. "It was the first time in my life," he lamented, "that I desired the grave, and I could hardly get over it for a long time. . . . And I have had to examine myself from that day to this, and watch my faith and carefully meditate, lest I should be found desiring the grave more than I ought to." By August, 1852, his meditations had proved to be so successful that he had consummated marriages with over twenty women, six of whom were widows of the Prophet; and in the same month he publicly read the revelation, for by this time he had come to realize that it was none of his business. "'Twas the Lord's concern. He had revealed the order of celestial marriage to Joseph. That was the end of all controversy."

Moreover, according to Young, each member of the Holy Trinity was strongly interested in the matter. "You think our Father and our God is not a lively, sociable, and cheerful man," he once stated. "He is one of the most lively men that ever lived!" God, in fact, was merely a glorified and polygamous Adam, as Young proclaimed in a sermon: "When our father Adam came into the Garden of Eden, he came into it with a *celestial body,* and brought Eve, *one of his wives,* with him. . . . *He is our FATHER and our GOD, and the only God with whom we have to do.*" In another sermon, he declared that "Jesus Christ was a practical polygamist; Mary and Martha, the sisters of Lazarus, were his plural wives, and Mary Magdalene was another." In still another sermon,

he announced his reason for believing that the baptism of Mormon women by the Holy Ghost would be highly inexpedient. "If the Son was begotten by the Holy Ghost, it would be very dangerous to baptize and confirm the females and give the Holy Ghost to them, lest he should beget children, to be palmed upon the Elders by the people, bringing the Elders into great difficulties." Furthermore, Young was convinced, both by experience and observation, that incontinence among men was general; he was familiar with the teaching of the Apostle Paul concerning incontinence; he noted that the shrewd Apostle, in stating that it was better to marry than to burn, had not necessarily insisted upon monogamy. It was thus evident that heaven looked with entire favor upon the new doctrine; that it would even cast into outer darkness those who refused to bear the cross of polygamy. The pathway to salvation was clear; virgins—over-ripe, perhaps, but nevertheless indubitable virgins—were waiting, numerous and unafraid; and Brigham Young expected every man to do his duty.

His expectations were realized. In case any married men were timid or lacking in desire, he would cheer them up by saying that all Mormons "were boys under a hundred years of age," and would then urge them to "live up to their privileges." Inasmuch as any unmarried woman had the right to demand a man for matrimonial uses "on the ground of the privilege of salvation" (although it was rumored that some maiden ladies needed no spiritual persuasions whatever), the President had the authority to compel some man to marry the woman—if the man refused, he was re-

quired to show "just cause." But the men rarely objected; and Mormon wives soon learnt that their husbands, when about to take other wives, showed never-failing symptoms. They would awake suddenly to a sense of their duties; they would have serious misgivings as to whether the Lord would pardon them if they neglected to live up to their privileges; they would be frequently absent from home, attending (so they would say) religious meetings. In accordance with time-honored precedent, the men of money and power were naturally most successful in winning the pick of the flock, both in quality and in quantity. One Elder, indeed, was held up to emulation because of his "forty-two, more or less" wives; another Elder was pitied and called an "old bachelor" because he had secured only a mere baker's dozen. Even married women were stricken with the prevalent fever, for "some women, distrusting the title of their spouses to enter [heaven] at all, have been desirous to take hold of the skirt of an apostle or high-priest of superior credentials. . . ." When women objected to the presence of other wives in their houses, Brigham told them that "they had no business to complain; it was quite enough honor for them to be permitted to bear children to God's holy Priesthood." The intimacies of family life in much-married households caused some very perplexing problems to arise; and one wife was everywhere praised on account of the ease with which she solved one particular difficulty. "When my husband intends going to Sarah's apartment," she explained, "we first kneel down and have prayers; then he takes me in his arms and blesses me, and after our

usual good-night kiss we part, happy in each other's love; and why should there be any trouble?"

Nevertheless, there was trouble. It is true that, once the new doctrine was in vogue, there was little conventional immorality; the Mormon claim that polygamy saved women from prostitution was certainly valid, and the institution of Christian bordelloes was, from any point of view, wholly unnecessary. But in the matter of divorce Utah was as orthodox as the average Christian community. According to the revelation, people were "married" merely for time, but were "sealed" for eternity. The "sealing," therefore, was by far the more important ceremony, and was performed in strict secrecy, to the accompaniment of many oaths, cabalistic mutterings, and (if apostates can be believed) aphrodisiacal and voodooistic rituals. All sorts of complications arose; if, for example, a wife disliked her husband and petitioned to be sealed to a more desirable man, the church would seal her to him—a marriage "actual in every sense." Hence there were constant requests for divorces; and they were made just as easy to obtain as marriage certificates. Young alone had the sole authority to grant divorces, which he readily did—for a consideration. He charged ten dollars for divorcing those who were married only for time, and fifty dollars for divorcing those who were married for eternity. Once, in the course of a Tabernacle sermon, he remarked that the money earned in this way "came in very conveniently as pin-money for his wives"—for he had now come to be "a firm believer in the doctrine, and, as in other matters, showed his faith by his works." Not the least of the

troubles of polygamy came from the multitudes of children; for the little spirits hovering around the earth, and at the doors of bad houses, now had unusual opportunities to get into their tabernacles of clay, and they began to appear in droves. Within a few years, it was almost impossible to supply the demand for baby-carriages and midwives; but Young met the situation handily. He compelled one of the ancients in his harem—who, as he said, had "had her day"—to learn midwifery so that she might minister to his other wives during their *accouchements;* and the poor woman almost always had her hands full. But the children were harder to manage; it was impossible to care for them at home, and they ran wild in the streets, until, according to a fairly reliable authority of the time, "every visitor proclaims them to be the most whisky-loving, tobacco-chewing, saucy and precocious children he ever saw."

And there were plenty of other troubles for Young to face, besides those arising from polygamy. Among his motley collection of followers, there were naturally some who found it rather difficult to abide steadfastly in the fullness of faith. Not long after Smith's death, Young had found it necessary to remark: "Elders who go to borrowing horses or money, and running away with it, will be cut off from the church without any ceremony. *They will not have as much lenity as heretofore.*" But it seems that the chaste refinement and scrupulous purity of Young's diction, both in public and private, fell upon dull and unresponsive ears, for in 1852 he said: "You Elders of Israel will go into the cañons and curse and swear—damn and curse your

oxen, and swear by Him who created you. I am telling the truth. Yes, you rip and curse and swear as bad as any pirates ever did." Yet his protestations were vain; and eventually, since attempts at compromise had failed, he wisely turned tail completely and gloried openly in the peccadilloes of his compatriots. "I have many a time," he said in a sermon in 1856, "dared the world to produce as *mean devils* as we can—we can beat them at anything. We have the greatest and smoothest liars in the world, the cunningest and most adroit thieves, and any other shade of character that you can mention. We can pick out Elders in Israel right here who can beat the world at gambling; who can handle the cards; can cut and shuffle them with the smartest rogue on the face of God's footstool. . . . We can beat them *because we have men here that live in the light of the Lord.*" And all the swearers, horse-thieves, mean devils, liars and gamblers in the congregation smiled complacently, and continued to live in the light of the Lord.

By 1855 Young was "king, priest, lawgiver and chief polygamist" in Utah; but still his difficulties were not ended. Apostasy, an ever present snake in the grass of fair Mormon meadows, still reared its ugly head. Thus far it had been merely scotched, not killed; its head had frequently been bruised, but its tail still wiggled maliciously. Young, however, was fully determined that its head should be cut off. He began his attack by darkly hinting that some vague but terrible punishment impended over the faithless. In 1855 he said in the Tabernacle: "If a man rebels, I will tell him of it, and if he resents a timely warning,

he is unwise . . . I have never yet shed man's blood, and I pray God that I never may, unless it is actually necessary." A year later: "Are you for God? . . . if you are not heartily on the Lord's side, you will be hewn down." "There are sins that men commit," he explained, "for which they cannot receive forgiveness in this world nor in that which is to come; and, if they had their eyes open to see their true condition, they would be perfectly willing to have their blood spilt upon the ground, that the smoke thereof might ascend to heaven for their sins. . . ." To illustrate what Christ meant by loving our neighbors as ourselves, he said: "Will you love your brother and sister likewise when they have committed a sin that cannot be atoned for without the shedding of blood? Will you love that man or woman well enough to shed their blood? That is what Jesus Christ meant. . . ." Finally, he spoke without a touch of vagueness: "Rather than apostates shall flourish here, I will unsheathe my bowie-knife, and conquer or die. . . . Such a man should be cut off just below the ears."

At length, when a "Reformation"—a movement of secession—started, Mormon love for fellow-sinners seems to have waxed very strong. The effusions of self-confessed murderers, who turned State's evidence in order to secure personal immunity, or in the hope of securing such immunity, must, however, be taken with a great deal of caution. In particular, one of Young's "Destroying Angels," the notorious Bill Hickman, showed so much apparent satisfaction in stating that he had "socked away" a certain apostate in obedience to Young's express command, that one suspects

he may very probably have indulged in slaughter without any inducement save the sheer fun it gave him. Devout despisers of Mormons have been only too ready to believe, on very circumstantial evidence, that the famous "Mountain Meadows Massacre," in which some one hundred and forty Christian emigrants were butchered, was inspired by Brigham Young; at all events, it is certain that his pulpit teachings justified the killing of both Christians and apostates; it is certain, moreover, that excessive indulgence in abnormal psychic and sexual practices often ends in a sadistic mania. His teachings, furthermore, might well have justified another practice of which jealous and decrepit Elders were frequently accused: the practice of emasculating lusty youths who desired to marry handsome young women whom the Elders wished to add to their own menageries. In one case of this sort, after the operation had been savagely performed with a bowie-knife, it was stated that the young lady in the affair yielded graciously to the hoary Elder's wishes "when she knew that her lover was no longer a *man*."

But the chief thorn that rankled in Young's flesh was the United States' Government itself. In 1850 President Fillmore had appointed Young Governor of the territory of Utah; absolute religious and civil authority was now his; and before long certain Gentile officials whom Fillmore had designated to serve under him were treated with a discourtesy that soon grew into active hostility. By 1856 President Buchanan was moved to state, in his first message to congress, that "there no longer remained any government in Utah but the despotism of Brigham Young." In the

following year it was officially declared that the civil government of Utah was in a state of rebellion; a federal Governor was appointed, and a force of United States troops was sent to occupy Mormon territory. At this juncture Young showed of what metal he was made. He would, he declared, "ask no odds of Uncle Sam or the devil"; he issued an injunction forbidding "all armed forces of every description from coming into the Territory," and declared martial law; he warned the advancing army of "blacklegs, black-hearted scoundrels, whoremasters, and murderers" that, if it came on, it would "find Utah a desert, every house will be burnt to the ground, every tree cut down, and every field laid waste." And he meant precisely what he said; for to have permitted a federal Governor and federal forces to assume control of the territory would have meant an end to Young's rule. Events favored him, for Civil War was threatening and the government, fearing that all its troops would soon be needed in an immeasurably greater struggle, drew in its horns and surrendered to one man. It covered the defeat, however, by making a show of reluctance in withdrawing the troops, and by offering a presidential "pardon" to the rebellious Mormons. When the federal Governor assured Young that he would "hold sacred the amnesty and pardon by the President of the United States, by God, sir, yes," Young sneered in his face and replied, "We know all about it, Governor." It was not strange that Young remarked, "all hell cannot overthrow us, even with the United States troops to help them"; nor was it strange that, when the question concerning Mormon participation in the

Civil War arose, he publicly boasted: "Let the present administration ask us for a thousand men, or even five hundred, and I'd see them damned first, and then they could not have them." A "Theo-Democracy" that had gloried in secession, and had utilized involuntary negro labor as a matter of custom, holding that the "negro is cursed as to the priesthood, and must always be a servant wherever his lot is cast . . ." could not be expected to have much interest in the preservation of the Union. And so, in spite of federal troops and a federal Governor, Young continued to be the real Governor of Utah. Washington itself had capitulated to the crook of his little finger; there was, as some one remarked, "no longer Mormonism; there was only Brighamism."

III

As the years crept by, Young's difficulties diminished and the plenitude of his power increased. Under his leadership Mormonism, whose origins were so close to the burlesque that its neophytes had been openly scoffed and derided, had grown into such a powerful organization that it was admittedly feared and bitterly hated by the whole nation. He had been tested in every way and had not been found wanting; individuals and governments had yielded equally to his might; in the end the "Old Boss" so dazzled the minds of his subjects that he became indistinguishable from God. In the early days he had shared in their labors and endured all the privations of toil and penury; now he lived at ease in what was virtually a palace. Dwelling thus like a medieval baron with his serfs around him,

and preaching a faith that was even more archaic, he was nevertheless a modernist of the moderns in his quick appreciation of the benefits that would accrue to him from the utilization of progressive scientific inventions—the transcontinental railway, the express company, the telegraph—the thousand and one blessings of modern civilization. In this field alone, he worked hand in hand with the accursed Gentiles; and both he and the Gentiles profited exceedingly thereby. He even condescended so far as to entertain certain distinguished non-Mormon guests: Horace Greeley found him, in 1860, appearing "to enjoy life, and to be in no particular hurry to get to heaven"; and Richard Burton discovered that a conversation with him was almost as hilarious an experience as the absolutely literal translation of the "Arabian Nights."

With ever increasing fervor, Young still continued to preach the gospel according to Joseph. Every Sunday, from the pulpit in the Tabernacle, his sermons rained down upon a huge sea of faces. First, a band would play some lively music; a clerk would read the necessary announcements; and then every sound ceased as the Lion of the Lord strode to the platform. His preparations for speaking were deliberate; he would expectorate into a concealed spittoon, take a few sips of water, and launch forth. The strong, sonorous voice carried his fluently impromptu remarks, with their incorrect colloquialisms and picturesque phraseology, to the farthest corner of the holy building; the gestures were easy and seldom violent; the frequent mimicry of some unfortunate Mormon aroused bursts of appreciative laughter. Every eye was fastened on

him; rarely did a single glance wander from the stately figure, now tending to portliness. Those nearest the pulpit would gaze fondly upon the beloved countenance, and note every detail: the wavy, light-colored hair, barely streaked with gray, the steely-blue eyes and the slight droop of the left eyelid, the large, mildly hooked nose that bent a little to the left, the broad but thin lips, the imperfect teeth in the lower jaw, and the fringe of decidedly prophet-like whiskers that encircled the lower part of the chin and the cheeks. A few unsympathetic women might think that the face was cold, placid and bloodless, that there was a sinister glitter in the slanting eyes, and that perhaps he "would have been good-looking had he looked pleasant"; but they were in the minority.

As his years increased, so did his wives and children; for he had come to be "an indefatigable disciple of the Celestial Marriage system." Even as early as 1860, he could say to Greeley: "I have fifteen [wives]; I know no one who has more. But some . . . are old ladies whom I regard rather as mothers than wives. . . ." Eventually, one of his moderately young mothers caused him a great deal of trouble. In 1873 Ann Eliza Young, "Wife No. 19," sued him for divorce. The suit dragged on until 1877, when it was decreed that the polygamous marriage was void, and the costs of the case were charged to Young. In the intervening years, Ann Eliza, who, as she herself remarked, was "prepossessing in appearance" and a "perfect Griselda" in patience, had become a Methodist and therefore, inevitably, a staunch lecturer against Mormonism. She was even bold enough to speak in

the theater that Young had built so that the Mormons could have "holy fun", but she had cost him a pretty penny, and (if her word is to be believed) he proceeded to get his revenge by commanding a number of his daughters to attend her exhibition, sit in the front row, and make faces at her.

Two elegant houses, the "Lion House" and the "Bee-Hive," sheltered most of the modern Solomon's brood, although some who had had their day were boarded out at their own expense. It is gratifying to learn that each of the wives had a separate sleeping apartment, "except . . . discarded ones who slept by twos." He kept no servants—and why should he have kept any when the two houses were full of women? His favorite wife, whoever she happened to be, lived in ease and luxury. Amelia, the favorite of favorites, was allowed special privileges: she called him "Briggy"; often, in the evening, she would sit in his lap, lovingly pinch his cheeks, curl his hair, and fix it up with papers and hairpins; meanwhile the Lion of the Lord purred with pleasure and stroked her gently with his amorous paws.

But those who were not in favor had to do all the cooking, spinning, knitting and quilting, and in general all the duties of the huge households. Naturally, there were bickerings among them; finally, conditions became so bad that Young felt called upon to rebuke his wives publicly from the pulpit: "my wives have got to do one of two things; either round up their shoulders to endure the afflictions of this world, and live their religion, or they may leave, for I will not have them about me. I will go into heaven alone, rather than

have scratching and fighting all around me. . . . Sisters, I am not joking." At mealtimes the whole family gathered in one large hall; but "Briggy" and his favorite sat at a small table at the head of the dining-room, while the others, with their children clustering around them, completely filled both sides of two long tables running lengthwise. Here, after saying an inclusive grace, he dined at ease, with one eye on his favorite and the other sweeping from one head to another. His admirers affirm that he was ascetic in his tastes—that his chief food was baked potatoes, buttermilk and water—but certain disgruntled ones tell a different story. He is pictured as having said: "Cut me a chunk off the breast of the turkey, and a piece of the loin of one of the fat kids, and put some rich gravy over it"; and "Wife No. 19" claims that his own little table habitually groaned under a weight of delicacies, while the two family tables were very frugal in appearance. Once, we are told, a certain luckless mother arose and stalked boldly to his table, whence she stole a few choice morsels; and the Lion was so surprised at her effrontery that he could only glare in speechless amazement. No one knows precisely what followed; but it was noted that the daring woman appeared very crestfallen for several days, and that she never repeated the grave offense.

Young's daily life in his old age was simple and orderly. He rose a little past seven, and was usually at his office by nine; he then worked with his secretary for an hour, and was ready for his barber by ten—no visitor, however important, was ever allowed to interfere with the barber's task. The rest of the

day was devoted largely to callers, who came in tremendous numbers. At seven in the evening the bell rang for family prayers, and all the wives and children came trooping in. Young sat in the center of the room, read a few selections from the Bible, and then led in prayer; the women, ranged around the entire room, knelt in perfect silence, while, behind most of the seventeen-odd skirts, from two to five cherubic faces peeped out apprehensively at their common father. That was the last time that his wives saw him for the day, "unless they had occasion to seek him privately."

At last, in 1877, Young's previously ardent desire for the grave was granted. His will, of course, had already been made; and it showed that "Honest Brigham Young," who during the first fifty years of his life had worked like a common laborer for his daily bread, had acquired an estate worth nearly $3,000,000. The communistic principle upon which Mormonism was founded had apparently offered no obstacle to Young: he owned many city blocks, farms, grist and saw mills; the territorial legislature had made continual grants of property to him; no one except himself knew what became of the tithes that every Mormon had to pay into the church treasury—he never rendered an account of the money thus received. Perhaps it was not without reason that, over the desk in his private office, a pistol and rifle habitually hung within ready reach, and that armed guards were stationed close at hand.

On August 23, having eaten a hearty dinner of green corn and peaches, he was attacked by cholera

morbus and for five days grew steadily worse. Various brethren laid their hands on him in the hope of effecting a cure, but, strangely enough, without any result; and finally, at his own request, opium was administered. His last words, spoken in a semi-stupor, were, "I feel better." At 4 P. M., on the twenty-ninth, with "no tremor, no contortion," he died.

The funeral, held four days later, was magnificently attended; all of his seventeen surviving wives, "not including Ann Eliza," his sixteen sons and his twenty-eight daughters, "with few exceptions," were present, together with thousands of mourning admirers. Decidedly the most noteworthy feature of the occasion was the reading of Young's own painstaking directions concerning his burial—a remarkable document, which he had drawn up with great care in 1873: "When I breathe my last, I wish my friends to put my body in as clean and wholesome a state as can conveniently be done. . . . I want my coffin made of plain one-and-a-quarter redwood boards, not scrimped in length, but two inches longer than I would measure, and from two to three inches wider than is commonly made for a person of my breadth and size, and deep enough to place me on a little comfortable cotton bed, with a good suitable pillow in size and quality; my body dressed in my Temple clothing and laid nicely into my coffin, and the coffin to have the appearance that if I wanted to turn a little to the right or to the left I should have plenty of room to do so", and the coffin was to be covered with "as fine dry earth as can be had."

Why, one wonders, all this solicitude for bedroom

comforts in the grave? Does it argue an instinctive desire on his part to frustrate the corruption of mortality—or, perhaps, a doubt as to the resurrection of the body—perhaps even a definite hope that he would not rise at all, and would therefore elude the spiritual embraces of many who fondly expected to meet him within the golden gate? Doubtless there was method in this seeming madness; for it was known that, at the time of his death, he was "sealed on the spiritual wife system to more women than anyone can count; all over Mormondom are pious old widows, or wives of Gentiles and apostates, who hope to rise at the last day and claim a celestial share in Brigham."

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FRANCES E. WILLARD

I

PRECISELY seven years after the death of Frances E. Willard, her carven image was unveiled in Statuary Hall, Washington. On that day—it was February 17, 1905—the nation's capital was the scene of an unprecedented episode; the city had not been "so crowded since the funeral of President McKinley as it was today," runs a contemporary account. It was not, then, the crowd itself that was without precedent; it was its composition. For it was made up of women—women who represented the most widely-diversified types, who had come flocking from every direction to the national capital, and who all vibrated with the same emotional urge: admiration for the winsome little woman who had been immortalized with as much of immortality as stone is able to confer.

The ladies thus assembled for a peaceful and laudatory purpose interrupted, thoughtlessly but none the less effectually, the commonly placid and uneventful course of many a Senator and Congressman. Those unfortunate gentlemen, who were busily devoting themselves to the work of serving their nation with that complete self-abnegation and pure disinterestedness of purpose, to which, as they have so frequently assured their constituents, all their energies are zealously consecrated, looked with amazement and perturbation

of spirit upon strange hordes of enthusiastic females who eddied and swirled through the solemn governmental halls, prying into nooks and byways hitherto inviolably masculine. At length, overwhelmed by sheer weight of numbers and galvanized into precipitate action by the instinct of self-preservation, the hapless males shook off the numbing horror that had held them tranced and, like guilty culprits, fled for safety to the only masculine shrine that offered absolute protection. Eventually, with equanimity at least partially restored, they ventured forth with some trepidation to listen to one of their number who was to make the unveiling speech. The honorable dignitary who performed this task began by saying, "Mr. President: From the beginning woman has personified the world's ideals." This sentiment found complete favor among his audience; at any rate, no rude and disconcerting person interrupted to inquire whether, for instance, Cleopatra, Messalina, Lucrezia Borgia and Nell Gwyn were included in this rather sweeping generalization; and the orator was therefore emboldened to proceed with his entire speech just as it had previously been written, and which in no way belied the opening sentence. At its conclusion, accordingly, everyone felt that the affair, despite its tempestuous beginning, had been entirely satisfactory; both the Senate and the House adjourned until the next day in honor of the unusual occasion; and the female battalions shortly dispersed and returned, complacent and serene, to their respective homes.

One statement made by the master of ceremonies on that noteworthy day had particularly pleased them:

"the character of Frances E. Willard is womanhood's apotheosis," he had declared. The phrase might perhaps be a little vague. Did it mean that she had been deified because of her striking personality, her exceptional accomplishments, her world-sweeping vision of humanitarianism, her mastery over thousands of audiences, her tireless and terrific energy, her bitter denunciations of evil; or was it because of something nearer and warmer: her dislike of grandiose display, her sweet nature, her fragility of form and face, her touching little ways—in brief, because of her femininity? For human nature is always complex, always, in greater or less degree, self-contradictory and inconsistent; and the portion of human nature that composed the personality of Frances E. Willard was not simple. Its totality, to be sure, was simple enough in the popular imagination of her day: she seemed to be the personification of consummate feminine excellence in thought, purpose and performance—a trinity of exquisite perfections fused into one radiant personality. So she was at most times; and yet—there are times . . . and times. After all, she was a woman; and women are human beings; and human beings are—human; that is to say, they are frail. Womanhood's apotheosis she may have been; but even the gods themselves seem at times to be almost human. The process of deifying uncommon mortals usually effects a curious and unsatisfying result: the distinctly human part, the interesting part, of the deified being is lost and a cold, repellent monstrosity takes its place—an embodiment of immaculate and frigid faultlessness, without the warmth and charm of frailty.

Thus, in the popular mind of today, Miss Willard lives: a lifeless impersonation of ultimate feminine virtues, a female without flaw, a mere voice crying in the wilderness of nineteenth century intemperance and woman's subjection to man. The people who have written about her were, one might almost say, her worst enemies. Perceiving the necessity of humanizing the austere portrait which a persistently idealizing humanity had imaginatively depicted after her death, they touched up the simulacrum; but the touches were forced and feeble. They damned her with fervent praise. An air of restraint surrounds nearly all of these presumably biographical documents: they dwell on her rather commonplace idiosyncrasies, her daily routine, her harmless peccadilloes. Occasionally, and in an abashed and half-ashamed manner, they permit the reader to peek through the keyhole that locked the door behind which the genuinely vital woman lived; but they permit this, never for the woman's sake, but always for instruction, for the "lesson" of her life. A lesson—indeed, many lessons—may be learnt from her life; but they should be learnt from her *life,* and not from the devitalized creature of spotless and finished goodness which biography has commonly made of her. In truth, the only writer who approached the subject with an open mind confessed that she was almost completely won over before her researches were completed. More than that, Miss Willard's autobiography, with its journalistic ramblings, its potpourri of dates, speeches, homely touches and moralizing precepts, was written for the same purpose for which she lived—to do good. She was an example, she knew it,

and she proposed that others should know it too. Her journal, in its entirety, might tell many unsuspected tales—certainly, some fragments quoted by herself or others make one greedy for more—but upon that document, in its unexpurgated completeness, it may properly be presumed that no devastating masculine eye will ever dwell. But it was dangerous for her to write at all. How often—and how luckily!—did the ink from her morality-dripping pen unconsciously betray her non-moral, her natural self! Yet the casual woman reader seeking for spiritual enlightenment and strength, or the minister looking for easily acquired facts about intemperance to inflict upon a congregation already thoroughly convinced of the necessity for temperance in at least one particular (for these two types include nearly all who have turned the pages of her books), has put the books aside with nothing gained except a sense of that calm self-satisfaction that comes to many mortals from the vicarious experience of living over in their own lives the most striking episodes in the careers of distinguished beings.

Her life has interest for today, as it had interest for yesterday, mainly because of two reasons: her career epitomizes, to a remarkable degree, one of the most interesting developments in a century characterized by an unprecedented diversity of developments—the definite entrance of woman into the field of political and moral reform; in addition, she was a woman who led an unusually rich and varied existence, and she is therefore interesting for her own sake. "I have looked back upon the seven persons whom I know most about," she wrote in her autobiography, "the welcome

child, the romping girl, the happy student, the roving teacher, the tireless traveler, the temperance organizer, and lastly, the politician and advocate of woman's rights!" But her personality was even more multifarious than she indicated; and the contemplative reader may note, as he follows the sinuosities of her development, how an irrepressible eighth person frequently pops up, makes its bow, and cuts a few mischievous pranks before settling back into the seclusion of the land of shadows.

II

She was truly a welcome child. A little sister who preceded her had but lately died, and the bereaved mother often prayed during the months before the birth of Frances that the unborn babe might be a girl. "Is it a little girl?" was her first question after her travail was over, on September 28, 1839, in Churchville, New York. A little brother was very happy too; but he so feared that this new sister would die as the other had done that every morning, without waiting to dress, he would come tumbling into the room crying out, "Ma, is the baby dead?" And, upon learning that it was very much alive, he would still ask, "Ma, is the baby well?"

It was natural that the parents should have intended at first to christen the newcomer Victoria, for the young queen had but recently come to the throne and every newspaper was acclaiming her virtues; but eventually, since it was a family name, and also, as the father said, a "fancy" appellation, the tiny creature

Frances E. Willard

was named Frances. As soon as the little tot had grown out of that stage of red-faced immobility which attends the early period of babyhood, it was remarked that she had blue eyes, delicate features, and a fair complexion, all of which attributes were very good; her waist, however, was rather long and her legs were rather short. Following the first four weeks, she was a "bottle baby," for her mother was not strong; but when she was ten months old she did something that, despite early lapses, symbolized her whole career—she pushed the bottle away and never touched it again. Another curiously symbolic trait soon appeared: she learnt to talk before she could walk—for the strength of her lungs was remarkable, even for a baby. "I declare," her father would say, as night after night he paced the floor with the howling infant whose screams resounded throughout the whole house, "this young one ought to amount to something, she gives trouble enough!" Then he would do his best to soothe her shrieks by heating some milk and feeding it to her through a soft rubber nipple, which was much nicer in every way than the hard chunk of ivory that was ordinarily kept in her mouth in order to facilitate the cutting of her teeth. Two other characteristics, which developed early and persisted through her life, were shown in the form of an abnormal sensitiveness to pain, and complete confidence in others—at least some others—for she suffered severely in teething, and always slept with her hands on her mother's face.

When she was two years old, her parents moved to Oberlin, Ohio, where the romping stage began. And romp she did. She despised indoor games, and played

out of doors with her brother and his playmates so much that she was called "Tomboy" and "Red head"; but, feminine from the first to the last, she resented these titles very keenly. Five years later, the family made a second hegira—this time to "Forest Home," Wisconsin, where she lived, until she was nineteen, the simple life of a country girl. Dishcloths and needles she hated; but she "knew all the carpenter's tools and handled them" in making all sorts of toys; she learnt to milk; she could harness a horse in three minutes; she made and set traps for quail; and she rode "horseback" on a favorite heifer. So it happened that, when she was fifteen, "though in some things very acute, she had the crudeness of penmanship, pastime and manner that belong to childhood."

Her religious development, too, was rather slow. A tendency to doubt and to question, which fortunately troubled her but rarely in her mature years, bothered her at first; "little infidel," her mother playfully called her. It seems that, at this time, even divine services did not affect her in the correct way: "[I] counted 150 wasps on the ceiling in church," she wrote at the age of sixteen. When the mother noted with pleasure that her daughter was reading the Bible, and complimented her upon it, she would toss her head and say, "I'm looking at the births and dates," or "I'm only reading the Apocrypha"; but her reflections on the circumstances that preceded and attended some of the births, and on the story of Susanna and the Elders, have not been recorded. Yet she was worried about the sensitiveness of conscience which Mary, her younger sister, habitually showed; even more was she concerned about

her own appearance. Mary was plump and pretty; but Frank was lean, and her hair was thin and reddish still. "Aren't you sorry to be so homely, Frank?" queried a girl of her own age, sixteen, following a slight acquaintance. At twenty-one she noted in her journal, "you are not beautiful, pretty, or even good-looking. There is the bald fact for you. . . . And yet . . . you are not disagreeable nor unpleasant." Her personal appearance continued to be a life-long source of anxiety, and her comments on others are concerned with their looks almost as much as with their morals. "Saw picture of A. Lincoln," she wrote in 1860. "If he is truly as ugly as that he isn't fit for President!"

By degrees sensitiveness of conscience began to touch her. On her fifteenth birthday she wrote: "I'm a lazy girl. I'm a quick-tempered girl. I rub my eyes. I snort. I used to eat coal and the bark of trees. I'm fonder of anything out of my sphere than of anything in it." But, after all, she was not always lazy, nor did she spend all of her time in rubbing her eyes and snorting, as a passage penned in her sixteenth year indicates: "I did usual work, brought in woodbox full of wood, did up my hair, etc., *and finished my chemise.* Let there be a Te Deum sung in honor of the occasion. I am *very terribly glad,* exceedingly, excruciatingly glad." What "etc." included remains obscure; but, three years later, in looking this passage over she felt a pang of conscience at having indulged in such frivolities; and, grasping her every ready pen, she wrote on the margin, "What a record for a girl of sixteen to make!" Another, and earlier, experience had been even more painful. When she was a school-

girl of fourteen, an older girl had remarked to her at recess time: "You are the most ignorant girl I ever saw. . . . Come with me around the corner of the school-house where no one will hear, and I will tell you things that will make you open your eyes bigger than ever." Frank naturally felt vexed at being called ignorant; and besides, her mother had put off certain inconvenient questions with the unsatisfactory promise, "Come to me when you are fifteen years old and I will tell you." So she went around the corner; and as she listened to "illustrations and anecdotes, riddles, puns and jokes," it was no wonder that "this strange vocabulary amazed and disconcerted" the poor child. Her amazement temporarily lulled her conscience, it seems, for she commented, "afterward I felt so sorry to have talked at all."

The romping girl vanished slowly, transmuted by imperceptible degrees into the happy student. But she was not happy all at once, for her sorrow was great when she was forced to abandon a free, out-of-door life and put on the dresses and airs of a lady. She had delighted in her short hair, her short skirts, and her cozy bonnet: "Mine was a nature hard to tame, and I cried long and loud when I found I could never race again and range about with freedom," she lamented in later years. "My 'back' hair," she wrote in her advanced teens, "is twisted up like a corkscrew; I carry eighteen hair-pins; my head aches miserably; my feet are entangled in the skirt of my hateful new gown. I can never jump over a fence again, so long as I live." During her whole life she continued to rail at women's fashions, and envied the simplicity of

male attire. In following her career, one cannot escape the impression that, from this time on, her mind gradually became restricted and hobbled almost as painfully as her body was. Not often, after this, is there a flow of pure animal spirits; the lively and frolicsome girl steadily gives way to the moody, introspective young woman; the wild creature of the plains vanishes and a conventionally proper and precise young lady takes its place. Fortunately, however, there were occasional reversions to a more primitive state.

In her formal education, too, the same vitiating process is apparent. Her first reading was done in stories of adventure, since the day of "books for girls" had not yet arrived. So she read "Don Quixote," "Gil Blas," and "Gulliver's Travels," in carefully expurgated editions, no doubt; but improper romances had been banned by parental authority. One evening her father found her reading in feverish haste the pages of "Villette." Snatching the impious volume from her hand, with flushed cheek and clouded brow he turned to the person who had loaned the book and said: "Never let my daughter see that book again, if you please, madam." But, on her eighteenth birthday, the disobedient girl actually sinned again; she thoughtlessly desecrated her mother's rocking-chair as, curled snugly between its spacious arms, she lost herself in "Ivanhoe." Once more the parental brow grew clouded and the admonitory voice spoke: "I thought I told you not to read novels, Frances." "So you did, father . . . but you forget what day it is." "I should like to know [the paternal tones grew stern] if the day has anything to do with the deed!" "Indeed it

has," came the unbelievable response, "I am eighteen—I am of age—I am now to do what *I* think right. . . ." The father was dumfounded—could this be his own sweet, obedient daughter? He was about to snatch the volume away, when an unusual expression on the daughter's face warned him that—there might be consequences; so he merely laughed and covered his defeat with the condescending and self-flattering remark that she was a "chip of the old block." The future advocate of women's rights had successfully passed through her first baptism of fire.

In college the baptizing process went on, but adventures and romances yielded place to more serious matters. At seventeen, with her sister Mary she entered Milwaukee Female College, where her greatest desire was to win perfection in "punctuality, behavior and lessons." However, her father and mother were staunch Methodists, and, fearful lest the teachings of a Congregational school might have pernicious effects upon their children, the parents left "Forest Home" and went to Evanston, Illinois—for at that place there was still another Female College, a part of Northwestern University, where sound principles of Methodism were inculcated with the becoming rigidity of inflexible orthodoxy. Before long, the girl who had been a rollicking tomboy, who had loved nature with a pagan love, and who had hated the social bonds and taboos which elegant and refined young seminary ladies commonly endure with pleasure, went through an almost complete metamorphosis. She became a "best student;" she was meticulously careful about her dress; and she was leader of the intellectual

forces. Outside of the classrooms she seemed proud, independent and haughty; inside she was all animation. It was remarked that she associated strictly with girls; her teachers, indeed, observed with satisfaction that her influence did much to "counteract the tendency to silly escapades and moonlight walks with the 'University boys,'" which was so curiously prevalent among the other young ladies. She didn't "care a snap for the boys," her friends said; but as one notes how frequently she bemoans her personal plainness, one suspects that the sentiment may have been reciprocated. "I have known several men for whom I might have cared," she confided to her journal when she was twenty-one, "I have looked after them as they passed me on the street, as I saw them in church or met them in society. . . . It is not that I am hard-hearted or insensible, but because I know perfectly well these men think nothing about me except as an acquaintance. . . ."

But, after all, what were boys in comparison with books? She became devoted to the jumble of edifying epigrams and metaphysical musings which she found in Emerson; she dwelt with particular joy upon this passage from "Circles": "Men cease to interest us, when we find their limitations." Most of all, she became interested in Margaret Fuller Ossoli. "Here we see what a woman achieved for herself," she reflected; but she did not realize that the supreme achievement of that pioneer feminist consisted in her discovery that at least one man, with all his many limitations, never ceased to interest her. This sort of browsing, more than her regular studies, undoubtedly affected and in-

fluenced her vital self, yet she conscientiously performed all the intellectual calisthenics that were prescribed; but even her zealous ambition flagged when Butler's "Analogy" was forced upon her, and she often showed rare good sense by going to sleep with her face drooping between its cabalistic pages. Eventually, her feeling of satisfaction was great when the high honor of the valedictory was conferred upon her in a class numbering two.

And yet, as in later life she reviewed her collegiate experiences, she was not entirely satisfied . . . there had been slips. During the first year at Evanston, the father had sent each of his daughters a red worsted hood for winter wear. Now, red might go pretty well with Mary's dark-brown hair; but "Red head" was still red-headed and red-tempered. She submitted to a good deal of unmerciful chaffing on the part of better dressed girls about the plain, homespun thing; but one day a tall, handsome creature from a socially prominent family flouted her beyond endurance. It was bad enough to be red-headed and plain; it was even worse to be compelled to wear a bonnet which accentuated these two undesirable attributes; and it was positively unendurable to be guyed about all three at once by a girl who was not only well-dressed but handsome. In a flash, Frank turned upon the spiteful girl and threw her between the benches, where she lay, a crumpled heap, with her beautiful face rubbing against the floor; then, her revenge complete, she stalked defiantly away, retying with trembling fingers the strings of her dislocated hood. After this, there was no more teasing—Frank had won her spurs and was ready to use them.

Moreover, she soon had the offending hair shingled, "a rare delight, the continuance of which until this hour would have added incalculably to the charms of existence for me," she recorded at the age of fifty. For a time she was an honored member of the "Ne'er-do-weels," a band of girls who wickedly refused to go to prayer-meeting on Sunday evenings; she often clambered up the steeple of the college chapel during the holy hours when she was supposed to be studying, and contemplated herself and the surrounding landscape with equanimity. Once she led the band of ill-doing girls into a room where a prayer-meeting was going on, with the intention of breaking it up; but a wise strategist thrust a Bible under her nose and asked her to lead in prayer. The versatile girl was equal to the occasion; she read a chapter, "commented upon it as wisely as I could," and then said, "Let us pray." All did so, except one harum-scarum girl, nicknamed Lineburger. Eyeing the blasphemous creature in her sternest and primmest manner, Frank said, "Lineburger, why don't you kneel down, and behave?" Lineburger knelt and behaved, and "the devotions proceeded with the utmost decorum." But there was worse to come. She had read that rattling piratic tale, "Jack Sheppard," and one evening, in utter disobedience to the precepts of Butler and the Bible, perhaps even in a spirit of willful and glorious abandon, the naughty child acted the part of a corsair in the privacy of a room inhabited by "the wildest girl in school." The maiden who was to be the living symbol of feminine perfectibility, who was to be chosen by thousands of mothers as the best example for their own daughters

to imitate, who in coming years held scores of audiences spell-bound by her moral earnestness, her simple yet thrilling oratory, her savage onslaughts against the hosts of both venomous and venial masculine sins, might at this time have been observed emulating the appearance and behavior of a slashing buccaneer, as, armed with a wooden pistol and a bowie-knife, she pulled away at a cigar, used "as much of the language that such men would have used as we knew," and took an occasional nip from a bottle of ginger-pop.

III

But such episodes were rare. Besides, another change was coming which was to make them rarer: genuine religious experience was imminent. The wild, care-free young bird had already lost many feathers from her pinions; she had submitted with steadily diminishing reluctance to the process of becoming a conventionally correct young lady; and now a power even stronger than convention was to clip away nearly all the feathers that still remained.

Without doubt she was already more religious, in much the same proportion as she was less beautiful, than the average girl; a plain face combined with a chastened spirit illustrates, all too frequently, how an inexplicable Providence attempts to remedy its self-inflicted injustices through the non-compensating law of compensation. It happened that, just before graduation, she was stricken with typhoid fever, and her disappointment was bitter. More than that, death itself might come. At the crisis of the fever, she un-

derwent a commonplace experience, although to her, as to all who have had the experience, it seemed unique. Two presences appeared to speak to her soul: one was "warm, sunny, safe, with an impression as of snowy wings; the other cold, dismal, dark, with the flutter of a bat." One said, "My child, give me thy heart"; the other advised her to trust her reason. The sunny presence won, and cold reason was defeated; the dismal bat unfolded his dusky wings and fluttered back to the regions of eternal darkness. Raising her voice until its faint tones could be heard in the adjoining room, Frances called out: "Mother, I wish to tell you that if God lets me get well I'll try to be a good Christian girl."

Perhaps the vaguely remembered experience of Hezekiah, even more than a sunny presence, was responsible for those words. But—suppose God should *not* let her get well—what then? She seems not to have considered that possibility; and anyhow, since cold, dark reason was admittedly *hors de combat,* why should she have considered it? But cold, dark reason suggests the disturbing thought that the whole affair wears the appearance of an attempt on her part to drive a thrifty bargain with the Deity—to slip an advance tip for a service to be performed: a lease of physical existence granted in payment for a devoutly spiritual life. The girl who finally became such an effective political strategist had early learnt that invaluable lesson—the necessity of compromise.

Her prayer was answered. Doubtless because of the direct interference of Providence, she did get well, although cold medical reasoning and careful nursing

may possibly have aided a little. But her spirit had not found its rest; something still seemed to be lacking. During revival services held the following winter in the local Methodist church, she knelt fourteen successive times at the altar, expecting a complete transformation, a direct revelation from on high, "some portion of heaven to be placed in my inmost heart." But, strange to say, the portion was not granted, no matter how much she agonized in prayer. What could be the trouble? Ah! She had it! As she was bowed at her bed one night in anguish of spirit, a distinctly heaven-sent thought came to her: rebirth of soul had *already* taken place at the height of her fever when she had bartered with God. How simple it all was now! Nothing could possibly be more satisfactory. On the following Sunday evening, at the close of the church service, something unusual happened. The revival wave of the preceding winter had, curiously enough, completely subsided, and the church was taking its religion in the correct way—comfortably, as a matter of course, as a part of the week's routine. And, as a part of the week's routine, the pastor concluded with an invitation for sinners to come forward. Great was his consternation, great the amazement of the congregation, when a solitary young lady arose and walked with a firm step toward the altar. Heavens! Was it possible? A sinner in church at any time except during revival services? It was certainly disturbing and seemed somehow to be a little impolite . . . the hour was late. Then—could it be?—yes, there was no mistake, it *was* that well-known young lady, Miss Willard. The audience was electrified; joy succeeded sur-

prise; the revival was not completely interred after all. As the lost lamb came penitently into the fold, many eyes were moist with tears, and the audience joined as one person in the triumphant singing of the Doxology.

It was none too soon. The fortitude of spirit with which religion frequently endows the faithful—and Miss Willard was eminently faithful—was soon to be tested by two of life's greatest tragedies: disappointed love and death.

Meanwhile she had her living to earn; and she earned it in what was then, for women, the only possible way—by teaching. And how she roved! Within sixteen years she taught in eleven different institutions. In April, 1860, she just missed a situation, and her sense of loss was so great that she "said several harsh, un-Christian words," which made her very sad. But the first of June found her in a squat little hamlet on the prairie not many miles from her home, ready to instruct in a typically red and typically ugly schoolhouse. Fortified with a pocket Testament she entered the rickety shack, read a few verses, led in the singing of "I Want to Be an Angel," offered prayer, and began to teach. Her methods were simple. "Have everything sytematized to the last degree. Make only four rules, namely: 'Don't be tardy; don't leave seats without permission; don't be absent; don't whisper'; but wink at the latter unless it becomes too palpable." The assimilation of hard facts was to be made easy. "Have them sing the multiplication table. Have them sing the capitals and bound the states so as to make it a sort of game and less distasteful. . . ." But of what

value were lenient rules and kind methods of instruction for children who acted as though they were positively disinclined to be angels either in fact or song, and who were not susceptible to melodic combinations of state capitals and boundaries? "Have been obliged," she confessed on June 12, "to box the ears of two reprobates, ferule the brown palms of four, and lay violent hands on another to coerce him into measures that did not meet his views." Another thing troubled her even more; she was bewildered to note that, notwithstanding the "total depravity they manifest in their conduct . . . the little creatures bring me flowers and evince in many little actions a kind regard that is most pleasant." The same inexplicable phenomenon bothered her at the house where she boarded. The members of the family were not religious, yet they were actually gracious and considerate; the daughter in particular was "very kind to me and marvelously thoughtful of my happiness." It was all so incongruous, so almost unbelievable; half a dozen people, with an everlasting hell yawning at their feet, were charitable, unselfish and happy all the time, while a Christian young lady, with heaven's eternal glories awaiting her, moped around her room, downcast, disheartened and thoroughly homesick. Her journal shows all this; it was her confessional, her self-absolver, her "safety-valve," as she said. She filled it with mystical abracadabra, with spiritual flagellations, with plaintive morbidities, and thus attained a temporary serenity. Her "o'er-fraught heart" spoke out its grief through her pen, and therefore did not break. But she was still perturbed when, in her frequent periods of introspec-

tion, she noted her many sins of omission and commission. "I sing songs instead of quiet and lofty psalms, talk localisms and nonsense instead of morality and religion; play chess instead of reading history and the Bible; use amusing, quaint expressions instead of well-selected, elegant English; laugh instead of think . . . think more of doing up my hair nicely than of exerting a pure, refining influence." It was a thoroughly chastened and subdued girl who returned to her home at the close of the term.

But further chastening was coming. "I wonder why God lets me live?" she mourned on Lincoln's inauguration day, in a fit of jealousy because her brother could vote while she could not. "I'm no earthly use. . . . Nobody seems to need me. . . . But perhaps I may be needed some day and am only waiting for the crisis. . . . We are told that God in his wisdom makes nothing in vain." And yet . . . some things were vain. A bit further on she recorded this item: "I tried to make my toilet with unusual care, thereby succeeding in looking as ugly as sin." No doubt she was oversensitive concerning her personal appearance; her journal proves that her face worried her almost as much as her religion. But the great experience was coming; after all, there was someone who needed her —for a season.

"Of the real romance of my life, unguessed at save by a trio of close friends, these pages may not tell. When I have passed from sight I would be glad to have it known, for I believe it might contribute to a better understanding between good men and women," she wrote in her autobiography. But the hint was

not taken; it was one outside the charmed circle who first told the truth.

"Sometime, if it pleases Thee, give me the love of a manly heart, of one that I can trust and care for next to Thee," was a supplication which, with many others, she laid regularly each night before the throne of grace. In the spring of 1861 she became temporarily convinced that her petition had been heard; for it seemed that, in the person of Charles H. Fowler, a theological student, the deepest yearning of her heart was to be satisfied. He was young; he was not ugly; he was to be a minister of God—what more could such a young woman wish? "For the first time in your life," she apostrophized herself, "you strong-hearted personage, who have smiled so wisely upon the secrecy with which other girls invest their journals, *you* must hang your head, look remarkably foolish, and *hide this book* between the mattress and the feather bed! O simpleton, I mourn over your apostasy. Aren't you ashamed of yourself? No, not in the least!" When, on the second of June, he opened a part of his heart, her happiness seemed complete. Diplomatic tact, or a proper respect for the religious solemnity of the occasion, or both, had inspired him to propose on a Sabbath evening. "After church and after tea he asked me to go walking . . . Coming back—I don't know how it was—he told me that he loved me—that I was 'the first and last and only one.' And with no fear, no shrinking, I told him I had always loved him—" The momentous event so excited her that she neglected to dash it into her journal until three days later, and for the next few months all the world was

heavenly. How could she ever have been so foolish as to have committed to her journal, two years earlier, the statement that, if Saint Paul's remarks to the Ephesians about the advisability of wives being in subjection to their husbands were "to be understood literally, and applied to *me,* if ever I'm any man's wife, I should think the evidence sufficient that God was unjust, unreasonable, a tyrant"? She indulged once more in the reading of delicious romances—oh, how much sweeter they seemed, now that she had a romance of her very own! She even forgot to make periodical laments on her lack of beauty—and why should she have done so? Perhaps her lover . . .

For whatever reason, before long the roseate hues began to fade from her sky. It was all very well, it was genuinely desirable, to have a betrothed who talked about religion a good bit of the time; but why should his theology be so Calvinistic? Why should he keep lugging in dog-eared moralistic volumes for her edification when she was in the mood for entrancing romances? And was it quite nice, was it wholly chivalric for him to express so much apparent satisfaction, when admitted to the sacred privacies of her journal, upon reading the passage, "I acknowledge myself *conquered*"? Why was it that she felt she could love him "so long as he stayed the other side of the room," but became uncomfortable when he boldly ventured to approach? Perhaps a few kisses and a little embracing might have aroused emotions in her which his metaphysical tomes and his elevated discourse failed to stir. But the passionate exaltation, the emotional metamorphosis, did not come; the heavenly put the

earthly to rout; high-minded discussions about the painfully superabundant sins of mortality, about the paucity of goodness in the world, and about the extremely hazardous destiny of all who did not toe the Calvinistic mark, curiously failed to act as an alembic in which genuinely reciprocal affection could be distilled. By February, 1862, the engagement was broken; Miss Willard's heart was almost in the same state; and Fowler sought balm for whatever wounds he may have suffered by plunging deep into the writing of a book which refuted forever the fallacious animadversions of Bishop Colenso on the Pentateuch. "Poor fellow!" was Miss Willard's tersely appropriate comment when she heard of it.

Thus the golden dream was rudely dispelled; the gorgeous visions of simultaneous self-annihilation and self-fulfillment in the holy mystery of intimately intertwined sensuous and spiritual passion were put to flight; and hardly had she recovered sufficient poise to endure the onerous weight of drab daily routine when the nightmare of her sister's death followed. "God pity me if anything should befall her!" she had written during the early days of Mary's illness. "God will not curse me so. . . . I can not bear to think of it, it makes me shudder." Nevertheless, the curse did fall. On the very night that followed the death, her trembling pen slightly alleviated the burden of her poignant anguish within her journal's confiding pages. "June 8, 1862.—*Mary is dead.* I write the sentence—stop and look at it—do not know what it means." She dwelt, as people generally do, far more on the ghastly but enthralling physical aspects of death than upon

the consolation of hope in immortality. "She moved her hands convulsively and said, 'I've got Christ—He's right here!' Then she said to me, 'Oh, I'm in great misery,' and then, 'Dear God, take me quick!' . . . slowly and with difficulty she told him [the father] of her dread of being buried alive and he promised her over and over again that she should not be. . . . She groaned a little, then, and for some time she did not move, her eyes closed slowly, her face grew white." In the weeks that followed, she wrestled for relief in prayer, but *"Mary didn't get well"* was the thought that resistlessly raged in her mind. The terribly gruesome yet unescapable fascination of the corpse persisted, and inevitably brought appalling visions of her own eventual end. "I am intensely alive. I, who am to lie so still and cold beside my sister Mary. . . . Here on a piece of blotting paper I keep in my book is her name written over and over again in her careless round hand. . . . Oh, dainty little hand, I should not like to touch you now! . . . Death is unspeakably mysterious and awful. The feeling of this grows stronger in my soul. The terrible sentence rings in my ears, 'I am to die! I am to die!' No matter to what it conducts, the earth side of it—and that is what we see—is fearful enough to strike one dumb. . . . Oh, if I could keep my face and form forever young, if I could save myself from such a fate as Mary's! . . . Next January my grave may be curved under the snow as now hers is, oh, Mary!" Such painfully touching morbidities ought, perhaps, to lie beyond the reach of criticism; and yet one cannot escape noticing that, so far is grandeur from our dust,

in the face of the supremest crises of life self-pity is commonly far stronger than self-abnegation.

Certainly, in Miss Willard's case it was so. But by degrees the soul-probing, the fearfully unuttered yet scarcely veiled complaint that God had cursed her notwithstanding her plea for mercy, grew less noticeable. Slowly the black pall lifted and life, with its myriad trivialities, infinitesimal but ineluctable, rolled on in the same old way. There were shoes to lace, dresses to make, dishes to wash, Father and Mother to wait on—innumerable little things to be done, just as there had been when Mary was alive. Above all, there was one's own living to earn, and luckily there were plenty of schools and female colleges in which one could earn it. For six months she taught in her Alma Mater ("I was wild and wicked as a pupil; in the same building may I be consistent and a Christian as a teacher," was her thought as she began work there); for nearly two years more she instructed in another women's college, and varied her work by penning "Nineteen Beautiful Years," a gently melancholy account of Mary's life. The season of 1865-6 found her laboring with the youngsters in a grade school, where her special desire was "to interest the children in the history, poetry and morals that are bound up in single words." She selected for study, among others, such specimens as supercilious, sandwich, consciousness, halcyon, Holy Ghost, horse-radish, heaven, vermin and silhouette—"I found that children ten years old could be well-nigh fascinated by the study of words like these," was her satisfactory comment.

And yet, somehow, despite her pardonable joy in

arousing an ardent philological enthusiasm in the minds of ten-year-olds, she was not wholly content. Another year of teaching in a Methodist seminary near her birthplace proved to be "dreary and monotonous," even though the religious atmosphere was now perfect and no symptoms of total depravity appeared among her charges—even though she enjoyed the reading of books which re-proved, in a soothingly satisfying way, the established fact of Christ's divinity. "I am an inveterate lover of variety," she reflected at this time, "and should have made a traveler if I had been a man—as I sometimes wish I had been." Such a wish had never troubled her during her love affair; but that was long since past, and she was nearly twenty-eight—an age which commonly marks the growth of various complicated longings among single ladies. But at least she could satisfy her pet desire of traveling, by means of the generosity of a wealthy friend, Miss Kate Jackson, although Mr. Willard's illness with consumption deferred the trip; but "when his worn body succumbed to its inexorable fate, and his triumphant spirit wafted its way to heaven," she was left free to go on her own way to Europe. Miss Jackson was not yet a Christian but had a superabundance of money; Miss Willard was not rich but had a superabundance of Christianity; thus the deficiencies and amplitudes of both were beautifully counterbalanced, and in May, 1868, they set forth on a pilgrimage that carried them over most of Europe, a part of Africa, and the Holy Land. "The Innocents Abroad" had not yet been published, and these two innocents did the usual things in the usual way. Thrill fol-

lowed thrill with unbroken regularity, and all too quickly the busy months flew past, while with incessant industry Miss Willard scribbled into twenty commodious volumes the topsy-turvy impressions that each new experience gave.

Several of those experiences, it must be said, were somewhat disillusioning. It was quite exciting to dine at an English inn whose landlady had once seen Tennyson go by; but it was something of a rebuff to learn that the good dame's only reaction was that "an ordinary looking man passed by," who had been carefully pointed out to her as "Mr. Venison." The Holy Land, which had been the brightest beckoning star of the whole excursion, turned out to be a will-o'-the-wisp. Miss Willard was inexpressibly shocked at Jerusalem —"the most disagreeable, dismal, ugly city I have anywhere seen." The tomb of Christ was even worse; over it hung a "frightful daub" of the Saviour, and it was adorned with bouquets of weedy flowers "unworthy of a child's dollhouse." To cap the awful climax, the irreverent Miss Jackson gleefully plumped her weary limbs down upon the holy sepulchre itself; and her companion, too indignant for hortatory speech, "gave her a push that spoke volumes." But worst of all was the summit of Calvary, where squatting venders sold "beads, ivory crosses, *cigarholders,* Jericho roses and other souvenirs of the so-called sacred place." . . . Paris itself, with its wine-bibbing and "other pleasures no less fatal," was not so bad as this, for certainly nobody expected anything else of Paris; and besides, at that place Miss Willard, in obedience to a physician's prescription, was accustomed to "mix a little wine"

with water at the dinner table. This prescription she followed faithfully for two years, "with a gradual tendency so to amend as to make it read, 'You may put water in your wine.'" Indeed, Mother's currant wine had, in earlier years, demonstrated its efficiency in restoring Frances when she was a little tired. Eventually she emptied seven wine-glasses at a London dinner without noticing any deleterious effects beyond "a flushing of the cheek, an unwonted readiness at repartee and an anticipation of the dinner hour, unknown to me before or since." In later years, she was happily advised by some friends that they had found "a bottle of thoroughly boiled water to be a perfectly safe and satisfactory substitute for wine"; but while abroad she was ignorant of this salutary fact.

Germany was somewhat better than Paris . . . it had other liquors. In Berlin she secreted in her journal the statement, "My beer muddles my brain." But—there were stronger concoctions which would clarify one's mental activities, instead of making one tipsy. In November, 1868, Berlin weather made her feel "chilled and miserable"; but a kindly disposed gentleman recommended two stiff glasses of rum and water, "drinking which I escaped all evil consequences and—lived in my own world awhile!" She did not include this episode in her autobiography, where some apologetic passages concerning her alcoholic experimentations were thoughtfully included for the benefit of the uninitiated; she made the chary admission that, advised by a Sunday School leader to consume a keg of beer strictly and solely for her health, she "drank a nauseating glass at dinner, rebelling at every dose, experienc-

ing no benefit, and abjuring it forever when the blessed Crusade wrought its miracle upon our hearts." But the blessed Crusade had not yet wrought its miracle; and so she continued to put a little water in her wine, to muddle her brain with beer, and to live happily in her own world.

There were other worlds, however, perhaps less seductive but far more imperative and importunate; for example, there was the sphere of feminine seminaries, crying for leaders who were shining exemplars of sobriety, probity, industry, impeccable propriety and conventionality—in fact, of all the Christian virtues. Such an exemplar Miss Willard was; and, upon her return home in September, 1870, it was only natural that, because of her known integrity of character and wide experience as a teacher, she should have been chosen to head an undertaking that was the rarest of oddities—something new under the sun.

The Evanston College for Ladies, of which Miss Willard became President on February 14, 1871, had been founded by an association of women who, looking with eyes askance upon the abhorrent masculine administrations of such colleges as Vassar and Mount Holyoke, determined to establish an institution which should have a woman President, women trustees, women teachers, women students, and, in fact, an institution in which "women should be, for the first time, recognized and proved as the peers of men in administrative power," as its new President stated. The students were to be permitted to take certain courses in the adjoining Northwestern University, but they were "under our care exclusively as to morals and manners."

There was but one prime requisite: "Just be a Christian lady," was the motto of the new college. Incidentally, certain strict principles were prescribed to insure the attainment of this twin excellence. Christian ladies, of course, would not disregard even the smallest of the school's regulations: they must never burn lights after the bell, be tardy at engagements, be noisy or uproarious; rather, they must be low-voiced and gentle-mannered, kind and considerate, and in general as far above reproach as any of their teachers. Particularly must they avoid contamination with the young men of the neighboring University; they must shun secret sleigh-rides and moonlight walks with the opposite sex, as they would shun a pestilence. In one way only were they allowed to associate with males: after much musing and prayer, President Willard decided to hazard the success of her sacred cause by suffering her precious charges to indulge in forensic intercourse at the men's evening literary and debating societies, where teachers were forbidden, since "their presence would be irksome"; but the charming young creatures must always go and return by themselves, in companies of not less than four, "in all cases unaccompanied by gentlemen."

So nobly did they fulfill their trust that their benignantly austere President, reflecting with sorrow upon the errors of her own college days, often wished that she had behaved one-half—nay, one-quarter—as well. When, Sunday after Sunday, she gazed upon the serried ranks of her prim and precise students going to church "after their own sweet will," never whispering or tittering within its holy walls, and withering with contumelious glances any rash youth who, at the en-

trance of the hallowed edifice, vainly tried to slip love notes into their chaste hands, it was not strange that her breast thrilled with maternal affection for them all, and that she was often moved to tears. Yes! Childless though she was, and very improbable as it now seemed that her state would ever be different, she could be the spiritual mother of this flock of innocent lambs. She could give them numerous talks on "Moral Horticulture," she could visit them one by one in their rooms, put her arms around them and pray together with them, and she could truthfully call them "My girls." But the keenest joy of all was reserved until, during revival services, all of her girls except two—"one of whom was a Catholic, and a very good Christian, by the way"; the character of the solitary black lamb was not disclosed—became church members. And when one of her pupils, lying upon the operating table with her hands crossed in prayer, looked up brightly before taking the anesthetic and said, "Oh, Miss Willard, we girls are all in heaven and you are the center of our band!" it seemed that her cup of joy was indeed overflowing.

In heaven, doubtless, they were; but its golden round was narrowly circumscribed. Just outside the celestial portals loomed a portentously menacing masculine hell, whose fallen angels sounded an ever increasing crescendo of prodigious kicks and thumps upon the gates of the unprofaned adytum. Was it the bitter irony of fate which had manipulated things so that Miss Willard became sovereign of that fair demesne on Saint Valentine's Day? It seemed so; for, after one joyously fleeting year had passed, who should be elected President of Northwestern University but her quondam

suitor, Charles H. Fowler? Fortune's untrustworthy wheel had played an even queerer trick than usual. Suppose she had never met him; suppose she had never revealed the most carefully guarded confidences of her heart to him; suppose, even, that she had married him; suppose—but what was the use of supposing? Here he was, this pestiferous Lucifer, burning no longer with timorous amativeness, but with a glowing desire to win back the seraphic realms from which the masculine legions now under his command had been ousted. The battle was on. Fowler, with Bishop Colenso's scalp tucked victoriously beneath his belt, was fully confident of the outcome; but his antagonist had no souvenir of victory to give her strength for the fray. The new President adhered to the hideous doctrine that there should be co-educational equality; he did not seem convinced, as Miss Willard was, of the urgent need to "lift the plane on which young manhood stands to the higher level of young womanhood"; he positively believed that young college ladies would get on quite well with very little supervision, that they might even, without asking for special permission, be attended by young men to the various public exercises, and that they might wander off from the grounds at all times, without the cognizance of their teachers. Miss Willard stuffed her dainty fingers in her equally dainty ears to shut out such corroding declarations; but the fiat had gone forth and the cataclysmic changes were wrought. The shocking alteration in affairs had been all the easier because her administration had not conduced to a sound financial condition. For this she was not wholly to blame—the devastating Chicago fire of

1871 had resulted in a stringency of support for her institution; but conceivably the "Evanston College for Ladies" was doomed by its very nature to fail. Whatever the reason, it did fail; and Northwestern University, in payment for taking over the control of the female college property, shouldered all the monetary obligations of the defunct institution. President Fowler smiled a grim smile of victory and thrust another scalp beneath his belt, while his hairless victim found what solace she could in accepting the deanship of women and a professorship of Esthetics.

The solace was small, and she was not in an esthetic mood. Whatever love for the beautiful she may have had was rudely impaired when she was forced to teach obstreperous youths who wrote on the blackboard, "Miss Willard runs the Freshmen like a pack of girls," when a yowling cat was entombed in her desk during an entire recitation period, and when all the ample resources of creaking classroom hinges were maliciously brought to bear upon her over-wrought nerves. She erased the glaring sentence, freed the terrified puss, and oiled the squeaking hinges; but these were minor troubles—it was the growing unconcern of the unshackled girl students that plagued her most. They, whose greatest delight had hitherto been to act as Christian ladies should, now manifested a "lightness of bearing, a pertness of speech and manners, and a tendency to disorder," which were entirely novel; furthermore, and worse, they showed a "stronger tendency toward sociability than toward study." For all she knew, they might be going off on surreptitious sleighrides and moonlight walks—all because of those awful

young men! "Though a few have been gentlemen," she communicated to the faculty, "the majority have, by their rude behavior, much increased the unpleasantness of the family life, while their influence over the young ladies [has been] uniformly directed against order and discipline." But the faculty was predominantly masculine, and, therefore, obdurate and pigheaded; and when the question of student supervision came to a test vote, she voted alone. For some two years this miserable state of things went on; at the end of that time it became more than human nature—Miss Willard's human nature—could endure, and accordingly she resigned. Along with this bitter pill, she was forced to swallow another; a final report of a committee, appointed to investigate her activities, censured her, in courteous but unmistakable language, for inefficiency in carrying out the rules of the institution. This was the last straw; she burst into weeping and fled from the hated room where her executioners had gathered to effect their grim deed. Lying in tears upon her bed, and thinking over what seemed to be the tragic injustice of the whole business, she endured the sharpest spiritual torture of her life. "I tried so hard and meant so well!" was the keynote of her woe. Calmer thoughts at length succeeded; the sunny presence of her girlhood's illness returned and soothed the rebellious surgings of her mind, and she experienced the joy of forgiveness toward those who had so cruelly treated her.

A few months later, in fact, she did more—she openly confessed her forgiveness. Moved by a private conversation with a prominent evangelist about the

duties of a Christian, she became convinced that she had been in error. Returning to Evanston, she sought out Fowler and said to him, "I beg your pardon for everything I have ever said and done that was not right." Perhaps a little private malice unconsciously crept into those words—had she not once told him that she loved him? And then the man who had once been her fiance, replied, "To one who comes to me as magnanimously as you have done I surely can not say less than that I beg your pardon"; and they shook hands. Perhaps, again, there was a touch of malice in his reply—certainly, he could not easily have said less. But at all events he had had his way. Fortified by his double victory, he was emboldened to press on to still greater triumphs: to attain the office of Bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and to be the first to establish a church of that denomination in St. Petersburg, Russia.

But this episode, in which she triumphed over self, was still to come to Miss Willard. In the meantime, so gentle, so resigned, and yet so plainly strengthened by a special manifestation of divine grace did she seem, it was no wonder that one of her cousins, a minister, should have remarked, as he bade her good-by when she left for her home: "Our cousin is either soon to go to her heavenly home or *from this time her life is to be enlarged!*"

IV

The heavenly home had to wait some years, for Miss Willard's life was destined first to be enlarged. Contemptible men, with their intrusiveness and their bovine adherence to unbending traditions of masculine

superiority, might temporarily triumph and drive her from her throne; a hateful press might keep calling her "a female Bluebeard," because of her emancipating activities; a college of, by and for women might go catapulting to destruction; but there were other worlds to conquer. Those dull, loutish creatures thought she was beaten, did they? Well, she would show them. How could they guess that, in that gracefully delicate little figure, now apparently crushed in defeat, there lurked a raging energy which was only biding time before it burst forth; how could they know that those limbs, so tender and fragile in appearance, contained thews and sinews of steel, and that the seraphic countenance, with its almost unearthly radiance, was a mask that concealed an adamantine strength of purpose? That head, if one overlooked the somewhat disenchanting nose-glasses, appeared indeed, to be an angel's: the soft hair parted in the middle and sloping in graceful unobtrusiveness down past the ears, the decidedly intellectual yet smooth and shapely brow, but more than all, the eyes, whose untroubled gaze seemed focused in rapt contemplation upon visions immeasurably remote from mundane trivialities—all these were distinctly cherubic properties. But, on the best of authority, it is known that angels themselves have, with unsuspected gigantic strength, rolled massive stones away; and in the placid but imperturbable primness of that mouth with its slightly protruding upper lip, in the dauntless intrepidity of the firmly molded chin, there were tokens of a gigantic willpower that might not only roll away stones, but might even move mountains. It may well be that Miss Willard

herself did not suspect her power at this time; and yet what subtly mysterious yet veraciously prophetic agency had commanded her pen, years earlier, to inscribe the prediction, "But perhaps I may be needed some day and am only waiting for the crisis"?

As if by magic, the crisis came at the precise moment when she was waiting. The temperance movement in America had not made much headway thus far; its halcyon light had occasionally burned somewhat brightly, but more often it had flickered feebly amid the Stygian darkness of a land totally under the pall of inebriety. Just before the Civil War, it had flared up brilliantly; but, following that national catastrophe, the flame approached perilously near the socket. Such was the general state of things immediately preceding the time when Miss Willard met her debacle; and then something happened which was to make the tiny blaze leap toward the zenith until it had lighted the whole land with its coruscating flames.

The striking metamorphosis itself is far easier to discuss than its cause. There had been temperance speakers galore in America for many years, who had ravaged the country, bellowing and snorting in inarticulate anger as they ferociously denounced the liquor traffic; but it was one of the lesser fry who, apparently through no fault of his own, touched off the match that started the great conflagration. In December, 1873, Mr. Dio Lewis had delivered conventionally blatant prohibition addresses at Fredonia, New York, and at Hillsboro, Ohio—towns which still contend for the honor of being the birthplace of the great cause. There had been no unusual activity among temperance circles,

but for some reason—for which no satisfactory explanation has been advanced, except the direct interference of Providence, and that should be satisfactory enough—a revolution was effected. What took place was almost as marvelous as would be the sudden evolution into solid fact of the wildest tale in the "Arabian Nights." Armies of women, some of whom had been cultured and refined, all at once swarmed profusely forth, in Ohio particularly, as though some genie had exorcised them from his necromantic bottle—but possibly the figure is unfortunate, since it was hatred for bottles that had inspired them to venture abroad. Like the inmates of Pandora's box, one might rather say, these "Woman's Praying-Bands" buzzed around, marching pathetically from one saloon to another, singing, supplicating, exhorting and pleading. The receptions granted them were not commonly very cordial, but they were not concerned about cordial receptions; they were aflame to lay low the saloon and all its bastard progeny—the family medicine shelf, the apothecary's prescription, aye, even the sacramental wine. Boisterous fellows contemptuously jeered at and jostled them on the streets, smoked them out of saloons and turned the hose on them; many ministers of the gospel, who believed that their high calling did not necessarily preclude all indulgence in the practices of gentlemen of leisure, excoriated the rampaging females; they were frequently arrested—of all things!—for disturbing the peace. On one occasion, a blunderbuss was pointed at them; but they marched up to its mouth, imperturbably singing, "Never Be Afraid to Work for Jesus." Persecution, of which there was an abundance,

inevitably made their faith more staunch; they fought back with their greatest weapon, divine supplication, and lo! miracles were done as in the days of old. In Cleveland, so the chief chronicler of the Crusade avouches, three fierce dogs were "sicked" on a band of praying zealots; the leading lady, without ceasing to pray, "gently laid her hands upon their heads, and as though taught by a higher power than their masters, they crouched at her feet and were quiet." From the same excellent authority we learn that another dog, urged by a vile saloonkeeper upon a suppliant group which was stimulating so much hilarity among the topers around his bar that the bar itself was momentarily neglected, "wouldn't even bark, but hung his head in shame."

Such uncanny events naturally became notorious, and the clamor of the contest soon sounded beyond the borders of Ohio. At last it reached Miss Willard's ears, just at the time when her house of cards was beginning to tumble around them. She perused every word she could find about the struggle of "Home versus Saloon"; she wisely decided that her pupils would derive more benefit from writing themes about John B. Gough and Neal Dow than about Alexander the Great and Plato; she timidly read from manuscript school-girlish essays on temperance in several churches; and when, the last card having fallen, she fled to the East for rest and forgetfulness, the crucial point in her life arrived. Years before, premonitions of some such decisive change had come to her, but only in a dim and indefinite shape. In her Continental journeyings she had been shocked at observing the generally abject con-

dition of women; she had seen them yoked together with dogs in Berlin, with cows in Italy; in Cairo she had seen them building railway embankments under the overseer's lash. She had studied "the aspects of the woman question in France, Germany and England," and had decided to *"talk in public"* on her return home, in order to arouse unenlightened public opinion out of its lethargy. Always, indeed, she had vaguely felt that such activities were "to be my vocation, but a constitutional dread of criticism and too strong love of approbation" had restrained her. And now, confronted with the choice of becoming teacher in an "elegant school for young women," or of plunging into the work of the Crusade, she wavered for an instant; she did not see "where the money was to come from." In her perplexity she became inspired; she opened a Bible and the first verse that met her eye solved every doubt: "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." Hesitations and uncertainties vanished forever before that glowing prophecy; henceforward, sustained by the Power which had purposefully directed her gaze to that radiant message, she would follow the gleam—and then besides, she had had enough—more than enough—of elegant schools for young women. Never again would she act as a mother for untrustworthy girls in their unteachable teens; and why should she, when an immeasurably greater sphere, groaning for maternal solicitude, rolled before her? "What the world most needs is mothering," she wrote; and her watchword forevermore was, "The whole world is my parish and to do good my religion."

Possibly she was a little sanguine; but at any rate she was tremendously in earnest. In the Crusade itself she had not yet taken any direct part; but, stopping off at Pittsburgh on her return to Chicago, she happily remedied this deficiency. Arm in arm with a young lady teacher, she joined a procession of crusaders which soon paused at the door of a saloon. Ranged along the curbstone, the ladies, most of whom were "crowned with the glory of gray hairs," sang together "Jesus the Water of Life Will Give," while heavy drays, loaded with liquids far livelier than water, bumped and rumbled along the stony streets. Then, moving onward, the devotees came to a saloon which they were permitted to enter; and there, for the first time, Miss Willard gazed in hypnotic horror upon the paraphernalia of that cesspool of hellish iniquity—upon barrels temptingly pointed toward the onlookers, upon glittering cut-glass and shining decanters, upon the sawdusty floor, upon tables encompassed by rows of inviting chairs. Indeed, she almost fainted when she unavoidably sniffed the "abundant fumes, sickening to healthful nostrils," although it was true that in Europe her nostrils had been weak. The leader read a psalm, "whether hortatory or imprecatory, I do not remember," and "Rock of Ages" rang out clear and strong. Then Miss Willard, kneeling upon the defiling sawdust, prayed as she had never prayed, except at her sister's deathbed, while the "crowd of unwashed, unkempt, hard-looking drinking men" ogled her. But her fervent prayer seems to have been at least temporarily inefficacious; for the proprietor, almost at his wit's end, desperately pointed toward the next room, where sev-

eral low fellows were fighting, begged the intruders to leave, and they did so at once, "amid the curses of the bacchanalian group."

She reached Chicago in September, 1874; within a week she was made President of the Chicago Woman's Christian Temperance Union; and then the real career of this extraordinary woman began. Everything thus far, although perhaps more interesting, had been merely ancillary to what was coming. Her greatest defeat led to her greatest victory; after all, the wickedness of man, by a curious juggling of events, was responsible for her eventual world-wide renown. Had she been allowed to go on her own willful way, she would probably have continued to be a more or less successful and soon forgotten college President; but perennially sinful man, in fulfillment of the everlasting curse inflicted upon his primal ancestor, continued to be sinful; and his flagitious meddling was directly instrumental in pointing Miss Willard toward the heights of fame.

But those heights could be reached only by indefatigable endeavor. The pathless way was slippery and treacherous; and somewhere along the course that led to the glittering pinnacle, crouched the dragon of intemperance defended by multitudinous offspring which were skulking about in every covert and bypath.

Nevertheless, although she sensed some of the dangers that lay before her, Miss Willard girded up her loins and prepared to advance. The whole world, in a visionary moment, might be her parish, but at first she had to be content with a very humble portion of it. She had no financial backing whatever, and her first headquarters consisted of a single room, gratuitously

furnished by the generous Young Men's Christian Association—another product of man, to be sure, but in this case eminently sinless and therefore acceptable. Intoxicated by forces more stimulating and sustaining by far than the noxious beverages which she proposed to destroy, the capable and enormously sincere woman hurled herself at her work. She organized prayer-meetings, at which total abstinence pledges were showered equally upon the oral and the silent; she sent articles to the local press and personally visited each editor in the city, to gain his assistance or at least his acquiescent tolerance; she addressed secular and religious mass-meetings and occasionally made a dash into some nearby village to deliver the glad tidings of a better day. A powerful democratic impulse made her pull off all her pretty gift rings and watch chain, and she delighted in giving her last dime to some famished outcast. For her sincerity was absolute; her only remuneration was the few coins that were collected at the end of her speeches, and she often went hungry and walked rather than rode on cars because she had no money. "I am just simply going to pray, to work and to trust God," she asseverated; but several months of subsistence on nothing but prayer, work and trust put her in bed with inflammatory rheumatism. Then she became more reasonable and confessed her impecunious state to the women in her organization; they went about tearfully soliciting funds, and a hundred men remedied matters by giving ten dollars apiece. Until 1886, she received no salary, and she steadfastly refused to accept more than twenty-five dollars per lecture, although she was offered much more. Such complete devotion soon

became known to her advantage, and she was made secretary of the Illinois W. C. T. U. In a little time she was elected corresponding-secretary of the National Woman's Temperance Convention; indeed, her name had been proposed for President of that organization in less than a year from the time when she began her work of reform.

Evidently, there was something about this inconspicuous little woman that caused her to stand sharply out among gatherings of ladies who, in many particulars, were much more prepossessing. Unconsciously, perhaps, they dimly sensed some portion of the truth —here was one of the most notable and many-sided women of a notable and many-sided century. Its superabundance of moral enthusiasm, its unreserved and unhesitating exaltation of a faith marvelously tempered by a prosaic and almost childlike affection for works, its rigorous adherence to emotional ruts delved by immemorial traditions, its complete distrust of all but mechanical and society-redeeming innovations, its overweening pride in contemporary achievements, its shallow and fatally facile optimism, its blushingly hypocritical silence concerning vital forces, its apologetic softening of brutal and unavoidably conspicuous facts— something of all these qualities, inexplicably and indissolubly blended in varying proportions, was what formed her personality. But she showed hardly a trace of the more significant, although less widely diffused and assimilated, characteristics of that century—the belief that truth untinctured by doctrinaire or pragmatic colorings might conceivably be valuable for its own sake, the tentative acceptance of radically unprece-

dented innovations without fear of sequential havoc, the application of experiment to fields hitherto fenced about by supposedly divine anathemas, the joy of living vigorously in a definite universe without too much concern for an indefinite one, the thrill of completely exhausting the immortally ephemeral moment. Her intelligence in such matters might be exceedingly limited, but it was well that this was so; otherwise, her ardor would have been dampened. But no corroding cynicism, no sceptical doubt concerning the righteousness of her cause ever touched her. What could be clearer, she thought, than the vast chasm that separated woman from man? "The centripetal forces of her nature will always draw her strongly toward the light," she cogitated, "while the centrifugal forces of his nature will drive him afar off into darkness"; but she would bridge that apparently impassable gulf so that man's erring feet might turn toward the light before it was too late. There in front of her lay the course to be followed, and with unfaltering step she trudged along.

The milestones mapping that remarkable journey became steadily more numerous. Her own brain conceived the national motto, "For God and Home and Native Land," that was adopted at the national convention in 1876. At the same time she tried a new venture. Disregarding the almost tearful pleading of her friends, she came out boldly in favor of universal suffrage; for in solitary prayer the idea had come to her, borne in upon her mind, as she correctly believed, from loftier regions, that she must speak for the ballot as woman's weapon for protection for the home against the tyranny of drink. In the end, having abandoned

faith in the two leading political organizations, she joined forces with the Prohibition Party when it came out for equal suffrage. The male members of that party could not very well be expected to wear the simple bow of white ribbon, which, "emblematic of purity and peace, on the principle of 'first pure, then peaceable,' " was the pledge of the W. C. T. U., inasmuch as it looked slightly effeminate; but, surely, the men should have *some* emblem. What would match the white ribbon so well, Miss Willard thought, as the white rose? The thought was straightway executed; and white celluloid roses henceforth blossomed in many a manly buttonhole. But she was destined to learn that even such an excellent device as this was not sufficient to keep unstable men in the right way. Less subtle in strategy than that phenomenal Quaker lady, Susan B. Anthony, she believed that the new party was sincere in its espousal of suffrage; but, much to her chagrin, she found that she had been deceived when, in 1896, for reasons of political expediency, that party threw suffrage overboard.

In the meantime, happy in her nescience of the future, she drove ahead, continually finding new channels for self-expression. She felt properly flattered when Dwight L. Moody besought her to join forces with him in his evangelistic endeavors; but he was interested in temperance work chiefly for the sake of man's regeneration, while Miss Willard was more practical—concrete methods of saving women and children from the blight of the iniquitous traffic appealed to her more than the dubious salvation of man—and so she refused. A petition to the Illinois Legislature, asking

that the question of liquor licenses might be determined by the votes of both sexes, was largely the work of her hand, although it was her ageing mother and dear friend, Anna Gordon, who ironed the huge strip of cloth, bound in blue and red and stretching nearly a quarter of a mile under its burden of two hundred thousand signatures, until it was as smooth as a starched shirt bosom. The fact that the petition was denied was a mere bagatelle—was she not prepared for opposition, for temporary setbacks? Even the shockingly sudden death of her brother, Oliver, did not prevent her from making an appointed address a few hours after she received the fatal message. To a woman of such tireless energy, whose supreme devotion obliterated defeats and tragically personal pangs which would have caused most women to melt into ineffectual tears, but one thing could come—and it came. She might weep in private over her losses, she might stir up a sea of sobs in her audience when she revealed the intimate sorrows of her heart; but in these ways she attained the strength that strong souls always gain after passing through emotional collapses, and her listeners inevitably loved her all the more when she opened the springs of passions kindred to their own. What a *woman* she was! All that was best in them seemed to be marvelously compacted in that inspiring, that magnetically human figure. When Bishop Vincent called her "Saint Frances," when Miss Anthony eulogized her as "this jewel of women," they were merely voicing the general sentiment. In 1879 the inevitable happened: she was elected President of the National W. C. T. U.

"My beloved Octopus," was the endearing epithet

applied to her by a close friend in the delicious fellowship of private life; but the term might even more fittingly be used in characterizing her public endeavors. Recognized at last as perhaps the dominating power in the sea of feminine activities, the gentle monster stretched out her tentacles in every direction. She was sensitive to every tremor that touched her domain; not the smallest ripple escaped that electrically surcharged body whose tenacious feelers penetrated to every corner of the vasty deep. Occasionally, to be sure, some of those ramifying tentacles met some obstructive force that sorely wounded them. Her brother's death had left vacant the editorship of the Chicago *Evening Post,* and into the breach the gallant lady rushed. But the paper was now to have a different policy. Its new chief would not stoop to sensationalism, to "low details not lawful to be uttered," to "the savagery of the pugilist and baseball columns"; no "beery mental flavor" could be allowed in a publication that was expressly intended, as a public card announced, for a constituency "located not in barrooms and billiard halls," but in places of honorable business and in religious homes. Unexpired contracts for liquor advertisements, however, could not be abrogated; the dwellers in many homes were outraged at the discrepancy between the tone of the editorial pages and the advertisement columns; and low creatures, whose beery mentality rejoiced in the savagery of baseball news, bought other publications which fully gratified their vile desires. Within a fortnight the paper was sold at auction.

Still, this was a minor episode. A little thing like journalism might be impossible of reform; but there,

opposing her, lay the huge, man-made world groaning under the weight of intemperance, of the social evil, of feminine subordination—she would roll those encumbrances away! How could she fail, now that the necessary power had been placed in her hands? "Oh, that I were a Don Quixote in a better cause than his . . . !" she had exclaimed, years before—and now she *had* that better cause. The stories of Charlotte Corday and Joan of Arc, which had strongly affected her youthful mind, recurred to her now—she would be another Charlotte, a modern Joan, encased not in habiliments of vulnerable steel, but, equipped with the breastplate of righteousness, the shield of faith, and the sword of the Spirit, she would lead the mighty hosts of women to enduring victory. "These are the times that try women's souls," was the happy paraphrase with which she strengthened them. "Separated, we are the units of weakness," she wrote, "but aggregated we become batteries of power. Agitate, educate, organize—these are the deathless watchwords of success." Guided by such principles, she introduced her "Do Everything" policy, which at first meant the undoing of cluttering abuses which trammeled the organization over which she presided. Unlike Miss Anthony, who kept strictly on one path and who refused to circulate "Frances Willard's prohibition literature" (not, as she said, "because I love prohibition less than Frances Willard does, but because I consider suffrage more important just now"), she was thoroughly convinced that she could straddle several paths at one time with ease. But, while this form of locomotion inevitably made her wobble a bit, she continued in a general way to go ahead.

She swept into ignominious dereliction the complicated and fettering system of management by committees which had been in vogue ("if Noah had appointed a committee the ark would still be on the stocks," she remarked), and inaugurated a system distinguished by simplicity and unity. She placed each department of work under the direction of one superintendent who was free to choose her own methods and select her own aids, but who was personally responsible to the President. Thus, each national superintendent of the separate departments had one superintendent under her in each department; those superintendents had subordinates similarly organized: the great ruled the little, the little ruled the lesser, and so on *ad infinitum*. Lack of funds barred nobody; the dues were fixed at one cent per week—a mere mite for each member, which became a tidy sum, however, when the members were numbered by scores of thousands. Individual responsibility was the dominating idea in everything; talent was quickly and cordially recognized; above all, she showed complete trust in her lieutenants. She gave them positions which they feared they could not successfully fill; then she made them think that they could—and they frequently did. When discord or carping complaints appeared, she would say, "See here, Honey!" to the offender; and the offender would melt into contrite tears, promise to do better, and almost always do so. But she would not brook continual inefficiency or continual fault-finding; and when either public or private reproof was necessary, it was administered with scathing force. At such moments her tiny form seemed to swell and tower, until, in the awe-

struck imagination of the culprit, she appeared transformed into an Amazonian chieftainess or a reincarnated Brünnehilde. "I should think her about eight feet high and weighing about four hundred pounds," said a terrified old toper, who was also a great lawyer, in describing the impression which her platform appearance had made upon him. Qualities that seemed as opposite as the poles were curiously mingled in that rare personality: she was a stern harmonizer, an uncompromising friend, a pliable constructionist, a tender-hearted disciplinarian, a gentle martinet. It is worthy of note that her first American ancestor was a major, and that her progenitors had numbered two Presidents of Harvard, together with several ministers and numerous deacons.

Had those venerable worthies been able, they would doubtless have looked with reproving amazement on most of the perplexingly new and unheard-of adventures which their odd descendant carried on; they were certainly amazing and disconcerting enough in their multiplicity. In 1883, called the year of "The Temperance Round-Up," since it marked the decennial birth of the Crusade, she traveled 30,000 miles and visited every state and territory in the Union. Within ten years she spoke at every city numbering 10,000 or more inhabitants, and at hundreds of towns and villages numbering less; in the same period she conducted an average of one meeting a day, spending a bare month each year for a vacation at "Rest Cottage" in Evanston. Trains and boats were invariably workshops for her; aided by her traveling bag, "Old Faithful," which, stuffed full of letters, documents, and temper-

ance, suffrage and political speeches, was always at her side, she never rested; incredible though it may seem, even while she jogged along on horseback, her nimble fingers automatically pushed the pen that recorded the thoughts of her tireless brain. "Save when sleeping, I have never seen her idle," a friend once said about her; and without doubt even then she was dreaming of new conquests.

Social immorality, among other matters, kept troubling her excessively; "intemperance and impurity are iniquity's Siamese Twins," she reflected. Always she was haunted by memories of black wagons in Paris, carrying the polluted denizens of the *demi-monde* to their weekly medical inspection; she was horrified upon discovering that, in certain states, seduction was of less legal importance than the theft of a cow; she winced when she was forced to read, on her daily walks, a sign ostentatiously displayed above an anatomical museum, "Gentlemen Only Admitted." Her world-embracing sympathy traversed seas, mountains and deserts as far as remote India, where, she was shocked to learn, the British government (which, as its Queen had declared, was founded on the Bible), in an earnest attempt to give its soldiers as many of the comforts of their native land as was reasonably possible, had provided official *femmes-de-guerre,* who were habitually spoken of as "the Queen's women." At San Francisco, in 1883, the traffic in opium and Chinese women, which she saw, finally stirred her into action; after brooding for some months, she decided that the only solution for these atrocious activities lay in the organization of women throughout the world. It was done; "For God

and Home and Every Land," henceforth took the place of the hitherto selfishly national motto; and, with an optimism as unshakable as it was overweening, the infant organization was christened "The World's Woman Christian Temperance Union." Its members, to be sure, included at first the women of but three countries—the United States, Canada and England—but forthwith the white-ribboned emissaries sped, carrying the message of woman's redemption from ubiquitously man-made vices to India, Australia, China, Japan, Ceylon and the Sandwich Islands. After some time, it was discovered that certain large tracts of territory, such as Africa, Russia and South America, as well as other benighted lands, offered many difficulties and dangers, and that, when they were visited, the inhabitants of those places were inclined to be unresponsive and occasionally hostile; but for such a state of affairs the well-intentioned invaders were certainly not to blame. They had at least done their duty; and if the women in those places preferred to lumber along in the same old, well-beaten paths, to remain in abject submission to foolish customs, and to obey without question or complaint the precepts of their lords and masters, it was nobody's fault but their own. If the Hindus, in particular, really believed that their native definition of woman, "That afterthought of God which was sent to bring woe to man," was conclusive, they surely deserved to remain shrouded in the night of heathendom. But all women were not so silly; and Miss Willard was extremely gratified upon being told that a prominent missionary to Japan enthusiastically stated, as his honest belief, that Commodore Perry

had not done more for the commerce of that country than the messengers of temperance had done for the women.

Moreover, she had many other reasons for gratification. As each year of the decade from 1880 to 1890 was woven into the fabric of history, the "little Protestant nun," as she characterized herself, gently but steadily forced her way more and more deeply into the hearts of the myriads who looked upon her as their icon, with no attendant loss of reverence for higher gods. Was she not, in truth, the "uncrowned queen of America"? So she was called, and assuredly she merited the distinction; the aureole of saintliness which rapt imagination depicted encircling that serene brow, radiated an effulgent splendor far more blinding than the light from an earthly diadem. As, standing before multitude after multitude, that diminutive figure, firm in its very fragility, became the cynosure upon which thousands of eyes were centered; as the clear, melodious voice rang out to every corner in tones now thrilling with tenderness, now vibrating with intrepid defiance; as her homely illustrations, her humorous sallies, her quotations of poetry, her furiously unbridled attacks on the strongholds of sin were launched at the faces that stared up at her in a fascinated immobility that was unbroken save by an occasional nod of approbation or a responsive smile, it seemed that she was in every respect the queen of women. A jesting cynic, contemplating in a spirit of amused detachment the groveling antics of her feminine coterie, came, as cynics commonly do, far nearer the truth than her clamant panegyrists when he said, "if Frances Willard should push a plank

out into the ocean, and should beckon the white ribbon women to follow her out to the end of it, they would all go without a question." There was something inexplicable about her, as there is about all great leaders, that bordered almost on sorcery; something inscrutable and Sphinx-like, something unfathomable and enigmatical, like the recondite charm of the yogi's captivating crystal sphere or the indistinctly muttered incantations of wizardry. "She was a bunch of magnetism," said her chief rival for honors, Miss Anthony, "possessing that occult force which all leaders must have. I never approached her but what I felt my nerves tingle from this magnetism."

But if, in a part of the public mind, she was elevated to the apogee of reverential admiration, if exquisite encomiums were showered upon her in a profusion that was almost without antecedent or parallel, it was because in her private capacity she had amply earned that rare honor. Her work was literally everything to her: society, friendship, affection, home, rest—things which for most women are sufficient unto themselves—were all subordinated to the higher ends she had in view. It was not that she loved these things less; it was that she loved her work more. An ineffaceable, persistent vision always floated before her—a steel engraving on the wall of her childhood's home, which had been printed forever in her mind. It represented "a bright, happy temperance home with a sweet woman at the center, and over against it a dismal, squalid house with a drunken man staggering in, bottle in hand." There it was, that grim, haunting specter, incessantly admonishing her to give every ounce of strength she had to her

task. Her "den" at Rest Cottage, with its walls almost hidden by dozens of photographs of co-laborers, its floor space almost entirely unsurped by carefully catalogued drawers of temperance matter, by scores of books, by a handy typewriter and an omnivorous waste-paper basket, was her sanctum; but even here the evil shade glided in and taunted her with its disquieting presence. Here, too, she fought it more strenuously than anywhere else. Like a general in his tent, she formulated her plans for battle and sent forth her commands, wrote out her speeches, cared for her huge correspondence, and, in brief, did the thousand and one things that had to be done. Yet, despite a constitution not naturally vigorous, she remained in good health; the regularity of her habits, together with her tireless enthusiasm, accounted for this. Except when traveling, she rose shortly after seven and retired not much later than half past nine; she sat at her desk from nine until six, with an hour's intermission for lunch, and recreation, which took the form of a tricycle and a home exerciser. Walking would have been preferable to either, but those long skirts which fashion dictated *would* get in the way, as they had always done since she was sixteen.

Such was her daily schedule. Seated at her desk, where the entangling skirts no longer bothered her, she continued to spin out her schemes for universal redemption. But there was *so* much work to do in order to bring it about! There was the *Union Signal* (successor to *Our Union*), the official sheet of her organization, to be edited; there were campaigns for constitutional amendments in various states to be carried out

with unflagging perseverance, even though such efforts had a most irritating way of being almost uniformly unsuccessful. There was the Polyglot Petition, which was to do away forever with Oriental indulgences in "alcohol and opium, and in other vices," to be sent to "the Governments of the World (Collectively and Severally)." When finished, it was a web of white muslin over a mile long, half a yard in width, bound in red and blue, with names "four columns abreast" to the number of 771,000, exclusive of a few millions for which even that enormous strip of cloth had no room. Then it had to be toted about the land among various conventions, and eventually across the ocean, where "two richly bound and illuminated volumes containing the text of the petition with the signatures of such of her royal subjects as were among its signers" were presented to Her Majesty, the Queen. Then there were innumerable meetings to be addressed, interminable letters to be looked after, and there were books—so many books!—to write: an autobiography, whose 650,000 words (at first there were over a million, but she was persuaded to cut down the number) were made up largely of shreds and patches from her former speeches and articles, so that she threw them together in three weeks; a volume of biographical slices of the leading ladies in the W. C. T. U. sandwiched between historical sketches of its growth; a book, "Helps and Hints," for the edification of the white ribboners; a novel, "Margaret's Victory," which was to have been printed in *Our Union*, but which was withdrawn as being "too woman's rightsy."

But before she wrote at all, her mental machinery

had to be dusted and oiled. Her mind, she admitted, was "like a pail of water that has just been drawn from a spring and it must settle"; and even then, it was not always quite clear, for a little cloudiness caused by unsettled impurities is frequently to be detected. It appears, for instance, in "How to Win. A Book for Girls," which her school-mistress instincts, not yet wholly stifled by the overflowing years that had intervented since those far-off days, compelled her to write. In this volume the dry bread of advice was made appetizing by a liberal sprinkling of sugary "My dears" and "My dear girls." She recalled her youthful excesses in the reading of romances, and warned the tender buds for whom she wrote to beware of the nipping frost that lurked in "Jane Eyre" and "Thaddeus of Warsaw"; the glamour of those highly seasoned pages was unhealthful, was her comment. But, disregarding her own conspicuous failure in that field, she advised her prospective readers to go into journalism, where "woman has now the opportunity to do for journalism what she long ago accomplished for literature—to drive out the Fieldings and Smolletts from its temple . . . to frown upon coarse jests, debasing innuendoes, and irreverent witticisms." Possibly her enormous activities in other fields had prevented her from acquiring a complete knowledge of literature since the coarse and debasing works of Fielding and Smollett had appeared.

Whenever a moment of respite did come—when she paused in her labors for a fleeting moment, or when in the watches of the night she poured out her soul in prayer—there would loom up with awful distinctness some phantasm of moral obliquity which had thus far,

oddly enough, remained unnoticed. How could she have been so thoughtless, so inexcusably careless! Then the feverish pen would be at it again, and off would go some warning message to her sex or some new petition to those in command of political and social power. "Girls come and ask me," she wrote, " 'Would you dance round dances?' Dear little sisters, no; don't dance a round dance. The women of the future will not do it"—a prophecy destined to be amply fulfilled in a manner that she never suspected. Materialism, it appeared to her, was rampant everywhere—"We live in a strangely materialistic age, when thought is declared to be a secretion of the brain, and revelation looked upon as nothing but a myth," she pondered; but, somehow or other, she could not seem to make much headway against it, for the damning doctrines still continued to be taught. Divorce, with its sacrilegious cheapening of the divinely ordained laws of matrimony, flaunted itself with distressing frequency before her eyes; she believed "in divorce for one cause only, in legal separation on account of drunkenness," and thus managed to deviate but slightly from Scriptural injunction. The physical and moral evils of improper female attire prompted her to make an admission which she seldom made—in one particular woman was even more sinful than man; and she warned young men against marrying women who deserved to be unsought in marriage because of wasp-waists, French heels and décolleté dresses. Yet she was careful, in her attempts at dress reform, not to advocate any sudden changes that would have been held up to ridicule. She remembered how Miss Anthony and some other equally de-

termined ladies, who cast discretion to the winds and donned the once notorious "bloomer" costumes, had been subjected to public insult and derision; how the rabble had tagged the conspicuous females, had thrown sticks and stones, had given "three cheers and a tiger" which ended in loud groans and catcalls, and had gleefully hooted such doggerel vulgarisms as this:

> Gibbery, gibbery gab, 7
> The women had a confab
> And demanded the rights
> To wear the tights.
> Gibbery, gibbery gab.

Nevertheless, she spoke in strong terms against the use of torturing garments which required the "constriction of the waist and the compression of the trunk," and which, therefore, often caused "serious, sometimes irreparable, injury to important vital organs."

Activities of such variety (although the list is by no means complete) left her precious little time for life's amenities. In truth, how few pleasures of any kind were absolutely harmless! Was it possible that, on her journey abroad so many years ago, she actually "went to see sights on Sunday, went to the theater, and took wine at dinner"—things that "I never did and never do at home?" To be sure, she *had* once gone to Wallack's in New York, where she saw a performance of "Rosedale, or the Rifle Ball"; but then, it was a "most respectable . . . reputable play . . . no one knows me and no harm will be done," and besides, this "evening of wonder and delight" had passed long ago. But as to wine—heavens! had she once positively liked, posi-

tively drunk the vile stuff with pleasure? When, at this time, a well-meaning hostess offered her a glass, her cheeks and brow, which had once flushed for a far different reason, now colored with indignation as she sternly replied, "Madam, 200,000 women would lose somewhat of their faith in humanity if I should drink a drop of wine."

Fortunately, there were a few pleasures which were not only harmless but genuinely beneficent. In her constant journeyings to fill lecture engagements, she often met some of her notable contemporaries. As a girl she had profited by reading Henry Ward Beecher's "Lectures to Young Men"; she had continued to believe in him even after his name had been tainted by the ignominy of an egregious scandal; she was attracted to him by familiar stories about his piquant little ways—his habit of striding into the pulpit without removing his hat and of preaching with his rubbers on—and accordingly she was highly pleased upon being invited to lecture in Plymouth Church. Still, Mr. Beecher's "Sermons on Evolution" had proved too strong for her spiritual diet, for the substantially orthodox faith of her early womanhood had never evolved; and yet her fiftieth year found her writing, "my chief mental difficulty has always been, and is today, after all these years, to adjust myself to the idea of 'Three in one' and 'One in three!' " At this age, also, she was troubled by another stumbling-block: "Always since then," she confessed, referring to a time when, not yet five years old, she had been held up by her father so that she could see a dead man in a coffin, "in spite of all my faith and the fervors I have known religi-

ously, there is about the thought of death the clammy horror stamped upon me when I saw that face." But few difficulties or dangers of any sort presented themselves when she spent a pleasant hour with Mr. Beecher's even more famous sister at her home in Hartford, Connecticut, at which place, however, Miss Willard noted, even in her felicity, "Mark Twain's house is within a stone's throw." Perhaps some passages in his writings may have suggested to her this figurative estimate of the distance that separated them; at all events, she did not call on that devastatingly iconoclastic humorist. She was much impressed, upon meeting Walt Whitman, with his "sense of God, Nature and Human Brotherhood"; although she reflected later, with amazing accuracy, "What he really is I do not know." But she had no doubts at all about Whittier, whose abolitionist fervor had been easily transferred to the cause of temperance and suffrage; and it was very pleasant to hear his deep, low voice saying, "But thee must know thee is becoming a figure quite conspicuous yonder on thy prairies!" It was pleasanter still to learn that he was giving his young friends copies of "Nineteen Beautiful Years," and to have him write a preface for the most recent edition of that juvenile effort. The only cloud that darkened the brightness of the sky during her chat with him came when he expressed doubt concerning his ability to write what seemed so easy—a temperance home protection song; but perhaps the author of "Songs of Labour and Reform" recognized his limitations.

Miss Willard was not always so wise; and each new year found her advancing into new fields of effort.

"You have a fatal versatility," a friend once remarked to her; and frequently, with a sad little smile, she would apologize for her endlessly ramifying projects by repeating the kindly accusation. "What mind I have is intuitional," she once wrote in a momentary flash of logical insight. " . . . What I do must be done quickly." Her enemies, of course, had another way of explaining her activities—"She is ambitious," they said. But such critical estimates, whether friendly, personal or inimical, actually explain nothing; they at once say too much and too little. Versatility, intuition, ambition—such words merely scratch the surface of her character. For versatility often packs its scattered component parts into a tremendous condensation of energy; intuition may descend to sheer craziness, or it may rise to heights that excel the loftiest speculations of philosophy; ambition may be any one of the thousand means whose extremes terminate respectively in the profoundest of self-abasement and the most meretricious self-exaltation. And yet, how often do extremes of the widest divergence almost converge! Genius or idiot, savant or fool, martyr or charlatan, saint or fakir—one calls to mind scores of historical personages whose characters were marvelously compounded of such twin contrarieties. Despite the ingenuous simplicity of purpose which may easily be seen in all the complexities of Miss Willard's career, despite the almost ridiculously obvious ardor of enthusiasm for spiritual ends which illuminates every phase of her enormous interests, the critical observer will manifest a wise caution if he refuses to sum up her personality in a pat phrase or a brilliantly shallow epigram. For simplicity of purpose, like a calm and

translucent river, may have its sources in inexplorable chasms and impassable heights; and righteous enthusiasm may have been kindled by a celestial fire or by baleful, inquisitorial flames. Was it only a wish to tickle her audience, or was it the urge of some deeper desire, that caused her to say, "honestly, I always thought that, next to a wish I had to be a saint some day, I really would like to be a politician"? It is easy to detect the tone of contented self-assurance in the first wish; it was the second that caused her genuine concern. Her constant harping upon the rightness of suffrage, her joining of forces with the Prohibition Party—whose waxing growth during her lifetime she doubtless took as an augury of eventual success—her immediate acceptance of the many offices that were tendered her, are sufficient indications of her strong political ambitions. For, should the causes of suffrage and prohibition triumph, would not the woman who was the leading advocate of one cause, and the second chief intercessor for the other, be almost certain to reap a reward which even a saint might correctly claim? Power—righteous power, no doubt, but at all events power—had come to her; and it was only human that she should long for more.

She continued to be human. In 1892 the death of her venerable mother robbed her of the last of "The Happy Five"; and, although a faith that was rarely perturbed had replaced the morose moodiness of her early years, she could not endure Rest Cottage now that the familiar figure with the blanched countenance and white hair had forever departed from the cozy little rooms. So she sailed for England, where the

warm friendship of Lady Henry Somerset, President of the British Women's Temperance Association, mitigated the pangs of bereavement. But a palliating force that was even stronger than friendship proved to be a more effectual cure. Around her, wherever she went, were all too many and too conspicuous signs of those flagrant vices to whose subjugation she had dedicated herself: women meekly obedient to men whose breath reeked with nicotine and alcohol in all their Protean forms, profanity, the social evil, and—horrors! a brand of iniquity which, so far as she knew, was rare at home but painfully evident here—gambling. In such an environment, was the woman who, in 1887, had been made President of the World's W. C. T. U. to rest—to shed weak tears for an idolized mother whose face, wreathed in angelic smiles, was looking down at her from the regions above? No, she would never stop—never!—while such things were permitted, and, impossible though it appeared, even encouraged by those who in their effrontery called themselves the better class.

From city to city she traveled, welcomed by great audiences to whom she was often introduced by renowned statesmen. But the sins against which she shot the sharpest arrows from her well-stocked quiver still refused to fall before the attack; so far as she could see, signs and advertisements calling attention to the good qualities of a generous variety of Scotch whiskies were just as thick as ever. It was all very queer and rather discouraging; but no matter—she would not bate her labors a single jot. Besides, it was encouraging to know that Mrs. Gladstone, whose illus-

trious husband had long been Miss Willard's ideal of statesmanship, was at the head of the Woman's Liberal Federation which was striving to lead English ladies into the promised land of emancipation from male bondage; it was pleasant to see Queen Victoria, "a somewhat stout, short figure dressed in black, without a jewel, without a ribbon [would that her strong sense of duty had moved her to wear the white ribbon!], just a kindly, quiet, dignified lady that anybody would have been glad to call his mother or his grandmother." As a girl, indeed, her highest ambition for some time was to be called "Queen Victoria's Maid of Honor." How soothing it was to reflect that the Queen, probably because she was stimulated and sustained by the wholesome examples of her many maids of honor, had been "true to the sacred duties of wife, mother and friend, true to the magnificent powers reposed in her as Queen," and to recall that, upon being asked to explain the reason for England's greatness, the regal lady had unhesitatingly replied, "It is the Bible and Christianity"! Yes, in spite of drawbacks and disasters, her work had its compensations.

So, too, had her hours of leisure. Her home exerciser and tricycle were far away; but it gave her a peculiarly personal joy to know that the Royal Princesses, Louise and Beatrice, had once disported themselves upon tricycles at Balmoral. Moreover, the bicycle was now coming into use for women as well as for men. She approved of it because it was "perhaps our strongest ally in winning young men away from public-houses," and she therefore felt that she would be setting a good example, as well as benefiting

her troublesome nerves, if she herself were to ride one. So she bought a bicycle, named it "Gladys," and, clothed in a costume which, she took pains to record, was but "three inches from the ground," essayed to ride. Three strong-armed young English gentlemen, one of whom wore a silk top hat, offered her their assistance; and, while two of them on either side and the other in the rear steadied "Gladys" as well as they could, Miss Willard began to experience the mysterious charm of simultaneous body-equilibrium and body-propulsion. Her progress was not rapid; but after a time, certain embarrassing upsets having caused her to dispense with the services of the three willing youths, for whom a corresponding number of sympathizing ladies were substituted, she dared to call out, "Let go—but stand by." After two months of practice "off and on daily," during which time twelve different ladies were called into service, and after wisely concluding that her failures came "from a wobbling will rather than a wobbling wheel," she was able to mount and ride a little without aid. But, will or no will, "Gladys" continued to wobble until her mistress thought of a happy device. At first she tried to make the frisky machine behave by repeating three times in succession to herself the proverb, "They reel to and fro and stagger like a drunken man"; but before the third repetition was finished, the picture of a tipsy man which occupied her mind caused her to launch off the saddle. Then she had a lucky thought which solved her difficulty. It occurred to her to substitute, for the shade of the inebriate, the image of her mother, saying, "Do it? Of course you'll do it! What else should you

do?" With this spiritual assistance, she generally succeeded; and, as "Gladys" by steady degrees became more tame and docile, after three more months her rider was able to spin over the ground without suffering many untoward mishaps.

V

THE last six years of Miss Willard's life were spent almost equally in England and the home country. An insatiable craving for more work, and then more, grew upon her coincidently with the progress of an insidious attendant—pernicious anemia. Upon her return from one of her trips to England, she was thought by all except herself to be an invalid, although one of a most unusual kind. "Miss Willard can wear us all out now," said one of her satellites. "I don't know what she would do if she were well." But, sick or well, she had no doubt as to what she was going to do—until her last breath, she was going to be unfalteringly assiduous in doing good. Back and forth across the land, back and forth across the ocean she went, restlessly carrying out her ever broadening program of labor.

In 1896, while seeking recuperation from nervous trouble by means of a bicycle tour through Normandy in company with Lady Somerset, she read of the awful plight of Armenian refugees, who had fled to Marseilles for escape from Turkish oppression and massacre. Worn out as she was, she turned "Gladys" toward that city, and, having reached it, at once engaged in Samaritan activities. She besieged the city

authorities until they turned part of a charity hospital over to the unfortunates; she helped to rehabilitate the building; she assisted in cooking huge kettles of soup made of meat, onions and red peppers; and she furnished cloth which the needy women cut up and sewed into rough garments. Then she began to cope with the problem of making permanent provision for their needs. With the aid of her white ribboners, she brought two hundred of the outcasts to America, where they were helped to become self-supporting. She influenced her organization to petition Congress for financial aid in behalf of the stricken nation; she sent letters to ministers, asking them to devote Sunday evening sermons to the good cause; the ministers, delighted with such a welcome replenishment of their stock of homiletic ideas, responded with a will, and soon the money began to pour in. At length there was enough so that Clara Barton was sent at the head of a relieving expedition to restore the devastated country. It was no wonder that, when a young Armenian immigrant saw a woman with the tell-tale snowy badge on her bosom as he landed in Portland, Maine, he sprang forward, reverently touched the sacred token, bent low to kiss the hand that was stretched out to meet him, and murmured the one English word that was known to him: "Willard."

Meanwhile, in the midst of such generous labors, the unsuspected but inevitable end was approaching. During the last year of her life, she lessened the burden of her activities by revisiting the scenes of her childhood and the homes of her ancestors; but she still seemed to be slowly drooping even when, in obedience

to her physician, she took long periods of rest. Her weariness now grew pathetically evident, although she showed occasional flashes of buoyant expectancy and interest in life. It was decided that another journey to England was advisable; but just then she discovered that Chicago dealers in liquor had vowed to turn the Woman's Temple of that city into a brewery. In the face of such an impending tragedy, what mattered, even life itself, if it could be averted? So she stayed at home and plunged into the work of rescuing the sacred structure; it might almost be said that she sacrificed her life to that cause, for a European vacation might possibly have restored her health. Nor was she content merely to fight for the Temple. A great outcry was raised, during the winter of 1897, against sensational journalism and against the Corbett-Fitzsimmons prize-fight. She sent out requests to prominent women asking them to protest against such national disgraces; and she was somewhat nonplussed when Miss Anthony took her sharply to task for her occasional lack of political common sense. "Don't you see," the hard-headed Quaker lady wrote, "if women ever get the right to vote it must be through the consent of not only the moral and decent men of the nation, but also through that of the other kind? Is it not perfectly idiotic for us to be telling the latter class that the first thing we shall do with our ballots will be to knock them out of the enjoyment of their pet pleasures and vices? If you still think it wise to keep on sticking pins into the men . . . you will have to go on doing it." But Miss Willard was unconvinced; she did not always believe in mere expediency and opportunism;

and so she continued to stick pins into that kind of men whose chief delight lay in the enjoyment of pet pleasures and vices.

But she was not to continue doing so much longer. Early in 1898 she went to New York, where the generosity of the owner enabled her to occupy, free of charge, a suite of rooms in the Empire Hotel. After two weeks of work, she complained of great languor and unnatural lassitude, although she still struggled on through hectic days and restless nights. But, early in February, she was forced to take to her bed, for influenza had overtaken her. At first she was not thought to be in actual danger, and she frequently asked to be allowed to dictate "just one very important letter" to her very faithful stenographer, Miss Mary Powderly. More signatures for the Polyglot Petition—vital communications to the *Union Signal*—the beloved Temple —memories of her childhood—bedside prayers with her sister Mary—fragments of old hymns—these and other vague thoughts kept rushing through her mind. Two days before the end, her niece brought into the sick-room some flowers that were the dearest of all to her—lilies of the valley—the floral emblem of the W. C. T. U. As she lovingly fingered them, her face, now grown so haggard and wan, brightened for a moment as she faintly murmured, "Lilies—of the valley—of the shadow." That very same day had marked a catastrophe which was to plunge her country into war; the twilight of her life came at the dawn of a new national era, but this was unknown to her.

On the following day a general call for prayer was sent out, and Willard Hall in the Temple was filled

with a vast throng whose hearts cried as one heart, "Spare her, O God, if it is Thy will." That night she was very restless and her spasmodic remarks were incoherent: "He giveth His beloved sleep, but, oh, sometimes He is a long time doing it. . . . Oh, let me go away, let me be in peace; I am so safe with Him." At times she suffered intense pain; but dissolution itself was mercifully painless. Just before she became unconscious, about midday on February 17, the thin white hand, which had wrought a magic hush on countless audiences, was feebly raised in an attempt to point upward. Perhaps her vanishing consciousness was endeavoring for the last time to visualize those lofty summits which she had striven so hard to reach through all the weary but still satisfying years. Then suddenly, in a final gleam of mental perception, those incredibly distant heights drew nearer—were at hand—she stood upon them at last! The grief-stricken friends around her bed listened with strained intensity to her dying utterance: "How beautiful it is to be with God," she said, in a tone of deepest contentment. Twelve hours later, almost exactly at midnight, the blue eyes looked serenely toward heaven, she breathed a few tired sighs —and then she tested the validity of her last words.

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JAMES J. HILL

I

ONCE upon a time, by one of those singular coincidences that determine the fate of empires and individuals no less frequently than the *dénôuement* of fairy stories, a chance meeting brought together for the first time two persons who were destined to wave more potent wands than any fairies ever waved. In 1870, on a blustery March day, two dogsleds, each driven by a single man, happened to cross trails on a wind-swept prairie near Winnipeg, in Manitoba. One driver was of middle age, tall and commanding, with a face so distinctively aristocratic that, even though it was entirely surrounded by a huge fur cap and an enormous, icicle-bespangled beard, good breeding shone in every flicker of the calm, cold eyes and almost glowed—for it was very cold—on the large, finely shaped nose. The other was a man still barely past thirty, though his spade-shaped beard, which completely concealed his receding chin and his heavy, projecting teeth, made him appear somewhat older on first view. His figure was short, squat and square; his face was stolid and plebeian, yet undoubtedly powerful. In every physical respect, save for his beard, he differed almost absolutely from the older man.

But, after all, the difference was mainly external, for the aristocratic man was Donald A. Smith, who was

fated to control the political and economic destiny of Canada for more than thirty years to come. During those years he bounded like an India-rubber ball from one political party to another, as each happened to suit or to oppose his own schemes; he conferred upon his country the benefit of building the Canadian Pacific Railroad by using every form of political and financial extortion; he won thereby a great fortune and an everlasting renown—at any rate, lasting enough so that he was dubbed Lord Strathcona, and became one of Queen Victoria's favorites; and he brought his life to a fitting close by devoting a large part of his hard-earned wealth to the organization and equipment of Lord Strathcona's Horse, which performed heroic deeds in helping to save England from destruction at the hands of atrocious Boers.

As for the young man—"I liked him then," said Smith, some twenty-five years later, "and I never had reason to change my opinion."

The young man was James J. Hill.

II

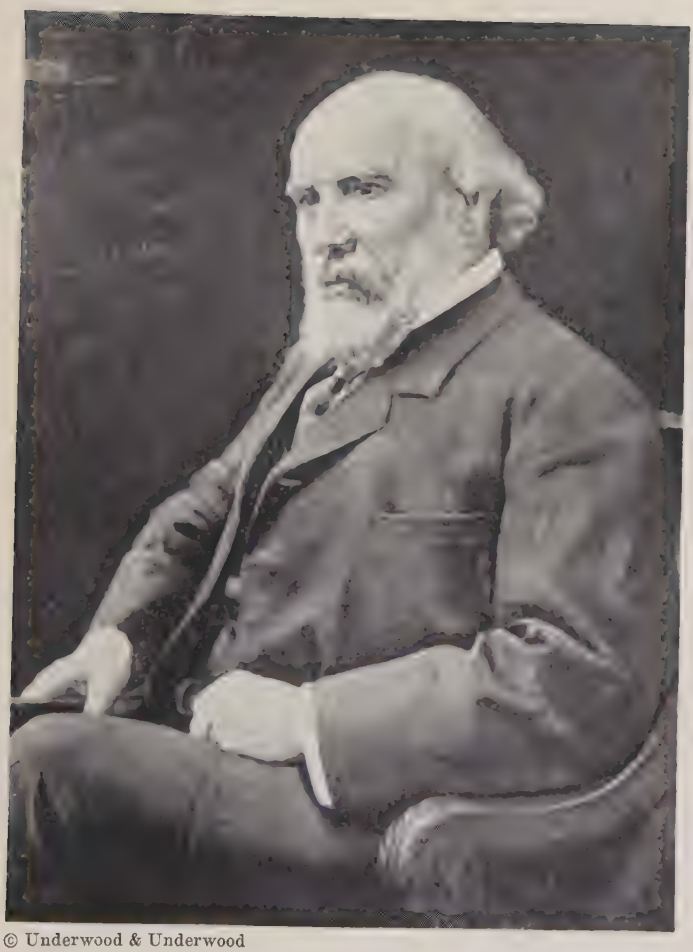
Fairy stories have been mentioned; and Hill's life, indeed, reads like one. For surely the nineteenth century was a fairyland ruled by a number of godmothers, each of whom became more powerful than her predecessor. Godmother Agrarianism was forced, however slowly and reluctantly, to abdicate rather early in the century by a prodigiously pregnant dame called Industrial Revolution, who, with the timely assistance of her

husband, Imperialism, became mother to a number of lusty youngsters: Urbanism, Suburbanism, Competition and finally Consolidation—more familiarly known as Dame Trust or Dame Monopoly—who still maintains her rule very successfully, in spite of the efforts of a doddering old dwarf called Governmental Regulation. But, of course, every fairy land has its quota of wicked persons and several of them—for example, the triplets, Strike, Labor Union and Socialism; a frail but curiously long-lived elf named Democracy; and a vile, pimple-faced gnome called Anarchy—caused the good fairies to experience some very anxious moments. As for James J. Hill, he fits in quite nicely in the rôle of Cinderella: Poverty was the wicked stepmother, Jay Gould and E. H. Harriman were the ugly stepsisters; but a lovely prince, known variously as Luck, Opportunity, Chance or Fortune, at last fitted the glass slipper on the foot of his bride and carried her off in triumph. But perhaps this is anticipating too much; it is time to look at some of the details that compose this romantic portrait.

To his biographer James Jerome Hill gave a threefold injunction to execute in outlining his life: "Make it plain and simple and true"; and the biographer fulfilled the first and second stipulations in an eminently satisfactory manner. Hill's youth, according to this record, not merely indexed his future; it included those qualities and episodes so dear to the hearts of all good Americans when they turn for inspiration, as they so frequently do, to the lives of their national heroes. He was a "self-made" man; he was reared in poverty—better still, in a log cabin. He was, to be sure, a

foreigner—born near Guelph, Ontario, on September 16, 1838—but eventually he redeemed and even glorified himself by becoming a naturalized United States citizen. Educated in a Quaker academy, he showed himself "quick to learn and incessant in application" of his brains to the usual elementary subjects, though it is true that he approached the bounds of dangerous unorthodoxy by acquiring some Latin, "a very little Greek," algebra and geometry. It had been decided that he was to be a doctor; but the accidental loss of one eye "was as serious an obstacle to the plan as was the death of his father," which occurred in 1852. Then, like a good story-book hero, he abandoned all thought of himself, clerked in a village store, and thus contributed to the support of his widowed mother. At eighteen he began to dream those Oriental dreams that troubled him all his life, and, no longer needed at home, he went to New York and Philadelphia; but he found no opportunity of embarking as a sailor, and accordingly journeyed west as far as St. Paul, Minnesota—then a mere settlement on a muddy levee, commonly called "Pig's eye." His funds gave out at this point, the last expedition for the Pacific Coast had departed just before his arrival, and he therefore settled down at St. Paul—for life, as it turned out.

From 1856 to 1873, Hill forged ahead in various lines of activity; he progressed slowly, but at least he progressed. Serving as clerk to several steamboat companies for the first nine years, and then entering a partnership in a general transportation and commission business, he gained precisely the sort of experience that was to make him such a formidable figure in the



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JAMES J. HILL

Northwest industrial world. He became thoroughly acquainted with the surrounding territory, and he incessantly studied the general railroad situation; thus, step by step, he acquired a tremendous capacity for cramming and storing away in his pigeon-holed brain concrete facts and figures of the most complex sort. By 1873 he had mastered an enormous amount of practical knowledge, gained a considerable fortune, and won a wife. At the Merchants' Hotel in St. Paul where he lived, he fell in love with a waitress, Mary Theresa Mehegan, the daughter of an Irish "tailor in a small way"; she was "a sensible, high-principled girl," who eventually bore him ten children—seven daughters and three sons. His health during these years was excellent, in fact, and he "was fond of saying that at the time of his marriage he weighed but 135 pounds and had a waist measure of 29 inches."

III

The year 1873 was the pivotal year of Hill's life. Before, he had been plain "Jim Hill," a trustworthy, hard-working, successful business man, of some local importance; afterward, within the space of thirty years, he leapt into the position of almost absolute dictator of the economic and political welfare of the Northwest. The evolution of American industrial development reached its peak in his personality; inexplicable destiny had decided that he was the man who should forge the last link in the chain of events that led to the complete subjugation and settlement of the last virgin territory in the United States; the long, slow process of mechani-

zation of nature—and man—in the greatest nation of the Western World culminated in him. It may not be possible to determine precisely how this came about; how, by what curious shifts of fortune, by what odd combinations of chance and opportunism, he attained this eminence; but some facts, at least, are fairly clear.

For several decades prior to 1873, the United States had been railroad-crazy. Through the connivance of wealthy individuals and the national government, including the Supreme Court—for the wealthy individuals, of whom the most representative specimen was Roscoe Conkling, were generally Senators who possessed a two-fold power: the power that came from serving as counsel for different corporations, and the power of confirming presidential nominees to the Supreme Court—judicial decisions were given which showed an ever-increasing tendency to expedite the growth of great corporate enterprises. Such a state of affairs may have been morally justifiable and even legally impeccable; at all events, it *was* the state of affairs. As a result, huge railroad systems had come into being chiefly by the aid of large subsidies, and by grants of territorial right-of-way. In the end, expansion became too rapid and the whole mushroom growth collapsed in the unparalleled panic of 1873. Corporate structures that had seemed as firmly founded as the Pyramids came tumbling down like a house of cards; and out of this mass of debris Hill—whose magic touch always turned panics into veritable bonanzas—extracted the materials which enabled him to build up his own enormous fortune.

Among the lesser railroads that crashed to ruin in that national catastrophe was the St. Paul & Pacific —a system that included only some five hundred miles of track, but one that held a keystone position; for it was a potential bond that might connect the great expanse of Canadian territory centering in Winnipeg with the outside world. Indeed, it was more than this; for Donald A. Smith was already dreaming dreams of the time when he was to be given fifty million acres of land and a subsidy of $30,000,000 for the building of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and James J. Hill was seeing visions of the time when he was to own a parallel two thousand mile line, stretching from St. Paul to Seattle. With all of Southwestern Canada and all of the Northwestern States included in the grip of these twin lines of steel; with Smith and Hill in mutual agreement that there should be no competition between the two systems, inasmuch as they were mutually interdependent; these two railroads would have a strangle hold upon the industrial development of that magnificent expanse of land. Surely, surely, there was something providential in that apparently fortuitous meeting on a wintry prairie in March, 1870.

In order that these dreams and visions might be fulfilled, certain things were necessary: daring, initiative, energy; and—more concretely—money, prescient information, and settlers for the virgin territory. Whether Smith and Hill had foreseen all this, or whether they were mere opportunists who struck when the iron was hot, can never be determined; the important fact remains that such were the means employed.

From 1873 until he finally got control of the St. Paul

& Pacific, Hill was literally possessed by the possibilities that lay in that road. "He used to talk it at all times. He sat in the old club house holding Kittson [one of his partners] in a corner and boring the plan into him with a threatening forefinger. He ate and drank and slept with it." Nor was this strange; for, though the St. Paul & Pacific was contemptuously referred to as "two streaks of rust and the right of way," its latent assets were enormous. In fact, its total valuation—a valuation that included over two million acres of land—was conservatively estimated at $20,000,000, and it could be bought for less than $7,000,000. In other words, here was a property obtainable for about thirty cents on a dollar. Not a bad bargain, certainly; but the Dutch burghers and bankers of Amsterdam who, years previously, had paid over $13,000,000 for the railroad knew only that, when it became bankrupt, their investment had been cut in half—they could not understand the potentialities of the investment, for the excellent reason that the persons who were in control of the road had carefully kept all such knowledge from reaching their ears.

But there were others who did know these facts. What was more, Hill knew that *they* knew; and that was why he continued to shake his forefinger more insistently than ever in the faces of Kittson and Smith. The directors of the Chicago & Northwestern and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul were not blind, and, almost bankrupt though they were, they loomed ominously in the foreground. But the genius of Hill not merely loomed—it became feverishly, yet astutely active. In consequence, so his biographer states with

admirable candor, these two roads "were played judiciously against each other during this time by Mr. Hill, who had the confidence of both. Each was pacified by the assurance that the other should have no part in the new undertaking." Eventually, the inevitable happened: superior genius completely defeated inferior talent. Through a maze of intricately tangled legalistic proceedings, this fact finally emerged: Hill, Smith, George Stephen (a wealthy cousin of Smith's) and Kittson acquired the defaulted bonds of the St. Paul & Pacific for less than $7,000,000—barely one-third of their actual value. Incidentally, they were required to deposit only $280,000 to clinch the bargain; they were "allowed to turn in receiver's debentures and bonds as payment for the purchase price." In May, 1879, the good work was completed: the Hill coterie organized the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railroad Company for the express purpose of buying the St. Paul and Pacific under foreclosure—they desired, above all else, to form a stabilized combination of the interlocking United States and Canadian lines and get them entirely out of the court's jurisdiction into absolutely private possession. In June the decree of foreclosure was granted, and within a year Hill and his satellites "were already out of the woods so far as the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba was concerned", his biographer remarks; but he does not explain too clearly how this fortunate result was obtained. The chief reason was this: immediately after the foreclosure took place, Hill & Co. sold most of the land property of the railroad for over $13,000,000. No wonder they smiled sweetly at each other in the intimacies of their business

meetings; no wonder, too, that the "grasping" Dutch bondholders, who had so mercilessly insisted that the unheard-of sum of $280,000 should be advanced prior to the sale, gnashed their teeth in impotent anger when they discovered how neatly they had been tricked; and the imagination flounders at the mere thought of their emotional condition, when, twenty-seven years later, they learnt that Hill and his partners had divided between them, as the spoils of this enterprise, the sum of $407,000,000.

IV

Although Hill had now only laid the foundation of his subsequent dazzling career as "Empire-Builder", the stupendous structure that he was to erect is, to a large degree, a matter of more interest to the economist and historian than to the biographer. One cannot escape noticing, in the evolution of his life, what one almost always notes in the progress of towering financial magnates: with their steady advance toward an ever-growing wealth, power and fame, there is a corresponding diminution of intimately personal details and episodes. In proportion as they become larger and grander, in like proportion do their personalities shrink into a vaguer and vaguer remoteness. Only a comparatively few persons—and some of them still live—could, if they chose, speak the words that would be the Open Sesame to the carefully veiled recesses and winding labyrinths which conceal so much that forms a part of the cavernous depth and breadth of Hill's volcanic personality; but their lips have been, and will doubtless continue to be, conveniently dumb. It hap-

pens, however, that the terrific forces which were submerged in that volcano at times became uncontrollable, rumbled, and burst forth in all their wild fury; and the illumination that accompanied those rare explosions made the interior as light as day for a brief instant. Besides, there were a few unguarded chinks and crevices in its vast surface, through which the patient explorer, lying in wait, could peep and get a fairly good glimpse of the volcano in its quiet moments.

In all the multiplicity of interests that occupied Hill from his first emergence into a recognized position of power, until his final retirement at the height of his astonishing success, two major activities dominated the host of his lesser works. Slowly, steadily, with imponderable determination and inflexible persistence, he ranged ahead, organizing and maturing railroad combinations that pointed invariably toward the complete control of the entire Northwest. Side by side with this ideal, he nourished another that was even greater: the domination of the Northwest was, in his mind, but the steppingstone toward a rule over the immeasurable resources of Oriental commerce. Everything in his life was henceforth subsidiary to these two closely interlinked ideals. As he advanced from one outpost to another, he left the abandoned territory so perfectly organized that there was nothing left for any interloping intruders to seize—his progressive control had attained such a smooth yet deadly momentum that it crushed all opposition. If this policy was ruthless, it was merely the outgrowth of a ruthless theory evolved in a ruthless century: the theory that the rights of property overshadow the rights of individuals—except

for a very few persons, such as James J. Hill, who had been providentially picked to control property rights. Whatever and whoever stood in Hill's path must stand aside. "I am a firm believer," he once remarked, "in all natural laws . . . and the law of the survival of the fittest is a natural law." If the corpses of any competing concerns, smashed beneath his economic Juggernaut, showed faint signs of reviving, he was wont to say, with grim humor, "If anything should occur to give them the breath of life, we will be around at the christening." The greatest paradox of the nineteenth century was that it gave birth to twins who had no family resemblance whatever—an uncompromisingly merciless economic creed, and a piously lachrymose humanitarian creed—and the paradox becomes even more paradoxical when one reflects that both were suckled at the same breast and grew with equal rapidity, just as good twins should. But only the first of the two had much interest for Hill.

By 1893 his dreams had come true to the extent that the Great Northern and the Canadian Pacific roads were completed, and were operating mutually "against Gould's Union Pacific." But the dreams had not been wholly without nightmare elements. For instance, when the parent branch of the Great Northern—the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba—began to function in 1879, Hill and his gang needed money. The gang strongly advocated the "watering" of the road's stock to the extent of $25,000,000; but Hill, always cautiously cunning, objected and stuck out for a paltry $5,000,000. "Water!" he snorted. "We've let in the whole of Lake Michigan already!" The cryptic

remark remains cryptic; but a compromise of $15,000,000 was finally agreed upon. As the Great Northern wound snakily westward, crawling over wide plains, bridging great rivers, and eating into the vitals of lofty mountains, special laws and franchises had been required—and granted—for the territory over which it extended; and in this connection a curious fact must be noted. In 1883 the Minnesota Legislature appointed a committee to investigate persistent charges that its members had been deluged with bribe money for the purpose of inducing them to vote for certain laws that were indispensable for the successful completion of the Great Northern; and, while it was not definitely shown that Hill was directly involved in the business, the committee's report proved that an appalling amount of corruption, in the form of lobbying and bribery by railroad interests, was rampant. Whatever Hill's relation to this affair may have been, his official biography is authority for a series of interesting admissions. Hill worked hand in hand with the Democratic bosses in 1884 for the nomination and election of Cleveland, and "his support contributed no little to that nomination and election . . ."; and Hill and Cleveland later became close personal friends—so close, in fact, that "After Mr. Cleveland's election the patronage of the Northwest was turned over substantially to two men in St. Paul who were staunch Democrats and good friends of Mr. Hill." In the light of these events, one is not surprised to learn that Cleveland once said, "Mr. Hill is one of the most remarkable men I have seen . . ." and that Hill was an ardent supporter of Cleveland in his stand against the free silver "ghost

dancers"—so very ardent that in August, 1896, Hill personally piloted Mark Hanna from one financier to another in Wall Street, gave him his own guarantee for $5,000,000, and finished a good day's work by saying to the delighted Mark, "Should you need more look in on me at St. Paul." In later years, "at any time the mention of the ex-president's name would stir Mr. Hill and send him off on a train of musing but enthusiastic eulogy"; and, through a common love of fishing, their friendship grew into delectable intimacy at Hill's salmon preserve in Labrador.

Concerning one fact, however, there is no possible shadow of doubt. Between 1880 and 1883, Hill was using the accumulated surplus funds of the St. Paul, Minnesota & Manitoba—funds belonging to its stockholders—for the expansion of that road into the Great Northern; in plain language, he borrowed money, without troubling to pay interest, from his company's treasury. Had this daring device failed—had the railroad gone on the rocks—it is at least possible that the doors of some Minnesota penitentiary would have closed upon him. But the device, while admittedly "not usual," was, we are told, "morally unassailable"; and anyhow it was "justified by the event." The "extraordinary but admirable confidence" of his stockholders, who had naturally "expected these surplus profits to be distributed", was in the end rewarded; and Hill, instead of donning a convict's garb, was richer by several millions. With this episode in mind, one feels very sympathetic toward his point of view concerning the honesty of his employees—a point of view made crystal clear in his own dictum: *"If there is a*

shadow of suspicion attached to them, discharge them at once. That . . . will set a good example to others in the future." Some of his employees, it is clear, had tried to profit by following one notably good example of the not very remote past.

But, unfortunately for Hill, all men were not so friendly as Cleveland nor so lenient as his own stockholders. There, confronting him at every step of his advance, was the specter of Jay Gould with his vice-like clutch on the Union Pacific, and indeed on the whole Northwest through his control of its representatives in Washington. In order that the infant Great Northern might cross the regions of Dakota and Montana, a special charter, authorizing its construction through the Indian reservations therein, was indispensable; and Gould, by means of a powerful lobby at Washington, prevented the passage of the charter for a time—but only for a time. One day, as he sat in his New York office, the door burst open and in rushed a menacing figure: a veritable gorilla of a man, with an abnormally long torso and abnormally short legs, with a prodigiously heavy chest and neck, with thick, sinewy arms, and limbs like granite columns. The great, dome-like head shook so vigorously that the long, tangled iron-gray hair and the bristling iron-gray beard tossed violently about; the one good eye blazed like a living coal, until it seemed to bore and burn its way straight to the center of Gould's weazened soul, and even the sightless eye seemed to show a dull glimmer. Then the beard burst asunder, the thick lips snarled back, and from between the huge teeth there came a succession of hoarse, growling barks that

finally shaped themselves into these snapping ejaculations: "You've played the —— hog in this matter just as long as you're going to be permitted. Unless you call off your —— Washington bushwackers at once . . . I'll tear down the whole —— business about your ears. . . . I'll go to Washington and camp there until I nail every one of your crooks to the doors of the Capitol by their —— ears. I'll . . ." But Mr. Gould had heard enough; and in an amazingly short space of time the dirt in the Indian reservations was flying—legally flying—in every direction.

It is true that, as the dirt flew about, beauty fled before it; but what did it matter? Was Hill engaged in a poetic enterprise? It seems not, for to his chief engineer he gave this order: "We don't care enough about Rocky Mountain scenery to spend a large sum of money in developing it. . . . What we want is the best possible line, shortest distance, lowest grades, and least curvature that we can build between the points to be covered." As the clangor and turmoil of modern progress disrupted the brooding quiet of those hitherto undisturbed sylvan spaces, one fancies that the grim ghost of Leatherstocking, jealously guarding the last large section of virgin solitude in the United States, frowned menacingly; but Hill had no time, and no desire, to worry about the private concerns of ghosts.

Nevertheless, he was constantly forced, willy-nilly, to worry about the concerns and actions of men. Late in 1891, the settlers in the Red River Valley of North Dakota were thunderstruck upon hearing that the Great Northern Railroad Company had issued an edict commanding them to vacate that section of territory,

because, so it was claimed, the territory belonged to the railroad. The claim had its origin in this manner: in 1884 Hill had demanded that the Red River lands should be ceded to him, basing his demand upon an act of Congress which, in 1857, had awarded those lands to a railroad that had since become insolvent. In the intervening years the General Land Office, taking it for granted that the land no longer belonged to the defunct railroad, had given full title of possession to the settlers —and now, in 1884, Hill was demanding these lands as his rightful due. After seven years of legal battling, the Supreme Court decided that the lands did, indeed, belong to Hill; hence the 1891 edict. The settlers at once appealed to Congress, which considerately passed an act permitting the Great Northern to choose, as a substitute, an equal area of land, that, like the relinquished Red River land, must be non-mineral. And this was precisely what Hill had hoped for; he was thus enabled to select the most valuable timber lands in Montana, Idaho and Washington. Shortly afterward, an interesting discovery was made: rich mineral deposits underlay a large part of the timber. This was certainly very lucky; and Hill was so pleased with the Commissioner of the Land Office—through whose wise forethought the timber-and-mineral territory came into Hill's grip—that he showed his gratitude by permitting the Montana Legislature to send the Commissioner to the United States Senate. When, in a period of railroad labor trouble, some of his own men went on strike, he fumed with impotent rage at first; then the craftiness born of intimate dealings with crafty men returned, and he consented to arbitrate. His own statement

shows what a famous victory the strikers gained: "The newspaper reports indicate that the men won . . . and this we have been careful not to contradict."

With the control, completion and operation of the Great Northern so satisfactorily compassed by 1893, Hill might conceivably have eased up on his labors; but any form of ease was, to his mind, the abomination of abominations—and besides, there were mighty railroad systems still to be grabbed up with the omnipresent help of the law. It so happened, very conveniently for Hill's schemes, that his greatest competitor—the parallel Northern Pacific—went into a receivership only six months after the inauguration of the Great Northern; in all probability, there would soon be another christening party. There was. The despairing owners of the Northern Pacific, in desperate need of a supreme rehabilitator of decrepit properties, looked around until they found a past master in that art—J. Pierpont Morgan. Hill and Morgan, being birds of a feather, had flocked together more than once already; and henceforth they were to twitter on the same branch for the rest of their lives. In a very little time they had evolved this partnership plan: the Great Northern was to assume the financial liabilities of the Northern Pacific, and as a fitting reward was to receive half of its capital stock. When this became known, a clamor arose—monopoly, supremely able successor to competition, was growing more and more suspect. Certain state laws had already been passed, forbidding the consolidation of parallel lines; and in 1896 the Supreme Court actually handed down a decision sustaining these laws. The enemies of Hill and

Morgan chuckled, and the farmers living on the lands included between these two roads breathed easier; but —there are laws—and laws, as Hill was thoroughly aware. Requesting those concerned with him in the affair "to avoid for the present any discussion of the proposed unification of interests", he concocted a plan which would be lawfully unlawful, and therefore satisfactory in every way. In place of the principle of joint ownership by corporations, he substituted the principle of joint ownership by individuals. In other words, Hill and Morgan, each "acting" for the stockholders in their respective corporations, went blithely ahead just as though nothing had happened—as indeed nothing had, except the complete attainment of their desires and the strengthening of the bond of friendship between them.

Very shortly that bond was to be made even more firm by their contest with a common foe. Suddenly, almost without warning, a new comet of the first magnitude blazed a fiery trail across the railroad firmament. In 1897 E. H. Harriman became the dominating force in the management of the long tottering Union Pacific and it tottered no more. The mere fact that the Hill and Harriman systems overlapped was sufficient evidence that, pending an occasional breathless truce, these two worthy antagonists would be continually crossing swords. The first skirmish, which proved to be but a prelude to what was perhaps the most notorious battle between financial giants that the world has seen, came from their common desire to possess the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy—the channel through which lay access to Chicago, the Great Lake

regions, and the cotton fields of the South. Both men naturally knew these facts, fully appreciated the magnitude of the prize, and worked with equal zeal to win it; but Hill worked to more purpose. To be sure, Harriman drew first blood by purchasing a percentage of the Burlington stock late in 1900; but he did not buy enough to ensure a victory. Hill merely winced at the scratch, and by a rapid and skillful thrust won the first bout. In March, 1901, he bought out the Burlington, so surreptitiously that Harriman never suspected his danger until it was too late.

But Harriman, temporarily worsted, was stirred as he had never been stirred before; and he at once delivered a counterthrust so entirely unsuspected and so deadly in its aim that Hill was almost taken unawares —almost, but not quite. In March, 1901, Harriman did not have a cent's worth of Northern Pacific stock; by the first of May he owned $78,000,000 of the total $150,000,000 capitalization of the Northern Pacific. Hill, in Seattle, had noticed with alarm the sales of enormous quantities of this stock, and sniffed trouble without being sure as to where the precise source of the trouble lay. He at once secured a special train and unlimited right of way to St. Paul; arriving there, after making the fastest run from the Pacific to the Mississippi that had ever been made, he continued more slowly—he was now on a foreign system—to New York, which he reached on May 3. The situation was made clear to him, and on the next day he sent a cablegram to Morgan, in Italy, explaining the crisis in their affairs, and urging the immediate purchase of 150,000 shares of common stock as the only possible means of

preventing disaster. On May 5 Morgan's urgent consent came—for, as he later explained, he felt "morally responsible for its management"—and within two days the Hill-Morgan forces had won; or won to the extent that Harriman saw his fight was lost. On the ninth the well-known panic broke: Northern Pacific common soared to $1,000 per share, while other standard securities declined to half of their intrinsic value—United States Steel, for instance, sank from 46 to 24. In the terrific orgy of buying and selling that was precipitated by this private battle between three men, multitudes of other men—brokers, speculators, and thousands of honest investors—were swept to ruin. "What sort of a man is this Hill?" a widow, whose whole fortune was invested in his possessions, once asked of a friend. "He is the sort of man to whom a single share of stock owned by a widow, would be just as sacred as the possessions of the greatest millionaire stockholder in his system," was the reply.

After the storm had cleared away, it was discovered that, so far as the principals were concerned, the situation was practically unchanged. But the public was rather perturbed; it did not seem quite right, somehow, that the clashing interests of three multi-millionaires should cause a tempest that had utterly obliterated the scant savings of a mass of people. Obviously, therefore, some explanation was advisable; and Hill magnanimously complied by passing the buck. When he heard of Harriman's trick, he gained much sympathy by a proper display of righteous indignation. We learn that his face paled to the temples with passion; and, as his hands clutched and unclutched, his harsh voice

burst out: "It is the greatest outrage of modern times. Thousands of people have been ruined, and needlessly, by the greed of a small group of men. . . . I took no part in this disgraceful thing. . . . Nothing could have tempted me to take part in the affair. Praise God, I've no pockets in my shroud." Almost at the same time, the gentleman who had pockets in his shroud was privately remarking, "Anyhow, he calls me 'Ed.' ", and within two months "Ed." was a member on the board of directors of Hill's Burlington.

Three years later, to be sure, Hill and Harriman engaged in another legal tilt over the distribution of the assets of the Northern Securities Company— a concern organized chiefly by Hill and Morgan for the purpose of preventing any other public scandals such as the Northern Pacific affair had been. The third member of importance was, one is pleased to note, no less a person than "Ed." But in 1904 the Supreme Court handed down decisions dissolving the new company, and directing Harriman to accept a loss in the shape of a portion of depreciated Great Northern stock. These two actions, it was commonly believed, were equally unfavorable to Hill and Harriman—how pleasant it was to reflect that two of the country's wealthiest men had felt the sharp teeth of the law! But shortly—such are the providential workings of the law!—Harriman sold his Great Northern stock for a net profit of $58,000,000; as for Hill, let him speak for himself. "So the Northern Securities Company went out of business. What has been the result? What is the difference? To the owners of the properties, merely the inconvenience of holding two certifi-

cates of stock of different colors instead of one, and of keeping track of two different sets of securities." Immediately after Hill had heard of this "legal defeat", he waved his hand toward a map of the United States that hung in his office and boasted to a friend: "I've made my mark on the surface of the earth, and they can't wipe it out!"

On Harriman's death in 1909, Hill commented: "His properties are in fine shape. . . . I have done a good deal of business with him, and some of it was pretty strenuous at times, but we were good personal friends throughout. . . . Perhaps he is better off. I believe he is happy now."

V

At last, in 1907, Hill resigned as President of the Great Northern and his son Louis reigned in his stead. The great spiderweb system of railroads had been so indissolubly spun, and had snared so many flies for the monstrous spinner to suck dry, that, bloated and swollen to enormous proportions, he had lost his lust for further conquests. Amazing wealth, power and fame were his; with so many ideals more than attained, he had begun to grow tired of the whole business. No longer could his long over-burdened mind retain the appalling mass of intricate figures and countless facts it had once so hungrily seized and so easily classified. He was growing sick of it all; so sick that he became more forgetful, peevish and irritable every day. Even when a profusion of honors was showered upon him—when he was the lionized hero of innumerable recep-

tions, dinners, feasts and parades; when Yale conferred upon him the enviably esoteric distinction that is undeniably attendant upon an honorary LL.D.; when Harvard gallantly sustained its ancient traditions of culture by the establishment of the James J. Hill Professorship of Transportation—somehow or other, they left him curiously cold. He was tired of repeating to his careless underlings, for the thousandth time, that the hauling of empty freight cars was a disgrace and a sin; tired of prodding and nagging at mediocre or—unspeakable outrage!—traitorous servants of his interests.

All this inward unrest signified that something more than encroaching old age was wearing him down. And that something seems to have been this: the greatest ideal of all—the control of Oriental commerce—had proved unattainable. Popular disapproval had at last forced those in power to forbid railroad companies the opportunity of making competitive export rates; so it had come about that Hill's Great Northern Steamship Company, organized in 1900 to make real his dream of the economic conquest of Asia, had become almost worthless within five years. With it had perished something far more important—his grandiose scheme of a revolutionized world commerce. For the first time, he, James J. Hill, the "Napoleon of Railroads", had actually been defeated! Was it—*could* it be possible that there were insuperable forces to which he must bow? Apparently there were; and this realization sapped his surpassing energy and extinguished his flaming ambition. The heights to which that energy and ambition had attained are made clear by this state-

ment, published as an ordinary newspaper announcement in October, 1906: "James J. Hill has completed a deal with the U. S. Steel Co. for the sale of over 7,000,000 tons of iron ore in Minnesota. This sale will yield between $450,000,000 and $600,000,000 to the Great Northern." After this final tremendous explosion, the great volcano died slowly, year by year, until it became utterly extinct.

Occasionally, to be sure, it spluttered with a momentary return of the old-time fury. As old age drew on, his convulsive irritability began to manifest itself in childish outbursts of rage. Once a clerk in his office—one Charles Swinburne Spittles—did something that aroused his anger. Glaring ferociously into the unfortunate man's face—an owlish face, with a beetling brow, a preposterously projecting hooked nose, and a cutaway chin—he bellowed: "Spittles, I don't like your name and I don't like your face; you're fired!" and then hurled himself out of the room. In a flash, Spittles's superior rushed up and said: "From now on, Spittles, your name will be *Charles Swinburne* only, and when Hill comes into the room, *turn your face to the wall!*" In a short time Hill was bestowing high praise upon an industrious new clerk, with a pleasantly poetic name and a Cheshire Cat countenance. At another time, having suddenly become enraged at poor telephone service, he tore the instrument from the wall, threw it into the back yard, and then stamped and kicked it into pieces.

So he wisely laid most of his burdens down in 1907, and tried to enjoy life. But life had so unconsciously and yet so inevitably become such a drab procession of

facts and figures, of statistics and stocks, that he found his capacity for enjoyment was not large. His New York mansion, and his massive colonial edifice on a height of St. Paul, built according to the most modern standards of excellence in plumbing, heating and lighting, and also graced with priceless jewels, rugs, china and paintings "of the best-accepted standards of the time"—these things were all pleasant in their way; but, gazing once at the paintings in his gallery, he sighed to a friend, "Ah, it was a great pleasure to get those pictures together, one of the greatest of my life. But it's all gone now." Still, curiously enough, the jewels never wholly lost their attraction; and there were other things that were attractive, too. What esthetic satisfaction he could experience while strolling on his model stock farm among his herds of blooded cattle, whose pedigrees and names he knew so perfectly; how gratifying it was to do "pure missionary work" by delivering hundreds of lectures to schools, state fairs and farmers' meetings, on the necessity of conserving and developing natural resources, and of forever practising, in every field of endeavor, his own inclusive creed: "Work, hard work, intelligent work, and then some more work"! The greatest of follies, he reiterated to his audiences, was the folly of being lazy and enjoying life; work was a privilege for which they should be duly grateful; and his hearers collectively nodded their heads and reflected that the speaker had dispensed that privilege as widely and as unselfishly as any man of his time. Especially were they pleased at the profound scope of his observations: "The greatest need of the

coming era will be pay-rolls"; "In my opinion there are good and bad men in all the walks of life"; "The Bible will be the measure of the mental growth of this republic and of the prosperity of our nation." Upon reading such passages as these, one can easily comprehend why it was that Hill always maintained that the best model of English style was "Pilgrim's Progress" —though it is true that he was never able to appreciate Browning.

Then, too, he could experience the pleasure of being generous. When Hill was lauded for the gifts he made to different institutions, he would show a praiseworthy modesty and shyness; eventually he would cover his confusion by offering an economic explanation. "Look," he would say, "at the millions of foreigners pouring into this country to whom the Roman Catholic Church represents the only authority that they either fear or respect. What will be their social view, their political action . . . if that single controlling force should be removed?" A man whose father was a Baptist, whose mother was a Methodist, and whose wife was a Catholic, could hardly have failed to become infected with a few religious ideas and beliefs. One of these was a belief in charity; and if charitable activities happened to be as much a matter of good business as was the improvement of his cattle, the construction of sound railroads, and the annihilation or absorption of competing lines, so much the better for charity. In particular, if the Catholic Church and Hill were mutually dependent; if the Catholic Church aided Hill through its stabilizing influence upon the hordes of

Northwestern immigrants, and if Hill aided the Catholic Church by giving those immigrants the privilege of abundant labor; if it had been providentially ordained that the fear of God and the fear of poverty were absolutely indispensable for the enrichment of Catholicism and of James J. Hill—then it was natural —very, very natural—that Hill should give material assistance to Catholicism, and that Catholicism should return the compliment by giving spiritual assistance to Hill.

At any rate, it is a fact that, when Hill died from "troubles in the digestive tract," on May 29, 1916, the Vicar-General of the Diocese of St. Paul comforted the dying hours of a man who had never openly joined the True Church. It is also a fact that the Catholic ritual for the dead was used at his funeral. On the whole, it seems fairly probable that Hill's single book, "Highways of Progress," will never attain the distinction of being included in that rogues' gallery of literature—the Index.

Hill has vanished; but he assuredly made his mark on the earth. The modern world, of which he is such a superb symbol—a world where mechanistic force has made life so efficiently comfortable and so ideally material, and at the same time so despairingly complex and so luxuriously unsatisfying—seems as indissolubly secure to most moderns as a materialistic heaven seemed to their forefathers. But—troublesome thought!—perhaps the one is even more fantastic and evanescent than the other. Perhaps the gods, in a playfully ironic mood, will one day decree that a world created by machinery shall by machinery be destroyed,

and that the creators shall perish together with their creations in some cataclysmic contest. And if this should happen, perhaps, also, a simpler and more primitive state of things will follow: a society too wise to deify force, too serene to labor over-much, and too Arcadian to congregate in a barbarously competitive agony—a civilization so thoroughly civilized that (is it possible?) the old-fashioned fairies, so long banished from the earth, will return. Should such an hypothesis come true, it is even conceivable that railroads would no longer exist; and some citizen of that distant Utopia, wandering over the once more quiet plains and mountains of the Northwest, may experience an emotion blended of pity and thanksgiving when he chances to come upon one of the most enduring vestiges of an ancient, an almost forgotten story—two streaks of rust.

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P. T. BARNUM

On June 25, 1874, the most influential citizens of Bridgeport, Connecticut, gave a banquet in honor of their leading townsman, P. T. Barnum. It was, as successive speakers carefully reiterated, a very poor and inadequate way of showing the gratitude which was due him because of the enormous favors he had so generously conferred upon the city; but at least it was better than nothing at all. An unstinted abundance of good food, good liquor, and good fellowship, together with an absolute faith that Bridgeport was unquestionably the finest of the many fine spots in God's own country, made the occasion uncommonly felicitous. At its end, the participants were actually almost ready to agree with the sentiment expressed by a clergyman, who, as was fitting, made the concluding speech—in which, as was even more fitting, he temporarily directed the thoughts of his audience toward higher things. "What a spiritual showman he would have made!" the good man exclaimed; "how he would have exhibited the menagerie of the heart, in which ferocious beasts, in the form of fiery passions, play upon the soul!" Nor had poetry failed to grace the event in the form of a spirited recitative of Barnum's many-sided accomplishments. A member of the bench, doffing his judicial dignity, had poured out his admiration in these capering lines:

Of all demnition wonderments that swell his fame and pelf,
There never was a demder one than Barnum is himself!

. . . . . .

One day in Bridgeport staking out new streets across his farm,
The next, in Windsor Castle, with Victoria on his arm;
One day upon the prairies, looking out for freaks of nature,
The next in Hartford, speech-making before the legislature;
One day the Bearded Woman; next, the Mermaid with her comb;
And now the Hippopotamus and now the Hippodrome.

. . . . . .

And finally——

But Barnum himself had been the chief speaker of the evening; and, since his public remarks were apt to be over-humble and less frank and engaging than his actual life had been, it may be well to take a rapid but inclusive glance at that life before the last stanza of the judge's poem is given.

The patriotic din of July 4, 1810, had barely died away when Phineas Taylor Barnum came bouncing into the world—or, in his own words, "made my *début.*" The stage was the little town of Bethel, Connecticut, where for some twenty years the youthful actor played his part in episodes that fitted him excellently for his eventual place—the "prince of showmen." He was "born and reared in an atmosphere of merriment," which did not exclude a fair amount of religion, a great deal of close-fisted stinginess, and not a little downright knavery. His father, "a tailor, a farmer, and sometimes a tavern-keeper," had been granted a large share of all these attributes; so had his mother, although in her case religion and penuriousness dominated. More

important than either of the parents, in the estimation of the son, was his maternal grandfather, Phineas Taylor, in whose honor he had been named: a voluble old fellow with a Thackerayan profile, who was a Universalist, a justice of the peace, a great practical joker, an astute inventor of profitable lotteries, and a lover of snuff. His paternal grandfather, however, was distinguished only by the fact that he had been a captain in the Revolutionary War. Practically all of these traits, together with many that were even more transcendent, were inherited by the youth himself, and he always gloried in his lineage.

While still at a tender age, he began to demonstrate his kinship in various ways. In school he was a quick scholar, particularly in arithmetic; but farm work he hated. "I always disliked work," he confessed at middle age. "Head-work I was excessively fond of . . . but hand-work was decidedly not in my line." He thoroughly learnt the value of money before he had outgrown babyhood; for Grandfather Taylor's pride in his little namesake occasionally impelled him, against his better judgment, to give the youngster pennies with which to buy raisins and candies, "which he always instructed me to solicit from the store-keeper at the 'lowest cash price.'" Grandfather Taylor's casual generosity was strictly a family matter. Little Phineas, guided by such an excellent teacher, soon began to branch out on various speculative lines of his own in order to increase his pile. When his schoolmates were skylarking about in the holiday seasons, he would purchase a gallon of molasses, boil it down, work it into candy, sell it to the neighbors, and ultimately gain a

dollar by the transaction. Soon his stock in trade increased until it included ginger-bread cookies, sugar candies and cherry rum; the last article sold particularly well to the soldiers who gathered at Bethel on military training days. By the time he was ten years old, therefore, he had so much money that his father "considerately allowed me to purchase my own clothing." Nevertheless, he continued to look out "for the main chance" so shrewdly that at twelve he felt himself to be a man of substance. But at this time he had an experience which taught him very forcibly that there were other people in the world as shrewd as he—an experience destined to be repeated on a far greater scale at a later day. He obtained permission to help a neighbor drive a herd of cattle to New York; and, upon arriving, he began to spend his solitary dollar in a prodigal way. Before long, a shopkeeper short-changed him; in addition to this tragedy, he soon fell into the pit he had so often dug for others. Some molasses candy tempted him so strongly that he bought chunk after chunk. In the end, he bartered the pocket knife with its two blades, its gimlet, and its corkscrew, the top, and the glittering breast-pin (all of which he had just bought), for more candy. Still he was not appeased; two handkerchiefs and an extra pair of stockings met the same disaster that had befallen the toys. As hungry as ever, but more or less resigned to his fate, he then trudged home. His mother, discovering the loss of the handkerchiefs and stockings, immediately whipped him and sent him to bed, much to the delight of his brothers and sisters, who were envious of his good fortune in visiting the city and angry at the

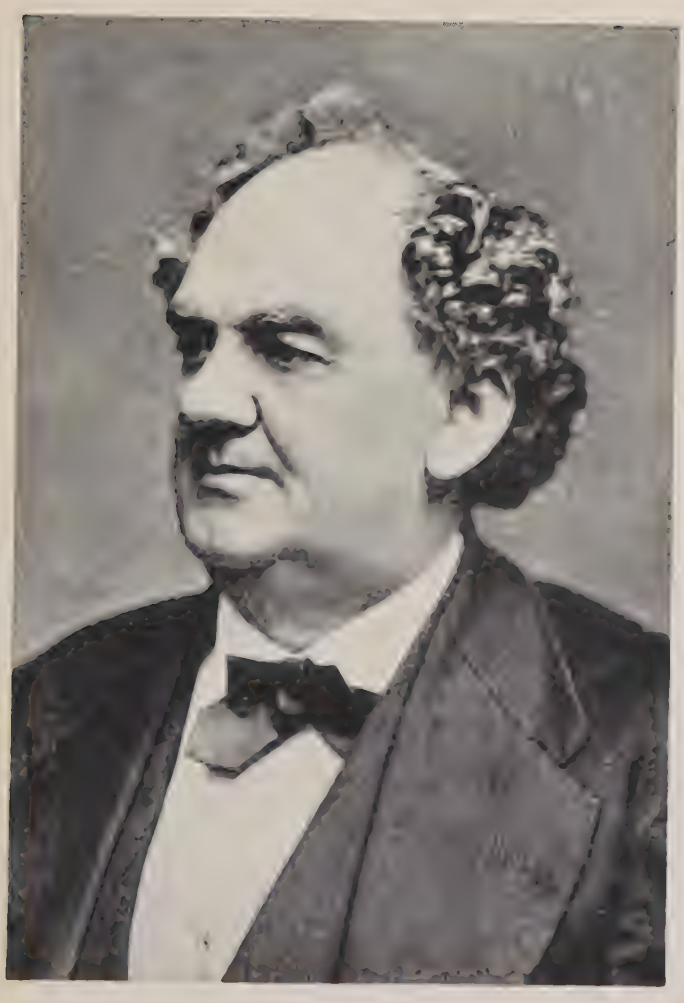
gluttony which had made him entirely forget that they were gluttonous too.

But these were week-day occurrences; Sundays were another matter. Even before he could read, little Phineas had trotted regularly to Sunday School in the single church that the village boasted; for differences in creed were rarely discussed in the little town—the people generally had more important matters to argue about. Faithfully, every Sunday, he was there, shivering in the winter months—for stoves in village churches were then unknown—as he chattered satisfactory responses to searching inquiries as to the condition of his spiritual state here and hereafter. But it seems almost certain that more distinctly tangible rewards were partially responsible for making him so punctual. Each Sunday's attendance won a little red ticket worth one mill; thus, one hundred tickets meant a prize in the form of a book. It was true that, at this rate, it would take two years to win the prize; but did not the prize mean, in a general way, something for nothing? "Infinitesimal as was this recompense," he once remarked, "it was sufficient to spur me to intense diligence."

When the boy was no longer a boy—when he had crossed that vague boundary which separates boyhood from youth—he had attained the distinction of being known as the laziest young fellow in town, "probably because I was always busy at head-work to evade the sentence of gaining bread by the sweat of the brow." The father, despairing of making anything better of his shiftless son, decided to put him to work as clerk in a store, which was bought as a possible corrective of the son's leading propensity. The choice was wise and

big with portent of the future; for, since it was a "cash, credit and barter store," Phineas soon forgot his indolence in the opportunities that came for outwitting his neighbors in exchanging tenpenny nails, starch, saleratus and rum for butter, eggs, beeswax, feathers and rags. The only drawback attached to the position was that he had to rise early in order to sweep the floor, take down the shutters, and make the fire; but blissful balm came when he condescended to talk with common fellows who had to work with their hands for a living. A still greater pleasure came when he purposefully kept the store open until eleven o'clock or later, so that the chronic story-tellers of the town would be tempted to stay and divert him with anecdotes that were not less boisterous than clean.

The death of his father in 1825 forced him to slide down the family tree and depend entirely upon himself. For a year or two, he still clerked in various stores; he spent nearly a year in a Brooklyn grocery, where he was compelled to rise so early that he was in perpetual danger of losing his position until a native ingenuity came to his aid. For two shillings a week, he hired a watchman to pull a string which, attached to his great toe, hung out of his chamber window. But he was not satisfied to work on a regular salary, great or small: "My disposition is, and ever was, of a speculative character," he wrote at a later day. Accordingly, in 1828 he seized an opportunity to open a store of his own in Bethel, in which, as a public announcement stated, he sold "all kinds of dry goods, groceries, crockery, etc., etc., 25 per cent. cheaper than any of his neighbors." Furthermore, it furnished a very convenient medium



P. T. Barnum

for conducting lotteries—a practice by which he had already been sharpening his wits for some years. He pondered briefly over the morality of the business, but it was fortunately unnecessary to ponder long. "One of our neighbors, a pillar in the church, permitted his son to indulge in that line . . . and the morality of the thing being thus established, I became a lottery manager and proprietor." In distinct contrast to the present time, indeed, lotteries were then commonly patronized by both church and state; and Barnum, who tickled millions of people with thousands of amusingly quaint devices during his life, always took an infinitude of pains in selecting allurements that bore the badge of moral approval. He worked several gambling schemes of this sort to the great benefit of his purse, and some twenty years later explained how they had been engineered, for the sake of any foolish mortals who might be tempted to squander their money upon similar frauds. "If this *expose* shall have the effect of curing their ruinous infatuation," he commented, "I, for one, shall not be sorry." It is a little difficult, in fact, to see why he should have been greatly distressed at imparting information which had long since served his own special purposes.

Games of chance were now becoming a matter of course with him; accordingly, in 1829, when he was only nineteen, he married a seamstress, "an industrious, excellent, sensible, and well-behaved girl," and managed to scrape along for two years more with the help of his wife, his store and his gambling tickets. Then he started a weekly newspaper whose modest purpose was to "oppose all combinations against the liberties of

our country"; but the excess vigor of youth soon impelled him to take undue liberties with his own townsmen. Eventually he was prosecuted three times for libel; twice he escaped penalty, but the third time was sentenced to pay a $100 fine and spend sixty days in the Danbury jail. But he did not take the affair seriously, and proceeded, after the manner of Leigh Hunt in a similar situation, to have a highly diverting time. Before he entered jail, the cell was papered and carpeted; he was constantly visited by his friends, edited his paper regularly, and was rewarded by receiving several hundred new subscriptions during his imprisonment. His release was a gala occasion. Forty horsemen and a marshal bearing the national flag preceded the coach, drawn by six horses, in which he and a band were carried; and behind this coach came a vehicle which bore the orator of the day, followed by sixty other carriages full of citizens. The roar of cannon attended the march of the procession from Danbury to Bethel, while the band continuously played national airs, concluding with "Home, Sweet Home" when the little town came into view. Apparently, Barnum did not believe that the liberties of his country might conceivably be imperiled by those who took its laws too lightly; however, the notoriety that was aroused by this episode enabled him to keep his store and his paper running for a little more than a year. Then he decided that he was not in his proper element ("I was not in my natural sphere. I wanted to do business faster than ordinary mercantile transactions would admit . . ."), and in the winter of 1834-5 moved his family to New York, where he at once began to look

around for opportunities to indulge in extraordinary mercantile transactions.

Such opportunities soon came. For several months, to be sure, he found nothing in which his "faculties and energies could have full play, and where the amount of profits should depend entirely upon the amount of tact, perseverance and energy which I contributed to the business." But in July, 1835, sunny fortune began to smile upon him, and not often thereafter did the fickle dame frown. In that month he heard of an amazing negro woman, Joice Heth, who swore with positive conviction that she was one hundred and sixty-one years old. But extreme age was a minor attraction; her chief hold upon public credulity lay in the equally positive claim that she had been the nurse of George Washington. As a public entertainer, she showed remarkable garrulity in relating anecdotes about "dear little George," and in expressing, both in verse and prose, her firm faith in the theology of the Baptist church. It was therefore apparent that her exhibition was certain to be extremely interesting and remunerative, and Barnum's sharp nose at once sniffed out this fact. Her "story seemed plausible, and the 'bill of sale' had every appearance of antiquity"; and so he sold out his small business interests, borrowed $500, and bought the "animated mummy" for $1,000.

Thus began his extraordinary career as a public showman. From the beginning to the end, that career was dominated by one idea: "I can fool all of the people all of the time." Like his countrymen, he was democratic and sentimental in everything except in matters of business; in that field he was as thoroughly

autocratic and cold-blooded as were all other good Americans in his generation—but, as everyone knows, that time has long since passed away. In his initial experiment, Barnum did not fail to employ some of the devices that led in the end to his undisputed, unrivaled and unparalleled eminence as the "prince of humbugs." More than anyone else of his time, he was "aware of the great power of the public press" and the immense possibilities of advertising. It is, indeed, impossible to over-emphasize the significance of the fact that he was the first American to appreciate the enormous financial rewards that were to be won by extravagant advertisements. And he was also aware of another important fact. To an inquirer who once asked him to state the indispensable qualifications of a good showman, he confidentially replied that the first qualification was "a thorough knowledge of human nature, which of course included the faculty of judiciously applying *soft soap,*" which, he explained, was "the faculty to please and flatter the public so judiciously as not to have them suspect your intention." The second qualification, however, he did not state—for the excellent reason that there was none.

Perhaps it was fitting that the most practical and efficient of American humorists should have gained his tremendous fortune principally by employing the leading element in American humor—hyperbole, in countless forms and fashions; but, whether fitting or not, it is true. New York soon began to be flooded with handbills which tugged at two of humanity's strongest instincts: curiosity and patriotism. Joice Heth was set forth as "unquestionably the most astonishing and

interesting curiosity in the world," and as the slave of Washington's father; but her most compelling attraction lay in the fact that she "was the first person *who put clothes on the unconscious infant* who was destined in after days to lead our heroic fathers to glory, to victory, and to freedom." Flesh and blood could not withstand such a combination of irresistible enticements; and Barnum was soon clearing a neat $1,500 a week. The loathsome old wench played her part to perfection. An absolute invalid, unable to move any part of her body except her right arm, totally blind, toothless, the nails on her helpless left hand four inches long and those on her toes a quarter of an inch thick, she lay hunched up on her couch day after day, spouting a steady torrent of affecting stories about "dear little George," occasionally varying these tales with edifying hymns to which she beat accompaniment with her withered but still mobile right arm. When at length audiences began to fall off, Barnum was ready. He printed an anonymous notice to the effect that Joice was not a living person at all, but merely an automaton ingeniously constructed of whalebone, rubber and numerous springs, which talked with the aid of a ventriloquist. Thousands who had already seen her came tumbling back immediately to discover whether they had actually been cheated on their first visit, and they departed no wiser than before.

In his autobiography, Barnum candidly answers the question as to whether Joice was an impostor. *"I do not know.* I taught her none of these things." His private reflections, at the time when she was being displayed, were even more candid: "I do not know—and

neither do I care . . . so long as the cash keeps rolling in."

Whatever she may have been, Joice was not immortal; and in February, 1836, she went on exhibition elsewhere. An autopsy was performed; and the doctor who supervised the operation was agreeably delighted when he did not (as he had feared he would) spoil "half a dozen knives in severing the ossification in the arteries around the region of the heart and chest," for there was no ossification at all. Newspaper controversy now waxed hot about the question of her antiquity; and since there was no way in which the matter could be settled, it was natural that the discussion should grow hotter and hotter. Meanwhile Barnum sat by, watching the row and chuckling as he reflected that all this clamor "served my purpose as 'a showman' by keeping my name before the public." "I will only add," he concluded, "that the remains of Joice were removed to Bethel, and buried respectably."

Barnum was now fairly started on the road to fame and fortune, although for the next five years he failed to find any lure so bewitching as "Aunt Joice" had been. As an itinerant showman he traveled over the eastern United States, meeting with varying success, with amusing experiences, and occasionally with danger. It seems probable, in fact, that he was the originator of the variety theatrical program, which has developed to such complex and enormous proportions. His principal performer was Signor Antonio, a juggler who had been in England and Canada for some years; but Barnum wisely decided that such a title was not sufficiently foreign, and therefore changed it to "Signor

Vivalla," the "eminent Italian artist," who had "just arrived from Italy." Barnum himself rarely took part in the different programs that he offered, although his mobile face with its versatility of expression, and his moderate skill in legerdemain and ventriloquism, occasionally helped to swell the receipts. Once, when his leading negro singer suddenly deserted, he blacked himself thoroughly and succeeded so well that "in two of the songs I was encored!" Then something unanticipated happened. Hearing a disturbance outside his tent, he rushed out and found a Southerner disputing with the members of his company. Having completely forgotten his blackened face, he began to "speak my mind very freely" to the Southerner, who instantly drew a pistol and shouted "You black scoundrel!" meanwhile cocking the weapon. In a trice Barnum took in the situation and rolled up his shirt-sleeves with a "presence of mind which never yet deserted me." His threatening opponent saw the white arms, and, struck with consternation at the nearly fatal mistake he had made, dropped the pistol. For this providential escape, "I cannot but realize that I am deeply indebted to the mercy of God," Barnum reflected. The mercy of God, moreover, regularly occupied his thoughts every Sunday, when no business could be done. Often, on that sacred day, he would gather the members of his company and read the Bible and printed sermons to them, pausing frequently to point out the general correctness of the Biblical doctrine of wretchedness in vice and happiness in virtue. Yet it was sadly apparent that his words carried very little weight for some members of the company—particularly for several women with

whom the vigorous showman was somewhat better acquainted than with the troupe in general. After four years, it had become evident that, in spite of everything —tact, perseverance, energy, advertisements and the mercy of God—the business was not thriving; and in April, 1841, he came home "re-resolved that I would never again be an itinerant showman."

Nevertheless, he at once began to look around for some new scheme to mend his fortune; and such an opportunity soon appeared in the form of a collection of oddities for sale in New York. Lacking the funds necessary to effect an outright purchase, he cajoled the owners into selling the outfit to him upon a promise to pay $12,000 in seven annual installments. He had no such sum; but he offered as security five acres of absolutely worthless swamp land near Bethel, which Grandfather Taylor, in an expansive moment, had once given his little namesake as a witness of his generosity. The owners accepted this as a satisfactory security, without taking the trouble to visit the place; but Barnum at least more than kept his word, for the enterprise was so successful that all the indebtedness had been paid off before the end of the first year. Curiosity and patriotism were again the supreme inducements that were offered to the public, although curiosity, which almost invariably took the shape of abnormality and deformity, tended to dominate: "Industrious fleas, educated dogs, jugglers, automatons, ventriloquists, living statuary, tableaux, gypsies, albinoes, fat boys, giants, dwarfs, rope-dancers, . . . instrumental music, singing and dancing in great variety (including Ethiopians), etc. . . . mechanical figures, fancy glass-blow-

ing, knitting machines and other triumphs in the mechanical arts, dissolving views, American Indians, including their warlike and religious ceremonies enacted on the stage, etc., etc." It was no wonder that Barnum's chief demonstrator, after pointing out to the sightseers the staggering attractions of this unheard-of array, was accustomed to close his lecture by advising his audience to go home and "ponder over the marvels that a beneficent Creator and a liberal management placed before us for the low sum of 25 cents."

Nor is it to be doubted that such an aggregation of monstrosities was, indeed, "abundantly worth the uniform charge of admission," and that a little clap-trap occasionally, "in the way of transparencies, flags, exaggerated pictures, and puffing advertisements," was more than offset by "a wilderness of wonderful, instructive, and amusing realities." "Indeed," he continued, "I cannot doubt that the sort of 'clap-trap' here referred to is allowable, and that the public like a little of it. . . ." The public got a great deal. Many people who, tempted by the seductive bait: "THE GREAT MODEL OF NIAGARA FALLS, REAL WATER," entered and found that a single barrel of water, churned by a small pump, served as a representation of the huge cataract, felt a bit disappointed at first; but "they had the whole Museum to fall back upon for 25 cents, and no fault was found." "I confess I felt somewhat ashamed of this myself," Barnum tells us, "yet it made a good line in the bill."

The most notorious of the many hoaxes introduced into the American Museum was undoubtedly the "Fejee Mermaid." Having been informed that he could buy

"a preserved specimen of a veritable mermaid," Barnum investigated and found that it was an ingenious contraption with the head, arms and breast of a female monkey and the tail of a fish, about three feet long, apparently the handwork of some tireless and unscrupulous Japanese. This was excellent; and when he noted that its "mouth was open, its tail turned over, and its arms thrown up, giving it the appearance of having died in great agony," he was firmly assured that it would be a worthy successor to Joice Heth. In order to "modify general incredulity in the existence of mermaids," he carefully worked up a series of newspaper articles which stated that Professor Griffin, a high authority on anatomy, had found this particular specimen, had become thoroughly convinced that it was genuine, and was bringing it to New York for exhibition. He then manufactured a number of woodcuts which showed schools of mermaids sporting around in the ocean in all their classic beauty. Furthermore, he managed to have an article "proving the authenticity of mermaids" published in the New York Sunday papers on the same date, by insinuating to their respective editors that each one would be able to score a "scoop" on the others. Since the "mermaid fever was now getting pretty well up," he engaged a special hall, hired a bogus "Professor Griffin," and began exhibitions for "the small sum of 25 cents." The huge throngs that came scrambling and pushing their way in assured Barnum that he had found a gold-mine; and one week later a notice appeared stating that the curio was henceforth to be seen at the Museum "without extra charge." In a month's time it had increased the

total receipts of the building by nearly $2,000, and for some years thereafter continued abundantly to prove the truth of its owner's sagacious dictum: "The American people love to be humbugged."

Once in a while, to be sure, Barnum failed to get, for his incredible collection, certain ensnaring decoys over whose money-making possibilities he had long gloated. His laudable endeavor to bring Shakespeare's birthplace, in separate sections, to America fell through on account of British pride, which, Barnum was amazed to discover, would not even consider such a transaction. Indeed, his relatively few failures generally came as a result of some obstacle which was intrinsically insuperable—something which no amount of money whatever could buy, and which for that very reason appealed irresistibly to an imagination that ever loved to sport with impossibilities. One failure of this sort came when he projected a scheme to tow an enormous iceberg from the Arctic Ocean to New York, put a floating fence around it, charge the usual twenty-five cents for admission, and regale those who were admitted upon sherry cobbler made from the iceberg itself; but icebergs, he was much chagrined to find, ordinarily have a most unpleasant habit of disappearing entirely before they even come in sight of New York. He once remarked to a visitor that, if the Sultan of Turkey could only be persuaded to permit excavations in the traditional Cave of Machpelah, great results might follow. "If we could only get the remains of Abraham and bring them to New York!" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands with delight at his own ingenious conception. "What do you think of Spurgeon for a

show?" he asked the same visitor a moment later. "Could he be got over here?" Apparently he could not; for it seems that the famous English preacher's own personal exhibition was occupying all of his time.

But it was not long before the public began to realize that the greatest drawing card in the Museum was Barnum himself. One fact, indeed, seems to indicate that he had anticipated and worked for this very end. His office in the Museum was at the head of a stair near the entrance, so situated that each visitor had to pass it as he entered the building; and, while "Mr. Barnum—Private" was inscribed on the door, it invariably stood a little ajar. One day a man who had just bought a ticket inquired, "Is Barnum in the Museum?" "That is Mr. Barnum," replied the ticket-seller, pointing toward the place where the showman was sitting, absorbed in a newspaper. "Is this Mr. Barnum?" he was asked. "It is," was the answer. For a moment the man stared fixedly at him; then, throwing down his ticket, he exclaimed, "It's all right. I've got the worth of my money," and departed without paying the least attention to any of the other prodigies. *Hamlet* without Hamlet would not be more impossible than the Museum would have been without Barnum. Once seen, he was never forgotten, for he bulked large in every particular: the tall, portly figure, the massive head with its great face surrounded by wavy, patriarchal locks, the ears, nose, mouth, chin and eyes were all large—bulkiness was the one word that described everything. It pleased the better class of his contemporaries to believe that he closely resembled Daniel Webster; but among the lower ranks of society it was widely

whispered that, even more closely, he resembled Jack Falstaff (or at least his spiritual descendants), both in his general appearance and in his general attitude toward life. Wherever he went, in the Museum or in the city, he saw peering eyes and pointing fingers, and frequently overheard people saying, "There's Barnum! That's old Barnum!"

Soon there came the first of those successive events which gave him an international reputation. Toward the end of 1842, he gained possession of Charles S. Stratton, a five-year-old dwarf, a native of Bridgeport, barely two feet in height and weighing less than sixteen pounds, but perfectly healthy and symmetrically formed. The manikin's natural attractions would doubtless have made him a sufficiently lucrative investment for anyone except P. T. Barnum; but he was taking no chances, and besides, the habit of exaggeration had now become easy and natural. So it happened that Museum handbills heralded the triumphant entrance to the shores of America of "General Tom Thumb, a dwarf eleven years of age, just arrived from England." Within a year's time, the precocious elf had made Barnum lose all direct interest in the Museum—except in the monthly receipts—and had inspired him to go abroad. In January, 1844, he sailed for England with little Tom, who was accompanied by his doting parents and his French tutor, and who was to receive $50 a week together with all expenses.

Then an unanticipated obstacle arose. At first it almost seemed as though British stolidity would not relax—as though dwarfs were either too common or too insignificant to arouse such phlegmatic people

out of their steadfast impassivity. The perturbed showman almost believed for a time that he had met the most marvelous of all curiosities—a nation that could not be humbugged; but he was happily disappointed. Perceiving that the usual Yankee methods would not serve in this frigid environment, he began to meet the enemy on their own grounds. He sent letters of invitation to editors and several nobles, politely requesting them to come and see the General; and little by little they began to respond. Word of all this was soon passed around; and before long certain uninvited parties began to drive in crested carriages to Barnum's apartments—*"and were not admitted."* Barnum's servant, dressed in good English style, had been instructed to deny admission, in a dignified way, to all who did not present cards of invitation. This sort of thing was naturally noised about, although it was noised quietly; and it was not long before Barnum received an invitation to dine with Edward Everett, the American Minister, and with Baroness Rothschild also. "I felt that the golden shower was beginning to fall," he commented; nor was he at all remiss in hastening the deluge. He whispered in the ear of Mr. Everett that the Queen's children would surely like to see little Tommy. Barnum, in fact, in all his multitudinous endeavors, had always been careful to select attractions that would appeal to children—whose "voices are the echo of heavenly music," as he was wont to say. His keen brain fully appreciated the fact that, if children could be tempted into using their voices for purely mundane things—into making clamorous appeals to go and see his various marvels—most

parents would succumb to the inevitable and not only permit their little ones to go and see, but would also go along. Indeed, his portraits, with which America was by this time liberally flooded, rarely had his signature appended because it was not necessary; but underneath each one was written, "The Children's Friend." So it happened that, in a few days, a note came "conveying the Queen's invitation to General Tom Thumb and his guardian, Mr. Barnum, to appear in Buckingham Palace on the evening specified." Tom had already begun to appear publicly in Piccadilly; and his crafty master, before starting for the royal residence, posted this notice on the door of the exhibition hall: "Closed this evening, General Tom Thumb being at Buckingham Palace by command of Her Majesty."

At the Palace, the Lord in Waiting drilled Barnum with great care in the etiquette of royalty; he was in no event to speak directly to the Queen, and in taking leave he was to back out of the room, always keeping his face turned toward Her Majesty. When these preliminaries were over, the visitors entered the imposing *salon* where the Queen, Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent, and some thirty of the nobility were waiting—for it seems that the royal children, after the fashion of all good Victorian youngsters, had scrupulously obeyed their mother in the matter of going early to bed. Everybody showed much surprise and delight when it was seen that Tom was even a more diminutive mite than had been expected. The General, perfectly at his ease, advanced with a firm tread until he was within hailing distance, when he bowed gracefully and shouted: "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen!" All

the nobility shook with laughter; and the Queen then took Tom by the hand, showed him around the gallery, and inquired how he liked the pictures. "First-rate," he answered; and then, after singing and dancing a bit, he talked with the Prince Consort. Barnum now had his opportunity. With the Lord in Waiting acting as interpreter, he entered into conversation with Victoria; but, after two or three passages of this sort, he boldly started a direct conversation, while the miserable Lord in Waiting looked as aghast as his impassive and thickly powdered face would permit. Barnum was pleased to note that the Queen appeared to enjoy the informality of the proceeding, but he did not fail to make his exit according to the prescribed formula. However, the gallery was long and the General, finding that he was being out-distanced, started to run. The Queen's favorite poodle, properly resenting this breach of royal etiquette, instantly chased after him; the General, equally angry, attacked it with his cane, and the two combatants were so nearly matched in size that the distinguished company once more gave way to loud merriment.

General Thumb, in fact, was just as free and easy in the presence of royalty as he had been among the common people in the Museum. Again accompanied by Barnum, he paid two more visits to the Queen. On the second occasion, he was ushered into the magnificent Yellow Drawing Room, where he remarked to his hostess that he "had seen her before." Her Majesty then said she hoped he was well. "Yes, ma'am," he replied, "I am first-rate." "General," she said, "this is the Prince of Wales." "How are you, Prince?"

Tom inquired; then, standing by the side of the future King Edward VII., he coolly measured their respective heights, and piped up, "The Prince is taller than I am, but I *feel* as big as anybody," at which everybody roared. One day a celebrated and lovely countess visited Tom, "kissed and caressed him over and over again; lavished upon him the most endearing epithets; and laughingly regretted that she was married"—for, said she, "I should like you for a husband." The General "made a complimentary reply, as he sat upon the lady's arm and leaned luxuriously against her voluptuous bust." In truth, according to his employer, "his morals in all respects" were unobjectionable and his "disposition most amiable." The Duke of Wellington was a not infrequent caller upon the two American celebrities, and on one occasion, when Tom was impersonating Napoleon, asked him what was occupying his thoughts. "I was thinking of the loss of the battle of Waterloo," came the instant response. This brilliant reply was "chronicled through the country, and was of itself worth thousands of pounds to the exhibition," wrote Barnum; but he failed to say whether or no the *bon mot* had been previously suggested.

For three years the European tour progressed, until in 1847 the wanderers returned to America. But Barnum was naturally unable to resist the temptation of capitalizing Tom's now world-wide reputation; and for nearly a year more they reaped rich harvests from many American cities. In May, 1848, arrangements were made whereby the General's tour could be carried on without Barnum's assistance, and he then returned to his home in Bridgeport. "I had now been a strag-

gler from home most of the time for thirteen years," the modern Sinbad wrote, "and I cannot describe the feelings of gratitude with which I reflected that . . . I should henceforth spend my days in the bosom of my family." Nevertheless, like Sinbad, Barnum was wrong; for in less than a year and a half, the "Swedish Nightingale" drove all thoughts of home, and even of Tom Thumb, from his mind.

By October, 1849, he had become infatuated with the idea of bringing Jenny Lind to America. In this undertaking he was not, it is true, very deeply concerned about elevating the standards of artistic taste in his native land. "I had never heard her sing," he admitted. "Her reputation, however, was sufficient for me." After pondering very seriously over the matter, he reached two conclusions, and their order is significant. First—"The chances were greatly in favor of immense pecuniary success"; second—"Inasmuch as my name has long been associated with 'humbug,' and the American public suspect that my capacities do not extend beyond the power to exhibit a stuffed monkey-skin or a dead mermaid, I can afford to lose $50,000 in such an enterprise as bringing to this country . . . the greatest musical wonder in the world. . . ." In an even better fashion, a contemporary satirist expounded Barnum's real motive, as well as his low opinion of his countrymen's mentality, in these lines:

They'll welcome you with speeches, and serenades, and rockets,
And you will touch their hearts, and I will tap their pockets,
And if between us both the public isn't skinned,
Why, my name isn't Barnum, nor your name Jenny Lind!

It soon became known that Barnum intended to enter into negotiations with Miss Lind; and several theatrical managers, who had an eye on her themselves, hastened to warn her not to make any engagement with that notorious liar and cheat, P. T. Barnum, assuring her that he would not hesitate to coop her up in a box and tote her around throughout the country for exhibition at 25 cents a head. But at length she was persuaded that he was not quite such an ogre as he had been represented to be; and a contract was drawn up, by the terms of which he was to place $187,500 in the care of London bankers—an amount sufficient to cover all deficits in the event of failure. Notwithstanding the immense profits that had come through Tom Thumb's unique personality, he found it very difficult to collect such a large sum; appeals to New York bankers convinced him that it was "useless in Wall Street to offer the Nightingale in exchange for goldfinches"; but in the end he won out. There remained the even more important task of preparing the public for the advent of the singer; and in this case it is a pleasure to note that the plain truth was so extraordinary that he conscientiously dispensed with his customary embellishments. But he played safe and played well. The press responded nobly to the urge of his purse; but "little did the public see of the hand that indirectly pulled their heart-strings preparatory to a relaxation of their purse-strings" he confessed at a safely remote day. When Miss Lind stepped upon the wharf at Canal Street, New York, she found herself in a bower of green trees decorated with blazing flags, together with two triumphal arches which bore the

American eagle and the gaudy inscriptions, "Welcome, Jenny Lind!" and "Welcome to America!"

What followed is a matter of musical history. During her first concert at Castle Garden, 5,000 people were wrought up to such a pitch of delirious enthusiasm that they entirely forgot the exorbitant prices that had been charged for tickets. At the close of the concert, she was encored again and again by the audience, which also vociferously shrieked for "Barnum! Barnum!" until he "responded reluctantly to their demand." Numbers of doubting financial Thomases, now entirely converted, besought Barnum to sell out his contract with Miss Lind; but these baits only made him more certain that the quantity of purse-strings destined to be relaxed would exceed his fondest hopes. Also, they warned him that he would have to look sharply to his laurels in order that the singer herself might not choose to search for more attractive bargains. Accordingly, even before her first concert, when it had become evident that the public demand to hear her was to be tremendous, he had considerably increased the figure that he had previously offered her—not so much from generosity as from the realization that it would be "a stroke of policy to prevent the possibility of such an occurrence." Miss Lind's tour of American cities during the following months was a series of successes never before paralleled by any domestic or foreign artist. Two concerts in Washington were attended by the President, his family, and all the Cabinet members. On the morning after one of these concerts, she was visited by Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster; and the renowned New England orator "signified his approval

by rising, drawing himself up to his full height, and making a profound bow." She found recreation in playing at games of India-rubber ball with her manager; and when he was completely tired out, she would make good-natured fun of him, saying, "Oh, Mr. Barnum, you are too fat and too large; you cannot stand it to play ball with me!"

In the end it turned out that she herself could not stand it to sing for him, when she was given the chance of accepting a better contract. Notwithstanding her "character for extraordinary benevolence and generosity," which, as Barnum had sagely calculated, proved to be an attraction of incalculable force in loosing the purse-strings of a sentimental public, the singer began to listen to seductive offers. One unkind parodist had already shocked her unnumbered admirers with a blasphemous rendition of the closing lines of *Thanatopsis:*

> Sustained by an unfaltering trust in coin,
> Dealt from thy hand, O thou illustrious man,
> Gladly I heard the summons come to join
> Myself the innumerable caravan.

Visits to her employer's Museum, it seems, together with stories of his exploitations of such freaks as the Fejee Mermaid and the Woolly Horse—a most delicate monster, "extremely complex—made up of the Elephant, Deer, Horse, Buffalo, Camel, and Sheep"—eventually outraged her sense of artistic propriety. Was she herself to be remembered, in after years, as merely one of the most important freaks of that innumerable caravan? Not if she could help it! By June, 1851, Barnum saw how the wind was blowing, and, having tired once more of incessant travel, offered to

release her from the contract on condition that she should pay a forfeit already stipulated in case such a contingency should arise—a forfeit of $32,000. She accepted the offer; but—so we are told—she continued to be as "polite and friendly as ever." But Barnum felt much satisfaction at a later day when, having met him by chance, she told him that she was being atrociously cheated and swindled by employers who lacked his scrupulous honesty. At all events, scrupulous honesty had paid him very well: his gross receipts from all the concerts, after Miss Lind had been paid in full, amounted to more than $535,000.

Although barely of middle age, Barnum was now a very wealthy man. Jenny Lind and Tom Thumb, in spite of their outstanding eminence, had been only two of the irons he had held in the fire. The Museum had continued to prosper, models of it were springing up, under his management, in other cities, and in 1849 he had projected the first of those huge traveling entertainments with which, more than anything else, posterity associates his name. In that year "Barnum's Great Asiatic Caravan, Museum and Menagerie" began to tour the country; within four years its profits were nearly $1,000,000, one-third of which went to its director. Competition arose, of course; but the man who was unquestionably one of the most astute financiers of his generation crushed his competitors with little effort. When "side-shows," enticed by the vast popularity of his own spectacle, started to operate near by, he fitted out a circus company that performed at the same time and place with his main entertainment; then, if opposition of any sort threatened, he combined both

of his companies at a single price of admission, and competition thus became impossible. Naturally enough, therefore, at the close of his engagement with Miss Lind, he had decided that it was high time for him to rest from his labors in order to cultivate life's amenities.

In pursuit of this ideal, he erected a palatial house near Bridgeport at a cost of $150,000, which, modeled after the Pavilion of King George IV., was the only specimen of Oriental architecture in America. "In deciding upon the kind of house to be erected," he remarked, "I determined, first and foremost, to consult convenience and comfort." Nevertheless, while convenience and comfort were not entirely wanting, he had chosen to build Iranistan—for that was its name—because of its distinct novelty, which "might indirectly serve as an advertisement of my various enterprises"; and the structure was also erected within plain view of a much-traveled railroad. Then he bought an elephant, which was used to plow the fields near the house; and it was observed that the huge beast was particularly industrious when trains were passing, and very lazy when no trains were within sight.

But Barnum himself could not rest, even beneath the inviting domes of his bizarre mansion; and he soon engaged in an activity which contrasted pleasantly with the daily occupation of reckoning up his gains of the preceding day. Few things—there were a few, however—pleased him more than to be regarded as a public benefactor. The public, to be sure, he had beguiled in almost every conceivable way; but it might still be possible to entertain and interest it by preaching

the virtue of temperance. In the past, he had been, on somewhat rare occasions, a moderate drinker, and, as a youthful store-clerk, he had "drawn and bottled more rum than would be necessary to float a ship"; but now, after listening to a strong temperance lecture, he spent a sleepless night. Next morning he carried all his champagne bottles out of doors, knocked off their heads, and poured their contents on the ground. He then signed a teetotaler's pledge, and was much astonished to see his wife burst into joyful tears when he told her of his new resolve; and she then informed him that she had often wept all night long through fear that wine-bibbing was leading him straight to destruction. Moreover, he also abandoned another cherished practice—the smoking of from ten to fifteen Havanas every day—for he now felt that he "had a great duty to perform. I had been groping in darkness, was rescued, and I knew it was my duty to try and save others." Accordingly, he spent the winter of 1851-2 "traveling at my own expense" in Connecticut, speaking to thousands concerning the dire necessity of turning from the error of their ways. Already, while with Miss Lind, he had often spoken for temperance on evenings when she did not sing; and the crowds which heard him sometimes outnumbered those which heard the singer—his performance was free of charge. His audiences, while very large, were composed principally of two classes of people: those who wished to see P. T. Barnum in the flesh for the first time, and those who wished to see him a second or even third time in order to find out what new enormity he was showing off. Anyhow, his altruism was rewarded; many hundreds

who listened to his free lecture felt that it would be unfair not to repay him by hearing Miss Lind; but the lectures themselves do not appear to have produced any very concrete results. At any rate, it is not known that Frances Willard ever included his name among her bountiful lists of temperance reformers.

Meanwhile, Barnum had also been busily engaged in penning his first autobiography, which, as the preface carefully points out, contained nothing that would "shock the feelings of the most fastidious." As a matter of fact, outside of a few racy episodes, the book as a whole is rather dull, even though it was written "in the confessional mood." Furthermore, despite its occasional extraordinary candor, the book is chiefly remarkable for its curious mingling of pious exhortation with an absolutely naïve conceit, and an equally naïve nescience of any vital distinction between brazenly shameless exploitation and genuine altruism. Some thirty years later, in fact, Barnum confessed to having written it for a purpose that might have shocked fastidious people—"for the purpose, principally, of advancing my interests as proprietor of the American Museum." The announcement of the forthcoming volume set the public crazy with excitement, and many publishers offered fortunes for the copyright; for Barnum had announced that he was ready to receive bids from responsible publishers. All of them, except the most generous one, were naturally disappointed; and, as it turned out, they had good reason to be, for 160,000 copies were sold. The book was dedicated to "The Universal Yankee Nation"—a less provincial and far shrewder phrase than it appears to be on first

thought. A different type of autobiography—a lecture on the "Philosophy of Humbug"—was also occupying a part of his time. He covered the topic with satisfactory thoroughness, except that he exercised much discretion in talking about his most notorious and most profitable tricks. The ticket-seller, watching the mobs that fought their way in to hear the lecture, once felt moved to pour out his wrathful contempt upon them. "Old Barnum always draws a crowd," he snorted; ". . . the people *will* go to see old Barnum. First he humbugs them, and then they pay to hear him tell how he did it!"

But now, when everything seemed to be going so well—when he was "at home, in the bosom of my family," which, as the closing lines of his autobiography states, are "the highest and most expressive symbols of the kingdom of heaven"—his earthly kingdom was suddenly swept away. In 1851 he had bought a large tract of land, which eventually developed into East Bridgeport, as an enterprise in "profitable philanthropy." In carrying out this scheme, he endorsed the notes of the Jerome Clock Company, a firm in New Haven, to the extent of over $500,000; for he believed that this company would attract other industrial enterprises. A favorite business maxim of his, which had been included in his "Golden Rules for Money-Making," was "Don't indorse without Security," and he had believed upon investigation that this particular firm was amply secure. But it turned out that he had been duped. The company's directors had shown him falsified figures; and they immediately applied his money to the payment of some long-standing notes,

meanwhile entirely neglecting to transfer their business to East Bridgeport.

So it came about that, in 1855, Barnum was a temporarily ruined man. When this became known, there was an immense newspaper sensation; and, even in his despair, he could not help rejoicing because he was once more so conspicuously in the public eye. His house, his family, his leisure, even his temperance activities, now had to be abandoned. He closed Iranistan, moved his family to a modest residence in New York, and once more sallied forth to retrieve his loss. The Museum was still working for him day and night, although in comparison with his other speculations its profits were small; Jenny Lind had sunk into the pleasant obscurity of matrimony; but Tom Thumb was still available, and just as satisfactorily Lilliputian in size as ever. In 1857 Barnum again went to Europe with Tom and "little Eva," a diminutive actress, where multitudes of the General's old friends came to see him again, and Barnum himself gave a lecture—no longer free of charge—on "The Art of Money-Getting," which thus became a fine practical illustration of that art. And he did not fail to call on the friends of his prosperous days. When Thackeray came to America in 1852 to lecture on "The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century," he had wisely decided that the most competent American to advise him in regard to managing his lectures would be P. T. Barnum. The two had met repeatedly at that time; and four years later Thackeray had again sought Barnum's advice before speaking on "The Four Georges." It was not strange that the writer, who had himself posed as a

showman pointing out the curious puppets in *Vanity Fair,* should have been irresistibly attracted to the greatest living showman. Barnum therefore called on Thackeray in London and told him the story of his own misfortunes. "Mr. Barnum, I admire you more than ever," said the novelist, who then inquired whether any financial assistance was needed. After refusing to accept any aid, Barnum told his host something that very few people knew: he was not so badly crippled financially as was supposed, for he had transferred nearly $200,000 worth of property to his wife, in whose name it was of course safe from legal confiscation.

By August, 1857, he was home again, with his fortunes considerably bettered; but in December of that year Iranistan, which had been put in shape for reoccupancy, was burned to the ground. Undaunted by this disaster, he still struggled on, and by 1860 his debts were nearly paid. The Museum was now his principal source of income; it had grown to be so deservedly famous that, when the Prince of Wales toured America in 1860, stirred perhaps by memories of the funny man and the wonderful dwarf to whom his indulgent mother had once introduced him, he visited the famous building. It "was the only place of amusement the Prince attended in the country," Barnum proudly remarked; but his knowledge concerning the youthful amusements of the distinguished visitor was a little vague. A new phenomenon had now appeared at the Museum in the form of white whales. Some mean persons, to be sure, insisted that they were only porpoises, but Barnum induced Agassiz to certify that they were

actual whales, "and this endorsement I published far and wide." At first, he tried to keep them alive by the simple expedient of hiring an attendant, whose duty it was to moisten their mouths and blow-holes with a sponge dipped in a barrel of salt water; but in spite of this kindness, the whales ungratefully died. He then piped water, from New York's harbor, into a tank large enough for new specimens to swim in, and thus they were coaxed to live a bit longer than the others.

With the return of prosperity, his interest in the moral values of life also revived. The "Lecture Room" in the Museum, where "industrious fleas," etc., had thus far reigned supreme, now became a shelter for strictly moral dramas, from which, as playbills devoutly announced, all "indecent allusions or gestures" were rigidly excluded. The gestures and allusions in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "The Drunkard," however, were undeniably decent; and inasmuch as some church members, and other people who were almost as respectable, looked askance upon the typical theatrical shows of the day, it was very fortunate that they could be properly entertained and edified by such excellent performances. Perhaps the greatest of these instructive dramas was the "Christian Martyrs," which positively reeked with morality. It portrayed the sufferings of the Christians in the worst days of pagan Rome, and included a series of scenes in which gorgeous costumes, martyrs cast up to the lions, and superbly pious rant were happily blended. In the final tableau, Constantine's cross appeared in the sky, and the Roman Empire was converted wholesale amidst bursts of reverent applause; then the curtain fell—a curtain covered with

tawdry advertisements that revealed the virtues of "Horse Liniment," "Yahoo Bitters," and similar indispensable family drugs. And all this could be seen for only thirty cents.

But there were also other ways of furnishing clean and instructive entertainment; for example, dwarfs of both sexes still persisted in being born at intervals nicely timed to fit Barnum's needs. Tom Thumb, who by this time had "increased considerably in rotundity," was waddling around the world as his own master; but his successor, Commodore Nutt, was almost as microscropic and wholly as moral as the General. In 1862 Lincoln asked Barnum to bring the Commodore to the White House. When they arrived, the President was busy in a special Cabinet meeting, but "had left word if I called to be shown in to him with the Commodore." So they were admitted, and Lincoln genially introduced his distinguished visitors to the Members of the Cabinet. A general conversation followed; then, bending his long body, the President took Nutt's hand and said: "Commodore, permit me to give you a parting word of advice. When you are in command of your fleet, if you find yourself in danger of being taken prisoner, I advise you to wade ashore." The Commodore allowed his eyes to travel up the tall form by his side, and responded, "I guess, Mr. President, you could do that better than I could," and the President was immensely tickled by the unusually brilliant repartee. Earlier in the same year, Barnum had bought a dwarf girl for his Museum, one Lavinia Warren, with whom General Thumb promptly proceeded to fall in love; but unfortunately Commo-

dore Nutt was also deeply smitten with her many charms. For a time, all their friends feared that there would be a serious physical encounter between them, for Nutt had a very peppery temper; but Tom continued to be just as amiable as ever, and reason eventually prevailed. Much to the despair of the Commodore, Lavinia finally decided that the superior military rank of the General made him the more desirable husband; and the announcement of their forthcoming marriage tremendously increased the crowds that visited the Museum. Barnum offered to give $15,000 to the amorous pigmies if they would postpone the wedding for only one month, but their mutual passion was too ardent, and the bribe was therefore refused. The ceremony took place in Grace Church, where admittance could be gained only by a special card, and among the guests were several Governors and Members of Congress, together with a few generals of the army, who attended as a mark of respect for the proprieties of military etiquette. The happy couple retired to a very private life for some months, but the attractions of public life proved to be stronger than the pleasures of domesticity, and so they encircled the globe. When, after the fashion of other business men, Tom finally gave up an active career, he could comfort his declining days with the reflection that more than twenty millions of people had bought tickets to see him.

By 1865 there were very few democratic institutions that Barnum had not, in some way, touched and elevated with his diversified talents; however, for one thing, he had not yet played any part in the political

game. In that year the voters of his district decided that he was by far the citizen best qualified to lead the fight against the monopolizing tactics of the state railroad companies; and so they elected to the State Legislature the man who had shown himself to be by all odds the most successful and merciless monopolist of public entertainments who flourished in the century. During the Civil War his Museum had been particularly successful, for he had pulled the strings of patriotism in every conceivable way; and, while a few disgruntled reformers might now claim that his election to office had been possible only because of the debased attitude toward individual and civic responsibility that prevailed after the war, ordinary people knew better. And still, although he thundered mightily against the usurping and criminal tactics of the railroads, it was observed that, for some strange reason, their directors and defendants did not seem to be much disturbed.

One day in July, 1865, when he was speaking in the legislative hall with his usual vehemence, a dispatch stating that his Museum had been destroyed by fire was placed in his hand. He read it through, and then went on with his speech as though nothing had happened. The destruction had been complete; nothing was left of all those marvelous rarities that he had obtained by twenty years of unstinted labor and money. Among other things, the wax figures of once renowned Americans had sunk away in the flames even more completely than they had already disappeared in the popular imagination. He worked prodigiously; agents all over the world again strained every nerve to ferret out

fascinatingly gruesome mishaps of nature, and in November of that year the Museum was once more displaying its dazzling glories to the public. But in March, 1868, it was again destroyed by fire. Barnum felt that this sort of thing was getting to be a little too common; therefore the "American Phœnix," who had twice demonstrated his ability to make new buildings rise from the ashes of those that had perished, retired permanently from the museum business and settled down at home. Lindencroft, his second Bridgeport mansion, was succeeded in 1869 by Waldemere which adjoined Seaside Park—one of the many benefactions by which he had advertised both his generosity and his business endeavors at the same time. Such uncommon altruism, his townsmen rightly felt, should not go unrewarded; so they staunchly supported all of his undertakings, advised many others to do likewise, and, as a final proof of their reverential admiration, elected him to the office of Mayor in 1875. During these years he had spent several months each season with his family in an elegant residence at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-Ninth Street, New York. Here, for weeks at a time, he found pleasure in entertaining his jolliest crony, Horace Greeley; and the great editor repaid the geniality of his host by using the influential columns of the New York *Tribune* to support him in his political ambitions.

Barnum's *magnum opus* was organized in 1870. This, the most stupendous of all his spectacular achievements, was then known as the "Great Traveling World's Fair." In April, 1871, it made its first appearance in Brooklyn, where the towering tents cov-

ered nearly three acres of ground; but in spite of its size thousands of spectators were unable to gain admission to the entertainment. By 1872 it had grown so large that from sixty to seventy freight cars and six passenger coaches were needed to carry its live stock, both animal and human, throughout the land, and its receipts for each six months of activity averaged nearly $1,000,000. Wherever and whenever it appeared, nearly all other forms of business were temporarily demoralized. A certain factory once expressed the feelings of all sensible people with conclusive force when it posted this notice: "Closed on account of the greatest interference on earth." Who, indeed, except a few perverse moralists, could resist its infinite appeal? Certainly, no American may properly be called educated unless he has seen its magnificent splendors from beginning to end: the enormous, flaunting posters announcing its coming, the unloading of its special trains in the romantic duskiness of early dawn, the erection of the huge, flapping tents, and finally the gorgeously complex parade—the steam calliope screeching out its barbaric toots; the Oriental princesses lolling inside of lurching howdahs on the backs of gayly caparisoned elephants; the ungainly camels; the gracefully prancing zebras; the strong, iron-barred cages incarcerating an uncanny mixture of sullen, yawning lions, snarling tigers, slinking leopards, and hideously grinning hyenas; the cavorting clowns and tumbling acrobats engaged in back-breaking contortions; the bewigged and powdered women in their highly suggestive flesh-colored tights. And then—the performance itself!

Perhaps the most superb attraction that the great organization ever boasted, among its countless superb attractions, was the monstrous elephant Jumbo. For many years that unwieldy creature had seen all England at his feet, which occupied an alarmingly large part of the ground in the Royal Zoological Gardens in London. English children without number had shrieked with joyous fright from the top of Jumbo's broad back, and among those who had shrieked loudest were the children and grandchildren of the Queen. So it happened that, when in February, 1882, the announcement was made that Jumbo had been sold to the awful, the unspeakably utilitarian American, P. T. Barnum, all England went into mourning and made frantic attempts to have the sale rescinded. Stories and poems celebrating Jumbo's extraordinary virtues appeared in the greatest profusion; Jumbo hats, collars, neckties, cigars, polkas, fans, and so on, were to be seen everywhere. Nevertheless, the hard-hearted American remained adamant. He replied to those who offered a much larger sum for repurchasing Jumbo than the original sale price had been, that he would not part with him now, after all this widely advertised consternation, for any consideration —not even for twenty times what he had paid. But when the attempt was made to lead Jumbo away for embarkation, he became embarrassingly obdurate. Loudly trumpeting his alarm, his homesickness, and his loyalty to British traditions, he flopped himself down in the middle of a much-traveled street and refused to budge; and, in view of his formidable proportions, it was rather dif-

ficult to see how he could be made to budge except of his own free-will. Barnum's distracted agent immediately sent this cablegram to his employer: "Jumbo has laid down in the street and won't get up. What shall we do." The delighted employer at once cabled back: "Let him lie there a week if he wants to. It is the best advertisement in the world."

At length, after many difficulties, the now world-famous monster reached America, where for more than three years he delighted untold numbers with his unparalleled accomplishments. During these years a part of his regular daily diet was a keg of beer; and when Barnum was told of Jumbo's solitary vice, he winked jocosely, in utter forgetfulness of his strong temperance principles. Doubtless it was fitting that the weak and erring elephant eventually went to a drunkard's grave. In September, 1885, while stumbling in a drunken stupor across a railroad in Ontario, he was struck by a locomotive. Since an irresistible force had met an immovable mass, there could be but one result: the engine, derailed and shattered, died at once, and Jumbo, whose skull had been fractured, gave up his great ghost in a few minutes. Barnum later presented his stuffed skin, together with other benefactions, to Tufts College; and from that time until the present, Jumbo has held the same place in the hearts of all loyal Tufts students that the bulldog holds for Yale and the tiger for Princeton.

As the busy years passed, many competitors matched their strength against Barnum's circus; but they found it utterly impossible to compete successfully with such a masterly organization, and so almost all of them

failed—with one notable exception. That was the "London Circus," headed by Mr. Bailey; and Barnum was unable to breathe easily until he had bought out his only dangerous rival. This he did in 1880, although not until 1887 was the twin spectacle called "Barnum and Bailey's Circus"—those magical words that have meant more to the average American of the last three decades than any others, with but a few exceptions such as home, country, God and business. When the ponderous three-ring circus was exhibited in London in 1889, it was witnessed by the entire royal family, together with many of the nobility; and the general British public forgot its rage over the Jumbo episode in the presence of the colossal entertainment. The Members of Parliament also attended in a quorum greater than that which commonly foregathered on those dull occasions when ordinary affairs of state were discussed; and Gladstone himself came to boom his respects into Barnum's ear during a brief interval when all the other lions happened to be quiet.

The illustrious showman was now very old; and old age found him on a pinnacle of peculiar eminence. The trite saying, "His name is a household word," was perhaps as nearly true of him as of any person then living. In his eightieth year he could write, without too much modesty, "I think I can, without egotism, say that I have amused and instructed more persons than any other manager that ever lived." He was known not merely in America and Europe, for his agents had carried his fame into almost every section of the uncivilized earth; and when an unknown person in a remote corner of Asia mailed a letter to "Mr. Barnum,

America," it reached him without any trouble whatever. After ex-President Grant had girdled the globe, Barnum visited him and assured him that, as the dominant military figure of his time, he was the most famous person alive. "No, sir," Grant replied. "Your name is familiar to multitudes who never heard of me. Wherever I went, among the most distant nations, the fact that I was an American led to constant inquiries whether I knew Barnum." The good fortune which, barring a few disastrous occurrences, had steadily favored him was as abounding as ever. His wife, to be sure, had died in 1873 while he was in Germany, but prayer had mitigated his anguish. "I implored our dear Father to give them [his children] strength to bear their loss and to sanctify her death to the benefit of us all." In his own case, at least, the supplication seems to have been answered very promptly; for less than a year later he remarried. The doors of Waldemere continued to remain hospitably open to all comers, although it was noticed that they swung a little wider for persons of social or literary rank than for others. Particularly welcome were those who could play a good hand at euchre, or amuse their host with distinctly masculine stories and reminiscences. Bayard Taylor, Elias Howe and Greeley were constantly coming in; and Mark Twain often ran down from Hartford to spend the day, although his refusal to write something in the nature of a humorous send-off for "The Greatest Show On Earth" was a continual disappointment to Barnum. Matthew Arnold found time, in an interval when he was not lecturing uncouth Americans on their complete lack of culture

and incontinent faith in democracy, to be Barnum's guest for some days; but the polished English critic, somehow or other, would never tell whether he had assigned his odd entertainer any definite place in his own famous tripartite classification of society.

Happy and contented in this life and certain, as he was, of endless bliss in the next, Barnum nevertheless neglected nothing that might help to strengthen his already firm grasp upon earthly fame. Death—the greatest curiosity of all—was not going to catch him napping; he would cheat the grim monster of at least a part of his prey! Accordingly, he brought his autobiography up to date in 1869; but the price—from $3.50 to $5.00—charged by his publishers turned out to be prohibitive; in 1878, therefore, he bought the plates and printed a "new and independent" edition which was sold for only $1.50 a copy, "besides which I present a fifty-cent ticket to my Great Show to each purchaser." Who could resist such an appeal as that? Apparently not many people could, for he was soon printing editions of 50,000 copies. Again, in 1889, his life's history appeared, once more brought up to date and "including his Golden Rules for Money-Making."

But the time was approaching when the last page of that history was to be written by the hand of a far greater showman than Barnum himself. His religious faith had grown to be so sincere that, during his last years, he read daily from the Bible and from two volumes, "Manna" and "Strength for Daily Needs," which contained a medley of excerpts from notorious writers whose profound wisdom, he sagely

commented, seemed to sum up "the whole philosophy of life." The venerable man had been endowed with such amazing physical vitality that, until his eighty-first year, he had enjoyed almost unbroken health; but by November, 1880, the muscles of his heart began to degenerate. The man who had so often gambled with chance was too sly to gamble with death, and in 1883 he had made a will which in many ways gave proof of his foresight. Its most important stipulation had been that a large part of his immense fortune—it was then ten millions—should be devoted to the support of the circus which, he well knew, was to be his living monument. It was furthermore specified that $8,000 should be expended upon the erection of his statue in Bridgeport, where it may be seen today—a great bronze effigy, on the water-edge of Seaside Park, sitting at ease and gazing benignantly southward across the waters of Long Island Sound. He had several legitimate daughters, but no legitimate son; his one grandson, therefore, was to be given $25,000 as a consideration for retaining only the initial letter of his first name and changing his middle name to Barnum. The remainder of his estate was to be parceled out among his descendants, or given to various forms of charity.

With all his earthly interests thus provided for, he made ready for the end. He, who had always taken great pride in his ability to manage all manner of public spectacles, showed the same pride in planning the final spectacle. None knew better than Barnum that his funeral would occasion a tremendous public outpouring, and he set about arranging for it with

all his old-time skill. But in two very important particulars it was to differ sharply from the others. The designer, in all probability, would not be able to witness the triumph of his design—although, as usual, he would be the chief center of attraction—and the customary fee of twenty-five cents would not be charged for admission. And yet, in imagination, he could see what it would be like: the multitudes of mourners, the whole city draped in mourning, the flags at half-mast, the display of his photograph in nearly every public window, the half-holiday granted to the school children, and last of all—the crowning triumph!—a sign posted at Madison Square Garden in New York, where his show was then running, "Closed on account of the death of P. T. Barnum." Several days before the end, he embarrassed his Universalist minister very much by choosing, as a text for his funeral sermon, "Not my will but Thine be done" —words which were also engraved on his headstone. Even the imminence of death, it appears, did not seriously interfere with his life-long habit of employing highly questionable advertisements. In another way, also, his innocent vanity showed itself. His illness, which was prolonged for nearly five months, had emaciated him to a shocking degree; the great face, with its look of corpulent good-humor, its carnal complacency, its callous and furtive sagacity, its ponderous worldliness, had shrunken into an expression of pinched and wizened resignation. Fully determined to be remembered as he was when in the heyday of strength, he directed that none but near relatives should be permitted to view his body. After all, it was perhaps

natural enough that he should not have desired to emulate the leading attraction of the Fejee Mermaid.

Until the last, his buoyant spirits rarely failed. Three days before his departure, he spoke suddenly in his high-pitched voice to his secretary who was standing by the bedside: "Ben, I'm going to die this time." After the secretary had expressed a pious hope that he was wrong, Barnum again repeated, "No, Ben, I'm going to die." A moment's painful silence followed; then, in a matter-of-fact tone, he remarked, "I say, Ben, you'd better see the contractor about putting up some houses on those shore lots. I've got too much money in the bank, Ben, too much money in the bank." "Why, Mr. Barnum," the surprised secretary exclaimed, "you said you were going to die!" "Yes, Ben, yes," he answered, as his dark eyes twinkled with fun, "but I ain't dead yet, Ben, am I?" As death drew near, he suffered much pain and often swallowed sedatives; but his belief in temperance remained strong until the last. At four o'clock on the morning of April 7, 1891, he was asked if he would like a drink of water. "Yes," he replied, and shortly afterwards became semi-unconscious. Thus he lingered all day. In the evening, as the April sun was setting, the uniquely original, the extraordinarily creative, the peerlessly fertile and resourceful old showman. . . .

. . . . . .

The concluding lines of the judge's poem ran thus:

And finally, discovering the brink of Hades' crater,
He'll put out the conflagration with his Fire Annihilator;

Exorcise from the neighborhood the cussed imp of evil,
Nor rest, till he has raised, reformed, and then—ENGAGED—
the Devil!

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MARK HANNA

THAT period of United States history in which Mark Hanna was the actual and William McKinley the titular dominating personality, seems far more remote and unreal, in the light of the past two decades, than it is in time. The records of its achievements must be sought, not in sun-lit and much frequented library rooms, but in the cob-webbed gloom of placidly undisturbed shelves; time's dust is settling thickly on its pamphlets and newspapers, which already touch the nostrils of the few who explore them with musty odor (most romantic of all aromas), and their yellowing pages crackle a little drearily upon being opened, as though in protest against an unwelcome wakening from repose. But the memory of the days described in those fading documents still lives in the minds of Americans yet under middle age, although that memory has been almost obliterated during recent years in which actions of far greater moment were being performed. More than that: some of the sinister features of the McKinley Administration are almost certain to appear and reappear, with perennial youth and vigor, in a country that boasts the glorious distinction of being the world's greatest experiment in democracy. May there not, then, be some interest—nay, some clarifying information—to be found in investigating briefly some

of the more salient actions of that period, when the course of events was so largely shaped by a person who had more influence than ballots had—who, in fact, knew how to make ballots do things which their markers never intended them to do?

The curious explorer into the past may frequently come to the un-Carlylean conclusion that the history of the world is, to a large extent, the biography of little men. Certainly, many great figures of much storied and historied fame seem, to the discriminating seeker for truth, to have been of far less significance than some who, to all appearances, humbly served those majestic figureheads. Properly to portray the intertwined careers of Mark Hanna and McKinley would require the pen of W. S. Gilbert and the pencil of Hogarth, both of whom, in spite of surface humor, actually depicted the life of their time with searing truth. Those two artists are dead. Perhaps, however, it will be possible to gain some idea of the interplay of hidden forces which were most powerful in McKinley's time if certain aspects of "King-Maker" Mark Hanna are scrutinized. The problem is this: just how was it possible for a government nominally of, by and for the people to become for a considerable period, mostly through the labors of a man who was never officially more than Senator, a government chiefly of, by and for the principal incorporated business interests of our country? This question, although it may be somewhat puzzling, as is the song the Sirens sang and the name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, is also not, one may presume, beyond all conjecture.

I

PERHAPS the Comic Spirit, perhaps some ironically-minded god, perhaps plain chance brought it about that Mark Hanna, maker and molder of a President, was born in Ohio, the state whence McKinley, together with other Presidents, came. His ancestry, like McKinley's, was Scotch-Irish; "but," Hanna once said, "he had the Scotch and I had the Irish of the combination." His paternal grandfather was a stern Quaker; and was there not something of Quaker taciturnity in Mark himself? While McKinley talked, Mark Hanna acted with quiet but deadly efficiency. Dr. Leonard Hanna, Mark's father, having been defeated in running for Congress, once replied to a friendly query as to why he thenceforth sought no further political preferment, "Because I would have to get into the mud." The son does not seem to have been much worried by any such scruple. His mother, whose mind was "bright but not witty," exercised decisive authority over her children; one infers that she lacked the wit to do otherwise. The second of these children, born in New Lisbon on September 24, 1837, was named Marcus Alonzo—"which had," remarks Joseph B. Foraker, "a sort of pea-jacket suggestion that was child-like and bland. It should have been Marcus Aurelius, for in rugged character, and aggressive courage, if not in gentle consideration for others, he was like that great Roman, ever ready for battle, and, although occasionally defeated, never conquered but once—then by death."

Mark's boyhood and young manhood, while not

startling in any way, gave many signs of the qualities which made the mature man so powerful, so unscrupulous, so inflexible of will, and yet so well liked by thousands. Did he see visions and dream dreams, while driving the cows to pasture in his boyhood days, of a time when he would drive business men, Congressmen, Senators and a President before him? A youth who slipped garter-snakes between the pages of books owned by a school-ma'am whom he despised; who, as self-appointed captain of some forty other boys, seized a water-hose from the hands of inefficient firemen and himself extinguished a fire; who could tell a girl to whom he had been more or less engaged for several years that their love affair must end because she was shy, awkward, and not at all lively—well, such a youth certainly showed indications of self-confidence and initiative. And when his relatives, who in the early forties had become the leading capitalists in their community in Ohio, lost all their capital through the failure of a canal on which they depended for transportation, and thereupon started a new business firm in Cleveland, it is significant that Mark, who entered the firm when he was twenty-one, was made a partner upon the death of his father in 1862.

At about this time his diplomatic powers were already budding. He persuaded his brother, Howard, to go to war in his own place, arguing that his greater business ability made it expedient for him to remain at home. "I did the best I could," he remarked years later, "I sent a substitute. Four years later I had the honor to be drafted"—when the war was practically over. Mark Hanna early learnt how to shoulder

unpleasant duties upon others, and how to manipulate men and events for his own advancement.

He learnt, also, how to manipulate a prospective but unfortunately Democratic father-in-law, who was one of Cleveland's most successful business men. Was not Mark wise in breaking off his engagement with a "shy, awkward, and not at all lively" young lady, when he could marry one who had none of these deficiencies, but who had an attraction which would have more than atoned for such blemishes had she chanced to have been afflicted with them—future wealth? What availed an irate parent's wrath against a Republican suitor when that suitor was Mark Hanna? The parent swore violently Democratic oaths, the daughter wept and began to lose her health, but the suitor budged not an inch at either curses or tears. There could be but one result. The parent capitulated, but not without a final dig: "I like you very well, Mark, but you are such a damned screecher for freedom"—probably the first and only time that anyone ever accused Mark Hanna of that.

From 1867 until his definite entry into politics in 1894, the coal and iron industries were his chief interests. But he still had energy enough left to become director of several railroads, owner of a Republican newspaper, president of a bank, owner of a theater, and owner and director of a local railroad which grew under his control into a company valued at $9,000,000. He was thus becoming rich and prominent, which meant that he was becoming powerful—what else could it mean? His power was shown in quiet ways. When, for example, he influenced votes in the City

Mark Hanna

Council in the interest of his railroad, as he regularly did, the fact was not recorded in his newspaper as a news item of general interest. But unfortunately he could not control other newspapers; and when certain hostile ones first began to call him "Boss" Hanna and to say that he was aggressive and greedy, he could—well, he could deny it and keep on bossing, but concealing it pretty well by skillful diplomacy. He paid the men in his employ well and even allowed them to unionize—and why not? Had not some experiences with strikes convinced him that it was to his interest to keep his men contented, which meant that they would work harder for him? "A manufacturing corporation," he once wrote, "can make no better investment than in the hearty coöperation and good feeling of its employees." It was, he rightly believed, merely good business policy to allow his men to tell him their troubles, to greet them with condescending familiarity, and occasionally to make a little speech to the "boys," telling them how much he valued their services. On one occasion, when a disastrously long and disorderly strike had occurred on all the railway lines in Cleveland except his own, and when his coffers were swelling with the returns of surplus traffic, he showed the largeness of his heart by generously giving each of his employees a new and shining five-dollar gold piece as a token of his appreciation. Was it any wonder that they, good men and loyal to all American traditions, believed the "Boss" was the kindest, most generous of men?

So, by degrees, Mark Hanna became one of the leading business men in Cleveland. By degrees, also,

he entered politics, became thoroughly fascinated with the game, and finally retired from the coal and iron business in 1894, telling his brother that he was weary of office routine, and that he wished to get some amusement from the remainder of his life. The particular form of amusement he had chosen was the nomination and election to the presidency of William McKinley. But why McKinley? Why not John Sherman or Joseph B. Foraker? They were Hanna's friends (at least when Republican harmony demanded it), good and true Ohioans, and considered to be of presidential caliber—or is timber a more appropriate word? For one thing, Sherman had had his fling at the office in 1888 and 1892, but the fling had twice landed him upon his head instead of upon his feet. Foraker had been a successful Governor and was admittedly one of the most popular orators of the day; but was he not just a little too independent? Who remained, then, except McKinley? But who *was* McKinley?

He was a man in whom the elements were so mixed that Mark Hanna might have said: "This was a man —after mine own heart." Some of these curiously—or perhaps *not* curiously—diversified elements were: piety and concomitant dullness, patriotism and self-seeking, occasional firmness but more often servility, amiability and trickery. Even in small matters he was exceedingly cautious and wary. When shaking hands with a crowd after a speech, he always got hold of each person's hand first, and with such a high grip as to save his own hand from being squeezed. Rarely did he put down on tell-tale paper any admissions or prom-

ises which might later prove to be embarrassing, and what he actually wrote down, as President, was almost invariably penned with a biographer in mind. One of the boldest and most original things he ever did was to shave himself, on his campaigning trips, with a straight razor, without using a mirror, but walking around the room, talking, and even reading a newspaper. He was a mixture of ineffectual idealism and sordid, though perhaps unconscious, hypocrisy—in short, an instrument devised, it almost seems as though by Providence, for Mark Hanna to play upon at will. Perhaps McKinley can best be understood if one notes that the five people who chiefly influenced him before he met Hanna were women: his mother, two sisters, a school teacher, and his wife. Is it any wonder then, that, when McKinley was a mere child (so the author of the official two-volume apology for his life tells us), he "always looked a trifle cleaner and neater than other boys," and he never used "bad words"? At the age of ten, he marched bravely up the aisle of a Methodist church to the "mourners' bench" and joined the church on probation. But really, probation was not necessary, for he was always a moral young man who never yielded to the snares of the flesh as his predecessor, Grover Cleveland, had done in his youth; McKinley lacked the initiative and energy necessary for Don Juan adventures.

He was, in short, religious—amiably, innocuously religious. Says one who traveled extensively with him on his presidential campaigning trips: "In a very unostentatious manner, he always had his private devotions, and knelt at his bedside the last thing at night

and the first thing in the morning." Again and again, when he was presidential candidate in 1896, delegations of ladies who came to the "front porch" at Canton devoutly thanked God that, when McKinley was in the White House, once more a man of pure character would preside over the councils of the nation; and they frequently decked him with flowers "typical of the purity of his life and character, as unsullied as his honor, and as fragrant as his good name," as one female admirer jubilantly phrased it—and McKinley could only repay such affection by perpetually wearing a pink carnation in his buttonhole. "President McKinley," Mark Hanna once said, referring to McKinley's devotion to his wife, "has made it very hard for the rest of us husbands here in Washington." It is, of course, quite likely that McKinley's domestic fidelity did not arouse to emulation such Senators and Congressmen as were bachelors, or even some who were husbands; but such matters, while pleasant to speculate upon, are perhaps beside the point. In his personal apearance, McKinley had the figure and face of a bishop, with his stodgy frame, his look of anxious firmness, his large nose, his shaggy eyebrows, his wide mouth, and his chin that looked so strong until one noted the cleft in its middle. His fairly thin lips seemed to indicate will-power; but Mark Hanna's lips were thinner.

Such was the man whom Hanna decided to elect to the Presidency. But along with all the virtues already noted, McKinley had another and perhaps greater: he was a firm—in this case, uncompromisingly firm—believer in a protective tariff. Had not his father and

grandfather been engaged in the coal and iron industries, and had he not seen how necessary for those industries a protective tariff was? As Congressman, he delivered innumerable speeches favoring such a tariff. His speeches, which in most cases were popular, had not been confined strictly to that issue; he discussed subjects ranging from the tariff on peanuts to the assurance of immortality—at any rate, immortality for Republicans. Gradually he became known as the tariff's best eulogist, and in 1890 the act then passed bore his name. It was this activity of McKinley's that caused Mark Hanna, as early as 1888, to eye him with favor as a future presidential candidate; for he and McKinley, in their common dependence on the coal and iron industries, were two souls with but a single thought—protection. But in some other respects their thoughts differed considerably.

II

THUS began one of the most fascinating chapters in political history: the actual making of a President by a private citizen who was possessor of much money, more enthusiasm, and extraordinary ability as an administrator and political adventurer. But just here the waters begin to grow deep, for the maneuvers by which Mark Hanna made McKinley President were quite *sui generis* in political history. Other men, or groups of men, have of course used many of Hanna's tactics in the grooming of various presidential candidates; but here was a man who strove ceaselessly for eight years, single-handed nearly all that time, for one

definite thing—a thing ordinarily accomplished by various forms of chicanery, subterfuge, barter and compromise in the final weary hours of a political convention. Chance and expediency have, after all, been the chief factors in the making of most of our Presidents; but it was not chance nor expediency that accomplished the election of McKinley; it was the indomitable purpose, the tireless energy, the resourcefulness, in short, the genius of one man. All this is fairly simple and quite commonly known. What is not so simple and commonly known, and what impartial but enthusiastic historical curiosity finds difficult to illuminate and clarify is, how the remarkable versatility of that genius showed itself in concrete ways. For the genius of Mark Hanna was of a high order largely because it so successfully hid its manifestations from the public of his own day and from the eye of posterity; because it left so comparatively few traces. Hanna wrote few letters and those few were rarely self-revealing in the deepest sense; his public speeches were concerned with matters eminently safe; he did not often talk, after the manner of small souls, for publication; he covered his political tracks with the sagacity of *Le Renard Subtil.* Here he dropped a monitory threat, there he made a flattering promise; here he engineered a secret conference, there he gave a colorless public interview. By turns he could be gracious and dangerously hostile, pliant and adamantine, humble and Napoleonic. He knew the great value of adaptability. He did not, for instance, go to church, but he did something better—he gave money generously to its various charitable causes, and thus won the admira-

tion, not to say the votes, of many piously soft souls. In brief, he had the greatest of gifts: the gift of being all things to all men.

And yet, fortunately, his very subtlety, his scrupulous submergence of self in order to make more certain his end, occasionally defeated his purpose. His wily art was sometimes so superb that it aroused the notoriety which he most wished to avoid—the notoriety which a merely clever political prestidigitator would never have aroused. Shakespeare, greatest of all masters in the art of maintaining a vast, Olympian aloofness in his writings, habitually revealed the cosmic reaches of his mind more plainly than the most poignantly lyric poems lay bare their writers' emotion. The art that conceals art is the greatest because it also reveals most; its very richness and exuberance only betray it the more completely. Mark Hanna of course sometimes made mistakes: mistakes in judging men (though this was rare), or in giving momentary lease to his temper; for, like most autocrats, he was intensely passionate and frequently lost his self-control when some rash person tried to thwart him. "Damn you, haven't you any compromise in your make-up?" was his usual retort to those who dared to oppose him. His full, roundish face wore, to the ordinary observer, an expression somewhat quizzically good-humored, somewhat "child-like and bland" like his name; and yet beneath its affable and rather self-satisfied exterior there were unmistakable signs—due in part, perhaps, to the large head, the huge ears, the strongly formed nose, the wide mouth with deeply marked lines running from either corner up to the rear of the nostrils, but due

most of all to the unwavering gaze of those soul-searching brown eyes—of a harsh and pitiless temper. And, in the face of opposition, that temper would blaze forth and the lightning of his wrath would reveal some hitherto dark nook or recess of his personality, for he would blurt out some unvarnished and therefore undiplomatic truth. Also, when necessity called for it, he would play his cards openly, with the instinct of the born opportunist to gamble with fate—and fate was almost invariably kind to him.

But it is time to specify. He who loves to make a dispassionate study of the curious complexities of the human mind will find much that is arresting, and suggestive of the way in which Mark Hanna's mind unwittingly revealed itself, if he will ponder briefly on the matter contained and implied in these excerpts of a letter of Hanna's, written to a friend in 1890 in order to dissuade him from carrying on a suit against the Standard Oil Company.

"Recently while in New York I learned from my friend, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, that such suit was still pending, and without any solicitation on his part or suggestion from him, I determined to write you, believing that both political and business interests justified me in so doing. While I am not personally interested in the Standard Oil Co., many of my closest friends are, and I have no doubt that many of the business associations with which I am connected are equally open to attack. . . . There is no greater mistake for a man in or out of public place to make than to assume that he owes any duty to the public or can in any manner advance his own position or in-

terests by attacking the organizations under which experience has taught business can best be done. From a party standpoint, interested in the success of the Republican party, and regarding you as in the line of political promotion, I must say that the identification of your office with litigation of this character is a great mistake. . . . The Standard Oil Co. is officered and managed by some of the best and strongest men in the country. They are pretty much all Republicans and have been most liberal in their contributions to the party, as I personally know, Mr. Rockefeller always quietly doing his share. . . . We need for the struggles of the future the coöperation of our strongest business interests and not their indifference or hostility. You will probably not argue with me in this. . . . I simply say with respect to this matter, that prudence and caution require you to go very slow in this business."

Alas, poor William McKinley! What chance hadst thou against such a mind as this? Little cause for wonder it is that, several years later, Mark Hanna, seeing that this letter contained admissions whose import he had not realized, made desperate efforts to gain possession of it; even less cause for wonder it is that his too charitable biographer makes even more desperate efforts, for some four pages, to prove that at least the most damaging parts of the letter were fraudulent, by the pleasant process of assuming that all the persons concerned in its eventual publication were either liars or dupes. For in this piece of writing appear specific instances by means of which Hanna's personality can be at least partially comprehended:

his extraordinarily fertile and canny craftiness, together with touches of his dangerous temper. But the chief point is that, when Hanna wrote the letter, he had not the remotest reason for supposing that it would ever be made public; his error (and it was an error sufficiently logical) lay in assuming that *all* Republicans were influenced by the same motives of pure political and financial expediency that guided him.

This, then, was the mind that had determined to put McKinley in the White House. Hanna began by making McKinley Governor of Ohio in 1892. In laboring for McKinley, he spent his money freely, prodigally, for speakers, halls, campaign literature and—votes. In the presidential convention of 1888, for instance, Foraker found him buying many votes of colored delegates in a hotel. He protested, but finally withdrew in defeat and sought apartments elsewhere—was he not arguing with Mark Hanna? In later years Mark said: "I will not give a cent for any man's vote. I am not engaged in that kind of business." Again, in 1896, he wished to barter Cabinet positions for delegations from doubtful states, but McKinley boldly protested: "There are some things, Mark, I would not and cannot do, even to become President of the United States." Whether he particularized as to the precise nature of these things, the chronicle sayeth not; but for once Hanna agreed to do as McKinley requested. Later Hanna said, apropos of this occasion, "It made a better man of me," at the same time wiping away a hypothetical tear. However, in 1896 Hanna still continued to promise many politicians that, if they would deliver their quota of votes to Mc-

Kinley, they would be "consulted" after the election as to various appointments; but he so worded these promises that he could keep himself and McKinley free from specific obligations. And, after all, is it not easy to see that there is a vast moral difference between making a definite pledge and merely promising political patronage? Reasoning thus, it seems, Mark Hanna fortified himself with the belief that he had indeed been made a better man, as he handed out the post-election plums.

But before these things, McKinley had been elected Governor in 1892, and Hanna had at once begun to plan, with far-seeing astuteness, for the campaign of 1896. Shortly after McKinley was made Governor, Hanna persuaded him to go South and try to create a favorable impression there. In 1893 McKinley would have been made bankrupt through an unfortunate investment, and his political career might well have been ruined because of the publicity involved in this affair, if Hanna had not succeeded in keeping the incident secret and in raising enough money, by contributing some of his own and by persuading others to contribute, to pay off the debt. For Hanna already had made himself popular with Republican leaders in Ohio by cheerfully giving large sums of money in various campaigns in which, for personal (in other words, financial) reasons, he was interested. As he handed a committee his first contribution, he was wont to say: "Boys, I suppose you'll need some more money. If you run short, you know where my office is." It is not related that Hanna ever found it necessary to make this offer a second time.

For the sake of harmony in the coming struggle, Hanna became reconciled, temporarily, to his chief thorn in the flesh, Foraker, who was eventually persuaded to place McKinley's name before the Ohio State Convention in March, 1896, as Ohio's candidate for the Presidency. On that occasion, Foraker's speech contained this characteristic sentiment: "William McKinley is the ideal American statesman, the typical American leader, the veritable American idol [tremendous cheering]." The veritable American idol at once wrote to Foraker thus modestly, regarding his speech: "It was perfect—it could not have been better. It was in the right spirit, admirable in phrase and will do much good everywhere."

As the Convention of 1896 approached, the only other formidable candidates beside McKinley were ex-President Harrison and Thomas B. Reed. Hanna decided that the best way to defeat them was to make the people think that the bosses were behind them—a master stroke that proved successful, for McKinley was nominated on the first ballot. Mark Hanna might well rejoice, for he had spent over $100,000 in McKinley's behalf; rather expensive amusement, to be sure, but was not protection for his interests now almost certain? After the nomination, in response to the demand of the Convention that he should speak, Hanna rose and said: ". . . this nomination was made —by the people. What feeble efforts I may have contributed to the result, I am here to lay the fruits of it at the feet of my party and upon the altar of my country [applause]." But when, upon returning to Cleveland, Hanna was greeted like a conquering

hero because of his part in McKinley's nomination, he spoke in a different way. As he rode through the streets, he caught the eye of a friend. He cried out "Hello!" and, inflating his chest and pointing to himself, immediately added, "Me Injun! Me big Injun!" When he addressed his townspeople, however, he became once more a—political speaker. "No ambition . . . prompted me. I acted out of love for my friend and of devotion to my country."

As everyone knows, McKinley was triumphantly elected—were not the chances almost sixteen to one that he would be? Yet much money had been needed, and Mark Hanna obtained it in generous sums, from Wall Street principally, which had some small interest in placing "The Advance Agent of Prosperity" in the White House. In fact, over $16,000,000 were spent by the Republicans in this campaign—by far the largest amount of money ever expended in any presidential campaign by any political party, before or since. The campaign had not, in truth, been a very easy one, for the Democratic Donkey was braying unusually loud that year; that is to say, the "Boy Orator," William Jennings Bryan, was the party's candidate. The Republicans attacked the Democrats for their "record of unparalleled incapacity, dishonor, and disaster," as the platform stated—what else could a political platform be expected to state? The Democrats, not to be outdone, attacked Mark Hanna as a "Beast of Greed" and as an incarnate dollar-mark. But, though talk about crowns of thorns and crosses of gold might stampede a Democratic Convention, it did not, curiously enough, seem to affect the country much; not

even so much as such an insignificant thing as the general business depression of the time. And, as between two geese, was not the country wise in choosing the one that promised to lay golden rather than silver eggs? McKinley was triumphantly elected, the nation was saved from destruction (it is so saved quadrennially), and Mark Hanna was happy.

But he was not entirely happy. While it was doubtless very nice to be the power behind the throne, was he to be blamed for wanting a little of the throne itself in the form of a senatorship? McKinley, it is true, wished Hanna to enter his Cabinet. A week after the election he wrote to Hanna thus: "I want to express to you my great debt of gratitude for your generous life-long and devoted services to me. Was there ever such unselfish devotion before? . . . God bless and prosper you and yours is my constant prayer. I turn to you irresistibly." Then came the offer of the Cabinet position. But Mark Hanna did not desire that particular place, perhaps because it would have been a little too public, and because his special function lay in another direction—in the direction of closed doors, strictly private conferences, and similar amenities so bountifully afforded to Senators and Congressmen. Hence it was that Mark declined the Cabinet position, but suggested that a senatorship would be very welcome.

Then followed an incident eminently characteristic of the orthodox Christian gentleman, William McKinley, and of the unorthodox Mark Hanna, to whom McKinley was pleased to turn irresistibly. There were already two Senators from Ohio: Foraker and Sher-

William McKinley

man. Obviously, since there unfortunately could not be three Senators, one of the two must be disposed of if Mark Hanna's wish were to be gratified. How could this be accomplished? How, indeed, but by advancing one of them to a higher position? This is what actually was done—almost, if not quite, with a vengeance. Sherman was offered the portfolio of Secretary of State; he accepted; thus McKinley was able to appoint Hanna as Senator in Sherman's stead. Then McKinley conferred with the under Secretary, leaving Sherman—out in the cold. Naturally, he objected and in a little time resigned his office. McKinley then maintained that Sherman's failing health was the reason why he was thus snubbed. Perhaps it was; but Sherman's letter, written to a friend after his resignation, does not bear out that view:

"At that time I regarded McKinley as a sincere and ardent friend. . . . When he urged me to accept the position of Secretary of State, I accepted with some reluctance and largely to promote the wishes of Mark Hanna. The result was that I lost the position both of Senator and Secretary, and I hear that both McKinley and Hanna are *pitying* me for failing memory and physical strength. I do not care for their pity and do not ask them any favor."

"Largely to promote the wishes of Mark Hanna!" The same Mark Hanna to whom, some years previously, Sherman had written: "You have been a true friend, liberal, earnest and sincere, without any personal selfish motive . . . the soul of honor."

Anyhow, Mark Hanna's wishes had undoubtedly

been promoted. Was not this doggerel rhyme about him entirely justified?

> Up in the treetop triumphantly sat
> Old Mark Hanna.
> Says he, "There's a winner right under my hat,
> Old Mark Hanna.
> Let no would-be President get in my way
> For the state of Ohio will do what I say,
> I've a grip on the boys and they've got to obey
> Old Mark Hanna."

From that time until McKinley's death the "boys," both in Ohio and in Congress, generally obeyed Mark Hanna. For at that time, as at some other times, most of the Senators

> made no pretense
> To intellectual eminence
> Or scholarship sublime.

Instead, they nearly all recognized that their keenest, most incisive member was Mark Hanna, who all his life never cared for books—a fact which perhaps explains why, as early as 1869, he had been elected a member of the Cleveland Board of Education. As Senator, indeed, his governmental functions were almost as numerous as those of Pooh-Bah in Titipu: "First Lord of the Treasury, Lord Chief Justice, Commander-in-Chief, Lord High Admiral," and so on.

One thing, among many others, Mark now wanted. His interests and the interests of big business in general were safe so long as McKinley was President; but Hanna desired the "mandate of the people" to make

him feel fully at ease as Senator. To attain this, he would have to go on the stump—a thing he dreaded to do. McKinley courageously offered to help him prepare his speeches, but Mark gave up written speeches in disgust, went on the stump and—just talked. What he said probably lacked depth (in fact, his biographer says, "Everything that he had to say was on the top of his mind"), but his audiences doubtless enjoyed his remarks all the more for that very reason. Proceeding thus, he soon developed the ability, necessary for and epidemic among popular orators, to pour forth for more than an hour a steady torrent of words so pleasantly fluent, so imperturbably ungrammatical, so charmingly vulgar, so fascinatingly illogical, and so brilliantly platitudinous that his audiences were almost invariably enraptured and, no doubt, spiritually benefited. How pleasant it must have been never to be made uncomfortable by an unpartisan remark, by the faintest sign of any statement that might possibly be interpreted as unpatriotic or cosmopolitan, or by the semblance of anything remotely approaching a new or progressive idea! "What a great speech! What a great man! What a comforting hour this has been!" his hearers would murmur one to another, as they severally returned to their homes to commiserate their unfortunate neighbors, who had missed the rare opportunity of seeing and hearing one of the greatest men of the day. Hanna not only made speeches; he asseverated that his enemies were trying to defeat him by trading votes for other candidates. Thus injured innocence got an outraged public opinion on its side, and he was elected. Who

could be made to believe that one so much abused and insulted by enemies as poor Mark Hanna was, would ever have said privately that "No man in public office owes the public anything," as the Democrats charged?

Thus assured that he was the people's choice, he spent his time gaining more power and influence in Congress. With the Spanish-American War he apparently had little to do, except to play the part of Jonathan to his David. McKinley, much worried by the problems of war, found Hanna a tower of strength in those times. Chauncey Depew one day found the President in a very gloomy frame of mind; but "when he . . . caressingly placed his hands upon Mr. Hanna's shoulder his countenance assumed all its old-time happiness and confidence, and he uttered with a depth of feeling and affection which no words can describe the word 'Mark.'" And still, one cannot be too certain that Hanna was merely quiescent and subservient during the war; for that struggle involved many events and possibilities that must have touched him in his tenderest spot—his business interests. At least one indisputable fact rears its head amid a host of vague surmises. Among the documents printed with the Peace Treaty, at the end of the war, there was this dispatch from Luzon: "Cortes family, representing wealthy, educated families of Manila, implore you in name humanity and Christianity not to desert them, and to obtain annexation Philippines to America." This message was not addressed, as one would naturally expect from the distinctly Presidential flavor of the composition, to President McKinley; it was sent to Mark Hanna. Precisely how had it become known, even in

remote Manila, that the proper way to obtain results in America was to get in touch with Hanna rather than with McKinley?

Whatever the answer may be—no definite answer can be given—Hanna staunchly supported the President in all war measures, and both of them continued to favor imperialistic policies with steadily increasing approval. Might not (so they probably speculated) Cuba and the Philippines be much in need, among other American business products, of steel and iron?

In 1898 Hanna "milked the country," in his own words, in order that it might remain Republican; a Democratic Congress would have been even more undesirable, if such a thing were possible, at that time than at any other. It is true that some of the most prolific Republican kine ceased chewing their cuds of contentment, and protested rather strongly, by vociferous mooing, prancing about, and flirting of tails, against losing so much precious fluid; but they finally submitted when they considered how much better it was to lose their milk than it would have been to lose their skins. Hanna also distributed patronage liberally, though occasionally he found it tiresome. Once he wrote Foraker thus about a persistent applicant: "Everything has been arranged to suit the old cuss, and I hope you and I are through with him." He was opposed to Civil Service reform—and why not? Was he a reformer? With the best and worst elements of his party he coöperated, in the interests of harmony in the "Grand Old Party," whose private creed, during McKinley's time and frequently thereafter, seems to

have been, "Imperialism and harmony, now and forever, one and inseparable."

The campaign of 1900 was largely a repetition of 1896. The Convention would have been "too harmonious for anything but words," as someone remarked, had it not been for a comparatively young man with flashing eyes, bristling teeth, and tremendous energy, who at that time began his life-long policy of occasionally twanging a painfully inharmonious string, much to the dismay of his fellow members in the Republican orchestra. Neither McKinley nor Hanna desired that Roosevelt should be the Vice-Presidential candidate, for the all-sufficing reason that he was regarded as unsafe and unsound from the standpoint of the business interests. McKinley had remarked with vigor to Foraker before the Convention met, "I hope you will not allow the Convention to be stampeded to Roosevelt." Hanna's language was even more vigorous. "By God, Teddy, you know," said he to Roosevelt, "that there is nothing in this country which can compel a man to run for an office who doesn't want it"; for Roosevelt had told Hanna that he did not wish the nomination, and wanted to know what to do if he should be nominated willy-nilly. But when Roosevelt found out that "the McKinley people" were unitedly opposed to him as a candidate, his fighting spirit was pricked and he decided to win the nomination—and did win it. And that was a bad omen for Mark Hanna. Nevertheless, the present was safe and, despite the anti-imperialist cry of the Democrats, the country as a whole seemed to take more interest in the "full dinner-pail." Bryan, indeed, insinuated

that the Republicans would not dare to educate the Filipinos, lest they might learn to read the Declaration of Independence. But Bryan, who again made the welkin ring with his infinitely varied permutations and combinations of Webster, was beaten worse than before. Hanna, however, took no chances. Once again, as Chairman of the National Committee, he planned the campaign with superb generalship, poured out his own fortune, and, what was better, made others pour out their fortunes too.

III

Until this time, Mark Hanna and McKinley had been very intimate. "I recall," Hanna wrote after McKinley's death, "many Sunday evening home concerts. Everyone was singing, and he would call for 'Nearer, My God, to Thee' and 'Lead, Kindly Light.' The radiance on his face when he sang those old favorite hymns as if his whole soul was in it is to me a sacred memory picture of William McKinley. . . . In the calm serenity of the night's quiet hours, we felt the tie of our life's friendship growing stronger as we simply sat and puffed and looked into each other's faces."

After the election of 1900, however, his relations with McKinley became a trifle strained. Perhaps McKinley, thinking that the second verdict of the people in his favor augured well, was beginning to be a little—just a little—too independent. He had hesitated long before appointing Hanna as Chairman of the National Committee in 1900, but finally appointed him. Hanna objected, in a letter to McKinley, against allowing a Republican, who had employed Democrats,

to stay in a certain position; for the employment of Democrats was, to Hanna's mind, if not quite a sin against the Holy Ghost, at least a sin against the Holy Republican Party. McKinley replied with such an unsatisfactory letter that Mark Hanna threw it angrily on the floor. Furthermore, McKinley was not very eager that Hanna should go on the stump in 1900. Possibly that acute brain of his may actually have surmised that Hanna's reputation throughout parts of the country was by this time coming to be not wholly savory. The caricaturists were largely responsible for arousing the suspicion that Mark Hanna had much—perhaps a little too much—power over the President. One cartoon, shortly after the election of 1900, depicted Hanna as a tall, robust Englishman, with McKinley at his side in the shape of a nice little boy wearing knee breeches—the caption of the picture was "Buttons." So it came about that McKinley sent a messenger to Hanna, to whom a gentle hint was given that it might be better if he did not go on the stump. But Hanna guessed that the man was merely a go-between, forced him to admit that he was, and then said: "Return to Washington and tell the President that God hates a coward." After McKinley's death, Hanna said in a speech about him: "As to the quality of his courage—I never knew a man more fearless." He went on the stump in the West, McKinley or no McKinley, and drew enormous crowds, for his reputation there was still almost untainted. He talked as usual without preparation, but easily, slang and with vigor. Once the platform on which he was speaking broke down. "This must have been a Democratic plat-

form," he said, as he scrambled up. He made votes that day.

In 1901 President McKinley was assassinated, at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, by a Polish anarchist named Czolgosz. Mark Hanna at once hurried to Buffalo, but was not allowed to see the President until a few hours before the end. McKinley's thoughts, during his last days, wandered variously to his wife, to his God and to Mark Hanna. He would frequently ask, "Is Mark there?" but was not permitted to see him.

In a speech delivered a year or so later, on the occasion of the unveiling of a memorial statue to McKinley, Hanna said: "The truest of the life of William McKinley was built and erected stone by stone as he lived his noble useful life until it touched the sky and was finished by the hands of angels." This long sentence was presumably punctuated by tears, if not by commas; however that may be, it is quite certain that, without Hanna's services as general architect, carpenter and stone-mason, the angels would have had a much more difficult task.

After the President's death, and while the country was still dominated by two emotions—horror at the assassination and curiosity about the spelling and pronunciation of the assassin's name—Mark Hanna broke down and cried like a child. Perhaps he no longer believed that God could not love a coward. Perhaps, however, he was merely thinking of what his position under the new President would be. Could he control him as he had controlled McKinley and most of McKinley's advisers and counselors? Hanna had

downed many ordinary political bulls by simply twisting their horns until they bellowed for mercy; but this new bull, just coming into power as the leader of the Republican herd, had no ordinary horns; instead, he chanced to have rapidly sprouting antlers. As everyone knows, he developed later into a full-grown Bull Moose.

When the McKinley funeral train left Buffalo for Washington, among its occupants were the new President, Mark Hanna, and that inveterate political busybody, H. H. Kohlsaat, who had set his heart upon bringing Hanna and Roosevelt together. Hanna, who was feeling very bitter, growled out: "I told William McKinley it was a mistake to nominate that wild man at Philadelphia. . . . Now look, that damned cowboy is President of the United States!" Mr. Kohlsaat endeavored to make Hanna see that Roosevelt had had no desire to be "shot into the Presidency"; but, failing in this attempt, he tried a subtler scheme. He lurched into Roosevelt's car, where he found that the President was also in a peevish state of mind. "Hanna treats me like a boy. He calls me 'Teddy,'" he snarled. Then Mr. Kohlsaat suggested a carefully thought out plan to Roosevelt: he must invite Hanna to dine with him, put him in a good humor, and then boldly lay his cards on the table. "Then," said Mr. Kohlsaat, "put your hands, palms up, on the table. If he puts his hands in his pockets, you are a goner, but if he puts his hands in yours, you can bet on him for life." At first Roosevelt demurred but finally acquiesced, and the happy Mr. Kohlsaat retired to a private corner to observe how his plan worked.

Shortly, he saw a waiter whisper in Hanna's ear; he hesitated, then nodded his head, arose and limped over to Mr. Kohlsaat and grumbled: "That damned cowboy wants me to take supper with him, alone. Damn him!" Nevertheless, Hanna soon disappeared into Roosevelt's car, leaving Mr. Kohlsaat to fidget for an hour and a half. Then Hanna came limping back; his round face broadened into an expansive grin, he chuckled, "He's a pretty good little cuss, after all!" and proceeded to tell what had happened. "Putting my hands into his, I said: 'I will be your friend on two conditions: first, that you carry out McKinley's policies, as you promised.' Roosevelt answered: 'All right, I will.' 'Second, that you quit calling me "old man." If you don't, I'll call you "Teddy." ' 'All right. You call me "Teddy" and I'll call you "old man." ' " And from that time on, the funeral party resembled an Irish wake.

Among other things, Mark told Roosevelt that he would work hard to make the new administration a success; for, after all, it was still Republican. Roosevelt respected, perhaps feared (even a Bull Moose may have fear) Hanna enough to discuss with him important political policies. "I have consulted with you and relied on your judgment more than I have done with any other man," wrote the President to Hanna on May 29, 1903—when he had been President more than a year and a half. Apparently, they worked more or less hand in hand. It was certain that they did so in the case of the Panama Canal, for which Hanna was chief sponsor, and for which he spoke before Congress until his knees gave out, although his tongue was still strong.

He also aided the President in the coal strike in 1902, and succeeded in persuading the anthracite miners not to join in the strike. "It is one of the proudest moments in my life," he remarked in the amphitheater at Chautauqua, New York, on August 9, 1902, "that I can state from this rostrum to such an audience as this, that the men stood by their word." Whereupon the audience broke into thunderous applause—it was, to be sure, a Chautauqua audience. But to the President he wrote, among other things, "Confidentially, I saw Mr. Morgan and I also saw Mr. Mitchell (the public knows nothing about that)." As a result of such conferences, the strike was ended. It was then eminently proper for Roosevelt to say, as he did, "Well, Uncle Mark's work has borne fruit." Hanna also favored the work of the Civic Federation, which, he said, was merely trying to apply the Golden Rule to industrial disputes—by which he may have meant that the employers generally got the gold and the laborers the rule.

And yet, while on the surface things seemed to be going smoothly between him and Roosevelt, actually it was not so. For Mark Hanna was thinking—thinking. He had been in many respects President already in power; now why not be President in fact? Was he not McKinley's logical successor, and was not Roosevelt wickedly beginning to act as though he was going to sever the umbilicus that bound together the Siamese twins, Republicanism and trusts? Should he permit such an infamous deed? Never! Those penetrating brown eyes of his partially closed their lids until there seemed to lurk in them a suggestion of something

malignant; the firm lines around the large mouth and strong chin became firmer; and the short, stocky form, now becoming somewhat pudgy with age, squared itself again with all the vigor of youth. Few men, perhaps none, had crossed his path with impunity; should this young reformer, swept fortuitously into the Presidential chair, tear down what he had spent his life in building? Roosevelt should learn that Mark Hanna was not Tom Platt nor Matt Quay!

Had not a greater power than Roosevelt himself interfered, no one can say what would have happened. The President, with his almost cosmic versatility, was of course becoming more and more formidable; but Hanna was also formidable. His political experience was greater than Roosevelt's; he was backed by titanic business interests and by the "machine"; furthermore, he was supported by many people who believed that McKinley's death had made Hanna the natural successor. Hanna eventually became placed in such a position that he was forced to declare his views publicly; he therefore stated that he was opposed to the adoption of resolutions by Ohio's State Convention favoring Roosevelt as the Presidential nominee. Naturally, this caused the antagonism of the two men, long smoldering, to burst into flame, although they tried to behave well publicly in deference to that great god—Harmony. Hanna, indeed, assured Roosevelt that he was not a candidate for President; but he did so with significant ill grace, and he refused to make his assurance public—he was too wary for that. An open rupture between them very nearly came many times, although Republican Harmony still prevailed out-

wardly. Then came an even greater harmonizing power than Republican Harmony—death.

IV

MARK HANNA had always been an extraordinarily strong and vigorous man, but he had worked with quenchless energy and had never taken exercise; also, while generally abstemious in food and almost a teetotaler, he had a gourmandish fondness for sweets and, like McKinley, was an inveterate smoker of strong cigars which were manufactured especially for his own use. Those massive knees of his, which had never bent in obeisance either to God or man, were at last forced to tremble and shake because of chalky deposits in them. Baths at a French resort in 1899 had failed to give him permanent relief. In the early weeks of 1904 he was almost constantly ill, and on February 3 his complaint was diagnosed as typhoid fever. Roosevelt called to inquire about Hanna at his hotel in Washington, and he sent the President a feebly scribbled note: "You touched a tender spot, old man, when you called personally." Roosevelt had indeed touched more than one tender spot in Mark Hanna. He became steadily worse. Once, as his wife sat by his bedside, he seized her hand and said, "Old lady, you and I are on the home-stretch." Precisely what home may he have had in mind? He was never prone to be hypocritical in religious matters, at least. His last thoughts were characteristically concerned with his enemies. As he was lapsing into the unconsciousness that preceded his death, the nurse at his side became transformed in his

imagination into one of those enemies. "Haven't I always treated you well?" he querulously muttered. "Of course, Senator," she replied. Then came his last words, 'Well, why do you go about the country abusing me?" Complete coma followed, and he died on February 15, 1904.

Possibly it was appropriate that one whose life had been spent in political intrigue should have had a funeral distinguished by that element. At a Cabinet meeting the question was discussed as to whether Roosevelt should attend the final services in Ohio; it was decided that he should not go, for such an action might be misconstrued as hypocrisy. Amid all the immediate public tributes paid Mark Hanna, including a glowing one from Grover Cleveland, the voice of Roosevelt was silent. The body was not allowed to lie in state in Washington; but a memorial service was held in the Senate Chamber, and was attended by the President, the Cabinet and all official Washington. The chaplain, Edward Everett Hale, delivered an address that was both eloquent and inspiring; the Gridiron Club Quartet sang, with great tenderness and effect, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," which caused a general display of emotion, especially among those present who were most indebted to Mark Hanna. The funeral in Cleveland was an occasion not less important than a national holiday. Early on that day enormous crowds surged through the streets, and when the obsequies began the cars on the line owned by Hanna stood still for five minutes as a token of respect. The anthracite coal miners of Pennsylvania were ordered to stop work at noon on that day in reverence for his memory; and

we are told that "the miners so heartily favored the plan that they did not report at all for work in the morning."

On the day after Mark Hanna's decease, a prominent newspaper displayed, side by side with the fulsome account of his death, these headlines: "Fight on in Ohio over Senatorship. Dick Objects to Taking the Short and Giving Herrick the Long Term." Perhaps the spirit of the staunch old veteran of a hundred similar affrays may have hovered near and smiled grimly (if spirits can smile) as it viewed the familiar scene; perhaps it may smile grimly again when, in the whirligig of time, some reincarnated McKinley will sit in the White House, and the mantle of Elijah Mark Hanna will fall upon Elisha—whom?

MARK HANNA

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